

January 18, 1961

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

The Queen's
tour of
India

The White House

JACKIE
KENNEDY'S
new home

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

PRICE



Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.



At last!
A non-slip paper napkin
that sits on your lap like linen!

Kleenex
table napkins

stay strong when wet
won't slide off your lap...
they cling like cloth

Look for this box now on sale everywhere.

Now you can put a linen-fine napkin on your table for every meal... and have no washing or ironing to do at all! New, crisp white Kleenex* table napkins protect like linen all meal long... even with the sauciest foods. They stay strong when wet—and cling like cloth so they won't slide off your lap. So strong and absorbent... can't fall apart. Set them out for every meal, every special occasion.

Wonderful for
dinners, parties, buffets
and barbecues.



Kleenex
table napkins

*Registered Trade Mark. KK6161

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4086WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JANUARY 18, 1961

Vol. 28, No. 33

CONTENTS

Special Features	Regular Features
"Camelot" on Broadway . . . 10, 11	It Seems to Me, Dorothy Drain . . . 12
Summer Fashions to Sew . . . 20, 21	Worth Reporting . . . 14
Flying In The Future . . . 25, 27	Your Bookshelf . . . 14
£2100 Wool Wardrobe Contest . . . 34, 35	Social . . . 16, 17
Fiction	Letter Box . . . 22
The Bank Thief, Art Buchwald . . . 29	Ross Campbell . . . 22
Lonely Heart, Deirdre Hill . . . 30	Crossword . . . 61
Mrs. Harris Goes to New York (serial, part 3), Paul Gallico . . . 31	Stars . . . 63
Glamorous Stranger, Diana Burnett . . . 32, 33	Home and Family
Entertainment	At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 37
TV Color—"Hong Kong" . . . 47	Baby Section . . . 39 to 42
Television Parade . . . 48	Home Plans . . . 43
Films . . . 49	Prize Recipes . . . 43
Fashion	Cookery—Debbie Makes Passion- fruit Tart . . . 45
Fashion Frocks . . . 51	Gardening—Lilies to Grow . . . 50
Fashion Patterns . . . 63	

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● When Queen Elizabeth visits India and Pakistan this month (pages 6 and 7) she will be seeing a country with which her grandmother, Queen Mary, then Princess of Wales, fell in love on her first Royal tour of 1905-1906.

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY, in his official biography of Queen Mary, writes: "Ever after (the tour), a certain dreamy note would enter her voice when she spoke of India.

"'Lovely India, beautiful India,' she used to murmur like some incantation.

"She was never able to adapt her mind to the idea of the constitutional independence granted India in 1947.

"'When I die,' she remarked at that time, in whimsical reminiscence of Queen Mary Tudor, 'India will be found written on my heart.'"

★ ★ ★
THE White House (opposite page and page 5) has undergone alterations at the hands of every President.

Important changes have included the introduction of the first bath-tub (of tin) in 1814, conversion by paint from a grey to a white house (1817), first pipes for water, formerly supplied by servants from a spring (1833), gas lighting (1848), lift (1881), and electricity (1891).

Today it also has complete air-conditioning, a central vacuum-cleaning system, and an atom bomb shelter (approximate cost, £420,000).

As well as these major changes, Presidents also have made up their minds as to the paintings hung in the White House.

Mr. Eisenhower (a Republican) had the portraits of Democratic Presidents Jefferson, Jackson, and Wilson replaced in the Cabinet Room by pictures of Washington,

Theodore Roosevelt, and William Howard Taft.

He also took Truman and Franklin Roosevelt out of the Front Hall and put up Washington and Lincoln.

In the diplomatic reception room, formerly decorated with pictures of Presidents, Harry Truman substituted pictures of their wives.

He said, "I think it looks much better with these good-looking ladies."

If Mrs. John Kennedy wants to be daring and hang some modern art, there's a precedent for that, too.

In 1934, President and Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt chose 32 works by Public Works Administration artists for hanging in the White House.

But they had to wait eight months to hang them—until they were approved by the Fine Arts Commission, a seven-man body set up to preserve the historic beauty of Washington and its public buildings.

And the paintings were hung only after the commission sent in a member to pick the spots.

★ ★ ★
ECONOMIC experts who proved that it's getting cheaper to fly these days than it is to feed and clothe yourself (page 27) have gone further.

They've proved that travel is cheaper now than it was more than a century ago.

To go by stage coach and ship from San Francisco to Paris in 1850 took 120 days, and nearly £1200; in 1900, by rail and ship, 20 days at about £550; in 1950, by piston-engined aircraft, two days

Our cover

● Queen Elizabeth, who, with Prince Philip, begins a Royal tour of India and Pakistan on January 21. The Queen's gown is white, with pink crystal embroidery. Royal tour preview, pages 6 and 7.

at £230; and today by jet, half a day at £160.

★ ★ ★
ROBERT FELDMAN, who reports the Broadway opening of the musical "Camelot" (pages 10, 11), says that a rollicking number, "What Do Simple Folk Do?" is the equivalent of "Get Me To The Church On Time" of "My Fair Lady."

The extremely successful combination, Lerner and Loewe, wrote both musicals.

"Camelot" is based on the story of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. In "What Do Simple Folk Do?", stars Julie Andrews and Richard Burton ponder musically how commoners amuse themselves.

It turns out, in successive verses, that the simple folk whistle, sing, and dance, and finally "sit around and wonder what Royal folk do."

★ ★ ★
WHILE Sydney was sweltering with its first days of summer heat recently, Nan Musgrove received this memo from United Press in Hollywood:

"Due to heavy snow storms, pictures for this story have not yet arrived."

The story and pictures are of new TV shows, which Nan will be featuring in Television Parade.

NEXT WEEK: New Paris Headlines—In color, the hairstyles for 1961 shown at the World Festival of Hairdressing in Paris... Mother-and-daughter dresses—Matching mother-and-daughter summer dresses for which patterns are available.

The White House

By LARRY FOLEY, of our New York staff

● Will young Mrs. John Kennedy—or “Jackie” as she is now known the world over—wife of the new President of the United States, be known as the pretty prisoner in the White House?



● ITS NEW FIRST LADY.



● The Red Room, where the President's wife entertains, with walls of deep red silk damask, is a reproduction of the Robing Room in Windsor Castle, her portraits of Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Coolidge, and Wilson.

JACKIE KENNEDY'S life in the White House might prove to be a kind of imprisonment if she is to get the degree of privacy that she insists on for herself, and especially for her children.

Mrs. Kennedy moves in to the White House on January 20—Inauguration Day. She has already looked the place over. The outgoing First Lady, Mamie Eisenhower, showed her over the private quarters on December 9. She will not see the inside again until she moves in.

But what she has already seen may have decided her. For she and her husband have been looking over mansions and estates in Virginia, and my guess is that Mrs. Kennedy intends to live two lives:

- In the White House she will be doing her duty, by the President and by the nation, as First Lady.
- On weekends, and as often during the week as pos-

sible, she will be plain Mrs. Kennedy, living her real family life in the real Kennedy home in Virginia.

In short, she will live in the White House only as long as she has to. And while there she will be doing her darndest to keep the stickybeaks at bay.

The trouble with the White House is that it has to be a kind of Buckingham Palace, No. 10 Downing Street, and Chequers all in one—plus a touch of today's stately-home-of-England open for trippers at 2/- a head to keep it solvent.

The White House has 132 rooms and 20 baths. Of these, 54 rooms and 16 baths are the living-quarters, at least 30 of them making up the private quarters of the President and his family on the first and second floors.

The big rooms, mostly on the ground floor, which give the White House its part-museum, part-historic monument, part-castle-open-to-the-public, and part-royal-palace flavor, include:

- The Blue Room, one of the State chambers and

viewed by 4300 visitors daily—elliptical, elegantly French, and site of the marriage of President Cleveland and his erstwhile ward, Frances Folsom, 21.

- The East Room, largest in the house, where receptions and balls are held.

- The Lincoln Room, not on public view, the site of Lincoln's office.

- The Oval Room, symbol and centre of the Presidency. Here, at his big rectangular desk, the President sees ten to 20 important persons daily—foreign diplomats and leaders, his policy-makers, private citizens—makes his official phone calls, signs perhaps a hundred letters and documents.

- The Cabinet Room, where the President meets his ten Ministers; scene also of the weekly meetings of the National Security Council.

- The State Dining-room. Here Eisenhower gave 17 State dinners, seating up to 90, in the past two years.

Continued on page 5.

The new, popular route
to England is...



only £40* more
takes you the length
of fascinating Africa!

More and more travellers to Europe and the U.K. are discovering how little it costs to take in the interest-packed continent of Africa! Flying in the superb comfort of the giant S.A.A. DC7B, it's just a few swift hours to Johannesburg—gateway to this land of never-to-be-forgotten travel adventure and scenic wonders. The wild game at Kruger National Park, Victoria Falls, the diamond mines, great modern cities side by side with native villages—there's no end to the exciting possibilities for you and your camera. Business men too, find fresh opportunities in prosperous South Africa. Contact your travel agent or any Qantas office for complete itineraries—accommodation, sightseeing tours and stop-overs in Africa and Europe can all be arranged before you leave. Make this the trip of a lifetime—see Africa on your way to Europe!



ONLY IN AFRICA can you drive within a few feet, in perfect safety, of big game in their natural surroundings! Accommodation throughout South Africa is excellent, tariffs moderate.

WEEKLY SERVICES are operated between Australia and South Africa by South African Airways in association with Qantas. From Johannesburg, daily services operate to Europe and the U.K. Take your choice of the many alternate routes—there's no extra fare, and you can stop-over at any route point.

Fly
**SOUTH AFRICAN
AIRWAYS**

THE WALLABY SERVICE TO ENGLAND VIA SOUTH AFRICA

* There is a slight variation in fares from the various Australian Capital Cities. SAA40/28

WHY AMERICANS FEEL AT HOME IN AUSTRALIA

By ANNE KINLOCH

MY butcher and I have reached an understanding. When I ask for a pound of hamburger, he no longer says, "Hamburgers, pies, and pasties are sold next door." He reaches for the minced-steak scoop.

He knows that a steak "to broil" means a piece to grill. And I've learned not to ask for six chicken legs cut through at the joint—because I know he doesn't have them.

"Comparisons are odious," my mother used to tell me. Maybe so—but they're also inevitable. In the shops, looking at food, clothes, furniture, appliances, I can't help but compare what I see here with what I've known in America.

But I go cautiously. When I say "in America," I mean that part of America where I've lived—several cities in the north-east. "In Australia" means in Adelaide.

The butcher shops here still scare me a little—I don't know what some of the cuts are called or how to cook them.

We lived on steak the first week, partly because I knew what to do with that, partly because it's not the luxury here that it is in America.

We lived on sausages the second week. They were old friends, too, and I had to economise a bit after all that steak!

By then the butcher knew I was American and he has been wonderful with suggestions ("Put a little white wine with that rabbit and it'll taste just like chicken").

The cooking

I'm often asked how I like Australian cooking, and I have to say, "I don't think I've tried any yet." The people who have had us round for dinner have all gone to a lot of trouble to prepare something quite exotic.

Would kangaroo steak be a typical Australian dinner? We tried it one night when I was feeling brave. I was less enthusiastic about it than even the kangaroo must have been. We were telling some

friends here about this when my husband wondered out loud how a koala would taste. There was an awful silence.

Then someone set his coffee cup down with a bang and said, "Cannibal!"

What about costs?

The Australian pound is valued at 2.24 dollars—but it buys more here than 2.24 dollars buys in America. So our American income of 106 dollars per week, after taxes and insurance deductions—roughly £48—was not as high as that figure seems.

My husband was teaching in a university. His income was about the same as that of a skilled carpenter or factory worker on a forty-hour week, or a young solicitor or architect working in a large firm;

costs one and one-half times our weekly income; here it costs about five times that.

Our two-door, average-sized station waggon cost £1200 in America, including such "extras" as foam-rubber reclining seats, directional signals, heater (but no radio).

Only one car

I don't want to suggest that every American housewife has two air-conditioned cars in the driveway (or an air-conditioned home), a washing-machine and dryer, a swimming-pool in her backyard.

Most families have one car, and it's almost a necessity. Shops are often miles from residential areas and public

EAT A KOALA? CANNIBAL!

it was about one-third that of a doctor.

Our income here, again that of a university lecturer, is lower in dollars—it's about that of an accountant here, or a dentist, or a chemist working in his own shop.

We're spending about one-fifth of our income on food. In America we spent less than that, but not a great deal less.

We're spending almost a quarter of our income on housing (a furnished four-room flat, close to shops and a busline), gas, and electricity.

In America we spent a quarter of our income on a five-room partially furnished flat, with heat, gas, and electricity included—but we lived six miles farther from the university and were more than two miles from the nearest shop or bus route.

Furniture, carpets, linens, and household utensils are a little more expensive here. But electrical appliances—and automobiles—are much higher.

In America a steam iron cost £8, one-sixth of our weekly income. Here it costs about £12, more than one-third of our income. A fully automatic washing-machine

transport is much more costly than in Australia.

In general, cars are not expected to have as long a life as those here—though our "frat" was an exception.

It was a heap of 10-year-old metal, entirely rusted, which we rescued from a junkyard—for £4. We spent more than that on parking meters before we finally sold it—to our delight—for £8.

Most American men I've known are less helpful with household chores than the Australians I've met.

A neighbor of mine in America was surprised when her husband offered to go to the laundromat for her one Saturday afternoon.

He was gone so long she finally went in search of her laundry—and found several other husbands "washing." While the machines whirled the men played poker.

Materials and clothes cost a little more here, with one happy exception—woollen materials.

But in range of quality, styles, and sizes they're very like those in America.

Is there so little, then, that costs less here? Not at all.

The cinema is about half as much as at home; and the films are as varied and up-to-date.

Theatre tickets are about half as much.

In Adelaide an amateur production of Arthur Miller's "A View from the Bridge," which was as well done as anything I've seen in New York or London, was one-eighth the cost of a New York theatre ticket.

Restaurant meals are about half, and hotel charges here are much lower.

A double room with bath in a very good (but not "posh") centrally located hotel in New York is about £8 to £10 per night—breakfast not included.

So family holidays are spent much the same as they are here—travelling with a tent or a hired caravan, camping in a cottage at the beach or on a lake.

Medical costs and doctors' fees are lower here and insurance benefits are greater.

My bill for eight days in an Adelaide hospital was equal to that for two days at home. Our insurance here paid all but £2 of the bill; our insurance in America paid less than half.

What's "tea"?

We find other differences, of course. More of our houses are wood than brick. Where we lived they're usually two-storey and centrally heated, but not air-conditioned.

There's keep-to-the-left traffic; and I'm still not sure about the language. I keep forgetting that "supper" is just before bed, not a six o'clock sandwich or scrambled egg. And I never know if "Come for tea" means mid-afternoon or the evening meal.

One time, when "tea" meant "evening," we dressed for dinner as we would in America—and everyone else was in sports clothes.

A month later we wore sports clothes to tea—at the same house—and found everyone else dressed formally. I'm still puzzling over that.

But, in general, clothes, hairstyles, make-up—people and what they do, how they live—are very much the same here as in America.

We feel at home.



ANNE KINLOCH, an American, who wrote this story. Her husband is a university lecturer, now of Adelaide.

• Continued from page 3.

The White House

in honor of such personages as Churchill, Khrushchev, and the King and Queen of Nepal.

It is easy to see why Mrs. Kennedy is more than a little dismayed at the idea of mothering a three-year-old daughter and an infant son in the White House.

She is getting the sort of publicity treatment normally reserved for royalty. She has made no secret of her wish to shield her children from this.

Of course, a permanent Congress-appointed staff really runs the place. But the First Lady is, in the last resort, chief administrator—one hesitates to say housekeeper—of the White House.

And the household budget alone is 505,000 dollars (about £A250,000) a year. In addition to that, Mrs. Kennedy will have 110,000 dollars (about £A55,000) to cover moving-in and redecoration expenses.

More than 70 servants

Her staff consists of 34 domestic servants and 36 maintenance and mechanical employees.

There are 1 maitre d'hotel, 2 housekeepers, 4 butlers, 6 cooks, 1 valet, 5 doormen, 5 housemen, 1 head laundress, 1 pantrywoman, and 8 maids. Also 3 engineers, 4 carpenters, 2 carpenter's helpers, 4 electricians, 1 electrician's helper, 11 gardeners, 3 plumbers, 1 painter, 1 clerk, 1 common laborer.

The Kennedys are expected to bring in some of their own longtime servants.

There is speculation that Mrs. Kennedy particularly wants to raise the standards of cuisine in the White House, which have never been very high. The trouble is that the post of White House chef doesn't pay enough to keep a good man. The Kennedys, with their huge personal fortune to call on, could change that.

Mrs. Kennedy is free to do what she likes with the private quarters—change the furnishings and color scheme as she pleases. Having steeped herself in the art and literature of 18th century France, she is expected to go in for that period in a big way.

And there will be no eyebrows raised if Mrs. Kennedy, a skilled amateur, hangs some of her own sketches and paintings in the White House.

Ike's paintings are in the family quarters. During the Roosevelt era Franklin, jun., had two of his oils hung on the walls of the west corridor sitting-room, where his mother, Eleanor, held Press conferences.

Nobody really expects Mrs. Kennedy to make any radical changes. First Ladies tend to accept it for what it is and make only personal changes in the family quarters.

If Mrs. Kennedy turns into a collector there is still room for a small collection in the old kitchen, which was converted into a broadcast room. On the family floors the Lincoln Room, Rose Bedroom, and Monroe Room have been frozen in style for years.

Probably the most intriguing possibilities concern not what Mrs. Kennedy may do to the White House, but what her children may do, especially the lively and enterprising young Caroline, and what mischief she might later lead her brother into.

Spit-balls on portrait

The White House has had youngsters before, but most of them were past the age of leaving finger-marks on the walls when their fathers became President.

The mansion's rafters really rang, however, during the Teddy Roosevelt days. He had three boys and three girls: Quentin, aged 3 when Daddy became President in 1901, Archibald, 8, Ethel, 9, Kermit, 11, Theodore, jun., 14, and Alice, 17.

Quentin's early exploits included sticking spit-balls on a portrait of Andrew Jackson. His father got him out of bed in the middle of the night and made him remove them. Once, when Archie had the measles, Quentin put Archie's pony in the lift and brought it up to see the invalid.

President Garfield had six children aged 8 to 21 when he became President in 1881. Irvin, 10, and Abram, 8, raced their bikes in the East Room when their parents were away.

The four children of Ulysses S. Grant were 11, 13, 16, and 18 when they came to the White House. Jesse, 11, belonged to a gang called K.F.R., which started with six boys meeting in a tool-house on the White House grounds.

K.F.R. stood for Kick, Fight, and Run.

• The East Room, used for formal receptions, is decorated in white and gold, with drapes of red damask. The room has oak parquet, large crystal chandeliers, white enamelled wood panelling.



• The Green Room in the White House, where informal receptions are held, has green silk damask walls, a white Carrara marble fireplace, white enamel wainscoting and door trim, and a rug with the U.S. seal. The upholstery is green and gold.



• The State Dining-room, used for formal dinners and luncheons, has walls of panelled oak, a marble-faced carved mantelpiece with a portrait of Abraham Lincoln above it. Windows are draped in gold silk damask, the side chairs upholstered in gold cloth. The table is a four-pedestal, antique Hepplewhite.



the
glorious feeling
of
WIDE AWAKE HAIR!



Your hair comes to life with new sparkle when you shampoo with Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo. It's never been so clean... so wide awake before, because Egg Creme Shampoo nourishes your hair as it cleans. Gives it new life, new sparkling highlights and a wonderful healthy gloss. Don't just clean your hair — but keep it healthy, too, nourish it with Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo.

RED LABEL for normal to oily hair
BLUE LABEL for normal to dry hair
BOTTLES 5/6 and 9/6. BUBBLES only 1/3

RICHARD HUDNUT
egg creme shampoo

IF DANDRUFF IS A PROBLEM
try Richard Hudnut new Medicated Egg
Creme Shampoo with "Thersil", the most
effective anti-dandruff agent ever discovered.
In two types with the Green label. One for
oily hair, one for dry hair, 5/11.



leaves hair shining, silken soft... lovely...

EC559.143

Royal visit

by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

● The Queen's visit to India, Pakistan, and Nepal with Prince Philip this month will probably be her last full-scale Royal tour. It will also be the most elaborate, glittering, and exciting tour since the Commonwealth trip in 1954.

THE visit to India will be the first by a British sovereign since King George V and Queen Mary went there in imperial glory for the 1911 Durbar at Delhi.

From now on Royal visits will be shorter, more frequent, made by jet aircraft to all points of the Commonwealth, and because of this shorn of much splendor.

The Queen and Prince Philip arrive in New Delhi by air from London on January 21. At the end of the month they will pay a nine-day visit to Pakistan, returning to India for seven days, then will fly on March 1 to Katmandu on a brief visit to Nepal.

On her first day in India the Queen will lay a wreath on the monument enclosing Mahatma Gandhi's ashes and plant a sapling in the surrounding gardens.

Homeward-bound, the Queen will visit the Shah of Persia in Teheran and, accompanied by the Shah and Queen Farah, will travel to Istanbul and Shiraz, where a tremendous welcome is being prepared.

Gift for baby

The Queen, who is leaving her own baby son, Prince Andrew, for six weeks and will not be able to celebrate his first birthday with him, is taking a very special gift for the newly born heir to the Peacock Throne.

This present will be in addition to the fabulous gifts the Queen is taking to Persia for the Shah and Queen Farah.

The supply of caviare which the Shah presented to the

Queen on his State visit to England in May, 1959, has not yet run out.

Of all the women who will be hostess to the Queen none will be as beautifully dressed as the Queen of Persia.

Her entire wardrobe for the Royal visit is being made in Paris. The ball gown she will wear at the reception in the palace ballroom is from Dior, in white satin ablaze with pearls and diamonds.

Queen Elizabeth's clothes for the grand occasion are by Royal dressmaker Norman Hartnell.

Classics and day frocks, as well as some of the garden-party dresses, are being made by Hardy Amies. All are top secret. So are the evening gowns shot through with gold and silver that the Queen is having made from the lovely saris left her by Queen Mary.

In Delhi Elizabeth will wear the magnificent diamond-and-emerald tiara, necklace, and bracelets that her grandmother, Queen Mary, wore on the day of the Delhi Durbar.

Queen Mary wore also fine jewels given her by the ladies of India, but her chief adornments were these famous emeralds which had belonged to her grandmother, the Duchess of Cambridge.

Queen Mary bequeathed these jewels to Queen Elizabeth, who wore them for the first time on the Commonwealth tour.

Elizabeth will see the Taj Mahal at Agra twice in one day — by moonlight, and in the evening, when this monument to a rajah's love takes on a delicate rose-pink tint in the glow of the sunset.

She will arrive by elephant at the City Palace in Jaipur to see its collection of valu-

able paintings, Sanskrit and Persian manuscripts, and old arms.

Most famous people who visit the palace ride there by elephant. It is a caparisoned ceremonial elephant—possibly heavily jewelled for the Queen.

While Elizabeth is visiting Madras and seeing the specially arranged flower show at Mysore, Prince Philip will see the engineering institutes.

Steelworks and atomic plants are also part of the programme.

Her racehorse

Of all the race meetings the Queen will attend on her tour none will be so exciting as the Indian St. Leger and the Queen Elizabeth II Cup, specially instituted for the Royal Visit.

The Queen may see one of her Sandringham "cast-offs" running. It was sold to an owner in India.

In a country where visitors are traditionally decked with garlands of flowers wherever they go, the Queen will be garlanded only once, if present plans stay put.

Indian and Buckingham Palace officials fear that the Queen's dresses might be ruined by the wet garlands and think the solution is to present her in India with one symbolic garland. On the other hand, the Queen herself is not at all worried her clothes will be ruined. Many of the day frocks she will be wearing will be of the lightest cotton.

As it is customary for the people of India to garland their visitors with flowers the Queen feels they may wish to continue this tradition.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.
Pictures from 1911
when King George V
and Queen Mary were
crowned Emperor and
Empress of India:
Couple (centre) aboard
Medina on the voyage,
and in crowns and
ermine cloaks in the
blistering heat of Delhi.
To combat dust, the
roads were sprinkled
with oil. The Queen
herself solved the prob-
lem of the trailing
cloaks by having
special boy trainbearers.



to India

*The tour will range
from Pakistan to Persia;
from the mountains
of Nepal to the show
gardens of Mysore.*

With presents it is another matter.

All the countries are prepared to shower Elizabeth with lavish gifts and expensive souvenirs.

But the Queen feels that in the republics of India and Pakistan the money should be used instead for charitable purposes.

A million people are expected to greet the Queen and Prince Philip when they arrive on January 21 at New Delhi. January 26, India's Republic Day, will be celebrated with a parade.

The Queen will stay in the Vice-Regal Lodge in New Delhi in a six-room suite. The marble bathroom has gold taps and silver fittings.

Every day her rooms will be filled with fresh jasmine blown down by the Indian air-force from Bangalore.

English flowers

There will be a profusion of English flowers wherever the Queen travels in India, specially grown for her visit by famous horticulturist Mohan Dhar. Fifty varieties of flowers from hybrid roses to gladioli and larkspurs are ready for cutting, and will be used as floral decorations at the big banquets and receptions on the tour.

Mr. Dhar has supplied flowers for every important visitor, including Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Eisenhower.

This year the Queen will be guest-of-honor at the annual garden party in the ancient Moghul Gardens at the President's palace, which 300 people will attend.

The banquet, which India's



HEIRLOOM EMERALDS. Queen Elizabeth (above) wearing the magnificent emerald-and-diamond jewellery bequeathed to her by her grandmother, Queen Mary (left), and which she wore for the first time on the Commonwealth tour in 1954. Queen Mary inherited the emeralds from her grandmother, and wore them at Delhi in 1911. Elizabeth will wear them during her approaching Royal tour.

President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, is to give in the Queen's honor in New Delhi will be one of the few in India. Receptions, like the civic reception in New Delhi to which 1000 people have already been invited, are taking the place of dinners and banquets so that the Queen may meet and talk to more people than she can when seated at a table.

Missing from the great functions will be India's number one hostess. She is Nehru's daughter Mrs. Indira Gandhi, aged 42, who is in mourning for her husband, a former Indian M.P., and living with monks in search of spiritual peace.

The Queen's visit to Katmandu, capital of the tiny kingdom of Nepal, sandwiched between Tibet and India

along the slopes of the Himalayas, will last only one day.

Katmandu, 4500 feet above sea level, had its first tourists five years ago, followed by some 60 foreign correspondents to write about and film the coronation of the King.

Last year King Mahendra and his consort were guests of the Queen on a State visit to England.

The Nepalese, said to have been the architects of the temples and monasteries of Lhasa in Tibet, are at this moment planning a canvas city to accommodate the influx of visitors who will be flying in, or travelling up the steep mountain road from India.

This road is the only link with the outside world and was built a little more than ten years ago.

To enable the Queen to see more of the wonders of India and Pakistan, to enjoy contact with the ancient civilisations, and see as much as possible of modern progress, most of the long journeys will be by air and each day will have a rest period in the afternoon. The programme starts early in the morning, resumes in the cool of the evening.



for that clean taste...

Try the toothpaste that cleans . . . cleans . . . cleans best of all. That's because Super White Kolynos contains three of the most effective cleaning ingredients instead of the usual two. Only a dentist can clean your teeth more thoroughly! The more effective cleansing action of Kolynos stops bad breath, gives naturally brighter, whiter teeth. And, you enjoy a clean, refreshing after-taste that lasts longer.

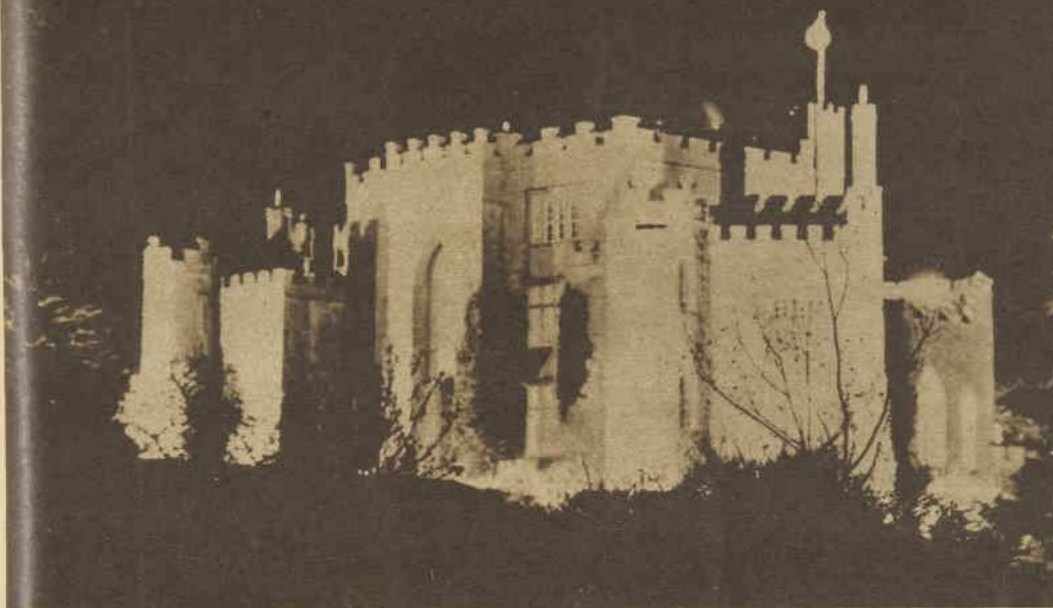


*cleans, cleans, cleans
best of all*



KY137

MARGARET IN IRELAND



PRINCESS MARGARET and Antony Armstrong-Jones. Their Irish holiday made history, especially for the residents of the village of Birr.

JACOBEAN Birr Castle, where Princess Margaret and Antony Armstrong-Jones spent a quiet ten-day New Year holiday, was given to Tony's stepfather's ancestors by James I.

First Royal visit to the Republic for 32 years

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

PRINCESS MARGARET and her husband, Antony Armstrong-Jones, spent New Year with Tony's mother, the Countess of Rosse, at Birr Castle, in Ireland, where Tony grew up.

It was the first time in 32 years that a member of the Royal family visited the Republic of Ireland—and it was the most exciting event of all in the memories of the 3000 townspeople of tiny Birr.

Birr is 87 miles from Dublin, in the middle of a bog, and truly off the tourists' route.

Over the rattle of teacups there was only one topic of conversation — "the darlin' Princess," whose standard was flying above Birr Castle.

Outside the castle walls was a little old lady whose front parlor was jam-packed with neighbors as she told and retold the story of her "Master Tony and his wife, the Princess."

She was Tony's nanny (courtesy title Mrs. Gunner), and she was at the castle to give him and Princess Margaret a "real Irish welcome" when they arrived on their ten-day holiday.

"She's just a darling girl," Nanny Gunner says about Princess Margaret. "She's that natural, and no airs and graces about her."

Nanny Gunner was well rehearsed in her curtsy when

she went to the castle to see the boy she had nannied and his wife, Princess Margaret.

She felt a little nervous as she entered the room, but assured the neighbors, "I need not have been. There was nothing stiff and formal about them."

"We talked about Master

Tony and had a really good cup of tea. Princess Margaret likes hers strong and had two cups."

Birr Castle was given by King James I to the Parsons family, of which Lord Rosse, Tony's stepfather, is the present head.

It is a fine Jacobean castle,

with central heating, and has come unscathed through the troubles of Ireland.

The Parsons family are known as benevolent landlords.

During the potato famine 120 years ago they devoted the entire revenue of the estate to relief work, building a 20ft.-high wall around the castle.

The town of Birr turned out

to a man to see Margaret, Tony, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Fry, Billy Wallace, Lord Oxmantown (Tony's half-brother), and the Earl and Countess of Rosse go to church at St. Brendan's for 11 o'clock service on New Year's Day.

The choir

Since only five per cent. of the population is Protestant, it was not easy to form a choir for Sunday morning service, so the choirs of the Anglican, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches joined together and old Mrs. Gill played the organ.

One thousand people squeezed into the 145-year-old church. They all had tickets of admission. Another thousand people waited outside.

Tony and Margaret were mobbed and cheered when they arrived in a baby cart driven by Tony. There were shouts of "Good old Tony," and "Hey, Princess Margaret."

The head gardener at Birr Castle, Mr. Bower, sent white chrysanthemums to decorate the church, and six ladies of the congregation arranged them on the altar.

At the castle there was a 16ft. illuminated Christmas tree and a lighted crib.

Tony's old nanny reported, "A wonderful family atmosphere."

Twelve cases of champagne went into the Castle for the New Year's Eve party, which Nanny Gunner said was "a quiet one — everyone went to bed shortly after seeing the New Year in."

Old friends

Princess Margaret had the suite known as "Lady Bridget Parsons' suite." It overlooks the meeting of the waters of the Rivers Brusna and Camcor across a rose garden and up to the hill of the Fairy Calf, on top of which stands an illuminated cross which was set up in Holy Year.

Before renewing acquaintance with such old friends as Willie Butler, who gave Tony his first lessons in photography, and Desmond Haines, who used to "mess about with motor-cycles with Tony," Tony presented all the old family retainers to his wife.

Headed by 80-year-old Bill Eade, the 150 estate staff, wearing green livery, were presented in turn to Princess Margaret.

Friends of the family travelled from Cork to Limerick to the series of parties arranged by the Countess of Rosse.

"A nice ten-day holiday," she explained to her guests.

"They are getting to know each other," Nanny Gunner explained, and nodded approvingly.

CASTLE PARTY



GUESTS included Princess Margaret's "Old Faithful," Billy Wallace (left), and Tony's close friend Jeremy Fry, who was to have been best man at his wedding.

ON THE STEPS. Front row: Tony's mother, Lady Rosse, Tony, Margaret, and the Earl of Rosse. Back: Hon. Martin Parsons, Viscount and Viscountess de Vesci, Lord Oxmantown.



King Arthur's Camelot on Broadway

Story and pictures by ROBERT FELDMAN, of our New York staff

WITH the long-heralded opening of "Camelot," Broadway had its biggest, gayest, most glamorous first night of a decade.

"Camelot," a musical based on the legend of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, sprang from the same clever pair, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, who sent "My Fair Lady" on its soaring way five years ago.

But "Camelot" outshone "My Fair Lady" in the sheer eclat of its arrival, if not in artistic merit.

Mobs lined the street outside the theatre on West Forty-fourth Street. The audience, arriving in Rolls-Royces and Cadillacs, was a "Who's Who" of the theatre.

Tickets were sold by invitation only, but a few were being flogged on the black market at 300 dollars (about £150) the pair, and up.

"Camelot" is the first New York production to become a hit — that is, heavily in the black — before opening night.

Whatever the critics wrote about it the next day could have no effect, as the show was already a sell-out through 1961.

Advance sales are estimated at between three and five million dollars. The initial cost of the lavish production also set a Broadway record of 500,000 dollars (about £250,000).

"Camelot" cost a lot, said the theatre magazine "Variety."

Julie Andrews, the flute-voiced heroine of "My Fair Lady," makes a fetchingly mischievous "Queen Jenny." One of her lines: "War? Over me? How simply marvellous."

Richard Burton, the Shakespearian actor, proved a musical comedy "find" as a singing and dancing Arthur.

As Sir Lancelot, the knight who turns the Round Table into a triangle, Robert Goulet, a strikingly handsome Canadian, makes the girls in the audience quiver.

The sure-hit songs of the play include the title song, "Camelot," a ballad named "If Ever I Would Leave You," and a rollicking patter number, "What Do Simple Folk Do?"

Paying no attention to the critics, the folk in the dress circle whistled and sang "Camelot's" praise with rare abandon.

In the lobby at the interval, Gloria Swanson bubbled at me (a perfect stranger): "Isn't it simply heavenly? Isn't it marvellous?"

In fact, though its story line wanders into tragedy and its ending is left strangely up in the air, the play's settings, costumes, and conception are unsurpassed for splendor and beauty.

"Camelot" is indeed an enchanted place, even more than it was when we were young.



● Julie Andrews, star of "My Fair Lady" and star of Broadway's new hit, "Camelot"—she plays "Queen Jenny"—and Noel Coward at the party at Luchow's after the opening.



● Myrna Loy, a Hollywood box-office hit of the 'thirties and 'forties, at the Broadway opening of Lerner and Loewe's "Camelot."



● Janet Gaynor at the first night of "Camelot," for which her late husband, Gilbert Adrian, designed the extravagant costumes.



● Gloria Swanson, another of the glamorous "old-timers" at the premiere. She thought the musical was "simply heavenly," she said.



● Marlene Dietrich congratulating Julie Andrews (left), after the gala first night of lavish "Camelot," which is already sold out for 1961.



● Eva Gabor and escort arriving at the first night, judged the biggest and gayest premiere of the decade on Broadway. Tickets were sold by invitation only.

Simple Arithmetic proves that...

ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CAN SAVE YOU OVER 20 HOURS WORK IN WASHING-UP ALONE!



1 IT TAKES ONLY
ONE TEASPOONFUL OF TRIX
FOR A FAMILY WASH-UP



2 $\times 128$
ONE BOTTLE OF TRIX CONTAINS
128 TEASPOONS—ENOUGH FOR
128 WASH-UPS

3 USING SOAP
OR SOAP POWDER.
A HOUSEWIFE SPENDS AN AVERAGE OF
AT LEAST 19 MINUTES ON EVERY WASH-UP
—SAY 10 MINUTES WASHING, 9 DRYING-UP.
THIS AMOUNTS TO 40 HOURS 32 MINS.
FOR 128 "SUDS" WASH-UPS.

4 NOW LETS SEE HOW TRIX
CUTS WASH-UP TIME IN HALF
 BECAUSE IT
DISSOLVES
GREASE QUICKER
TRIX WASHES CLEAN FASTER

5 AT THE VERY LEAST
TRIX SAVES 1/2 MINUTE
ON EACH WASH-UP—
A SAVING OF
1 HOUR 4 MINUTES
FOR 128 WASH-UPS!

6 AND AS
TRIX ELIMINATES DRYING-UP
(ESTIMATED AT 9 MINUTES EACH FOR
128 WASH-UPS) ...
YOU ACTUALLY SAVE
ANOTHER 19 HOURS 12 MINS.

ADD TOGETHER THE SAVINGS ON WASHING AND DRYING
AND YOU HAVE A TOTAL OF 20 HOURS 16 MINUTES SAVED!



Trix Saves Time and Work
in practically Every Cleaning Job!
Washing clothes—cleaning windows
—upholstery—floors—the car

No need to dry-up when you use Trix! You see... when you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the greasy film and soap streaks that cling to the plates. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, glass, knife and fork comes out gleaming: you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, without a trace of film or streaking. Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that actually "swallows" grease and waste particles... absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, not re-deposited on the dishes. That's why Trix means a cleaner wash-up. Microscope tests show that suds-washed-and-wiped-up dishes teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are virtually germ-free!

Trix is a product of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.
—makers of famous MORTEIN



FATHER



"Don't you two have any television to attend to?"

MOTHER



"But we WOULD do as we're told—if only you told us to do things we like doing."

It seems to me

WEIGHING in to those arguments about the Queen's Christmas telecast:

Some English writers took exception to what they called the "platitudinous phrases."

The Church of England newspaper "Church Times" complained that the speech would be better transferred to New Year because the Queen did not stress sufficiently the religious aspect of Christmas.

I do not see how the Queen can be expected to say anything startling. She has to please as many people as possible.

The church newspaper critics seem to have forgotten that the British Commonwealth includes countries whose people follow religions other than Christianity.

I heard the speech on radio, didn't see the telecast. The Queen's tone and delivery seemed to me so much improved that I wondered for a minute whether another voice had been dubbed in. But that, of course, was absurd. Royal advisers would not risk such a trick.

The explanation must be that ever since Lord Altrincham complained of the Queen's "schoolgirl voice" she has worked hard at improving it.

Four or five years ago the Queen often sounded not only as if she were reading but as if she did not fully understand what she was saying.

Prince Philip is a good speaker and he may well have helped coach the Queen.

ANOTHER postscript: If the Americans must play round with Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" it's a pity they don't let Tom Lehrer satirise it for some other season.

The version I saw this year on television, with Fredric March as Scrooge, was about as inept as could be imagined. It started with promise. March looked convincing.

Very soon the carol turned into a musical. That in itself wouldn't be so bad, if the musical were good. From all reports Lionel Bart's "Oliver" (based on Oliver Twist), now running in London, is first-class entertainment.

But the Ghost of Christmas Past (with a short "a" in past) was a healthy American teenager wearing what appeared to be a nylon nightie (cut not TOO low—no doubt some argument went on behind the scenes about suitable décolletage for the subject).

Bob Cratchit was plump and well dressed. Mrs. Cratchit was a real American Mom, all smiles. The Cratchits' home, I suspect, had a washing-machine and TV just out of sight, it looked so prosperous.

There were some vapid songs and indifferent dancing. I stuck it out to the end, wondering if it could get worse, which it did.

Admittedly "A Christmas Carol" is a pretty sentimental dish at the best of times. It's like plum pudding, to be taken—or not—in season, as liked. Adding a few ingredients doesn't make it satisfactory cheese cake.

By



Dorothy Drann

SOMETIMES one feels that inter-capital rivalry is a myth created to entertain tourists.

And then something occurs to give it fresh life.

The barracker who called out to Australia's cricket captain, Richie Benaud, during the Second Test against the West Indies, "Go home, you Sydney mug" did his bit towards keeping a healthy patriotic spirit alive in Melbourne and Sydney.

Cricket barracking is said to be not what it was. One suspects that at any period there was more exuberance than wit. "Get a bag" and "Go home, you (unqualified) mug" can only be called commonplace.

But I rather like "Go home, you Sydney mug," unjustified though it was in the circumstances.

It helps preserve the interstate antagonism which appears to be necessary in maintaining the competitive spirit in sport.

"T'S been a fascinating story and I hate to destroy it," said Mr. Lawrence Swan, speaking of the Abominable Snowman.

Mr. Swan, a biologist, accompanied Sir Edmund Hillary on his recent expedition to the Himalayas in search of the Abominable Snowman.

Sir Edmund brought back two scalps, given to him in the Himalayas, said to belong to the creature. Mr. Swan says the hair on the scalps is faked.

But he needn't sound so apologetic. If the Snowman had proved to be some identifiable species of bear, that would have been the stone end of it.

The fact that the expedition failed to find any evidence that a Snowman really existed leaves the myth intact. As far as I'm concerned he's still roaming round those everlasting snows.

Like the Loch Ness monster, he's assured of immortality.

TALKING of the Loch Ness monster, someone has recently expressed the view that there are two, not one.

One's mysterious and rare.

Two together make a pair.

So one monster damply hisses,

"Let's keep separated, Missus.

If we raise a family flock

Customers will shun the Loch.

Local folk will grow to hate us

If we lose our monster status."

"I'm fed up," rejoined his spouse,

"Staying down here in the house.

Nice for you, the one and only,

But I find it awful lonely.

Let's re-educate them, yes!

Call it Loch togetherNess."

Goya

fabulous perfume
in fabulous talc



... the softest, silkiest talc
in the world with
costly perfumes that
last and last ...
deodorant too, to keep
you fresh as well
as fragrant. 6/3

Goya

PARIS
LONDON
NEW YORK
MELBOURNE

Whatever the game!



NUGGET WHITE

is the name for
dazzling white shoes

No matter what your favourite sport, you can keep your white shoes dazzling white with NUGGET white cleaner. NUGGET flows on in a smooth, even layer that won't streak or cake. NUGGET covers grass stains and marks completely and it just won't rub off. You can choose the new NUGGET with Squeeze-on tube, it's so much easier and cleaner to use because of the unique sponge applicator built into the cap. Or if you prefer, you can have the handy-size glass jar or a tube, without the applicator.



NUGGET white in squeeze-on tubes, handy glass jars or tubes, without applicator, available at stores and grocers everywhere.

WHATEVER YOUR GAME, INSIST ON NUGGET WHITE CLEANER

Worth Reporting

ALL girls aren't raving beauties, but most are secretly smug about one special endowment of nature—nice hands, lovely legs, perhaps the delicate turn of an ear-lobe.

It's the same in the modelling world. When advertising calls for camera close-ups for magazine or TV work, it's the eyes, hands, or feet that are wanted.

Here are examples of the physical features that earn their lucky possessors a living: "Send me a long, flower-stem neck for a jewellery advertisement," may be the request—and the neck that arrives is likely to belong to Desa Alagich, of Brookvale, N.S.W.

Desa is blond, brown-eyed—but what the advertiser appreciates is her long swan neck.

If it's a high-fashion shoe parade or a TV or magazine stocking advertisement that's planned, the legs and feet are likely to belong to Joy Jenkins, 22, of Blakehurst, N.S.W., who is leaving to try her modelling luck in England.

And those advertisements featuring enormous dark eyes framed by long, long eyelashes frequently star 17-year-old Luce Carmagnola, of Camden, N.S.W.

Luce, incidentally, milks cows at 4 a.m. on her Italian family's farm, works a full modelling day in Sydney, and is back home in bed at 7.30 p.m.

"The Supreme Hyphen . . ."

DR. FISHER, Archbishop of Canterbury, was speaking at a recent luncheon in London:

"A great ecclesiastic in Istanbul paid me the highest compliment I think I have ever received. He said, 'I regard you as a great hyphen between the churches.'"

Amid laughter, His Grace added: "I have some hope that I will go down to history as His Grace the Supreme Hyphen."



DESA . . . it's her long neck advertisers adore.



LUCE . . . it's her eyes that have ad. appeal.

Tonia backs a speed king

DESPITE his narrow escape when his car Bluebird crashed at Utah in America last year, Donald Campbell is building a new Bluebird for a crack at the world land-speed record in September.

He has the approval of his attractive titian-haired wife, Tonia.

"I could never ask Donald to give it up," she said. "He was handling cars and boats before I knew him. It's just as much a part of his life as our marriage."

Returned Donald: "I'm the luckiest man in the world to have a wife who backs me up in everything."

"She knows I honestly believe I'm striking a blow for Britain's prestige and she never lets me down."

"I WISH our New Australians wouldn't talk with their hands," the taxi-driver broke our back-seat reverie.

"Not when they're driving, anyway," he conceded. "I can't figure out whether that character ahead is getting excited about his mother-in-law or a right-hand turn."

Years go down the sink

WITH holiday visitors still popping in, now is as good a time as any for this depressing news:

The average American mother of two children spends 3½ years of her life washing up dirty dishes, the average Englishwoman 4 years (a tally of 19,000 dishes).

And the average Australian? This remains a bit of a mystery.

As the market research boys didn't know, we got to grips with higher mathematics and came up with our own personal figure (you have a shot at yours) of 18,720, or about the same as our English sister, 19,000.

That's a minimum—call it "eating china" if you like—excluding all cutlery, pots and pans, serving-dishes, and meal-preparation bowls, etc.

Mrs. Ruby Duncan, N.S.W. president of the Progressive Housewives' Association, advocates drainers for crockery and cutlery to halve the work. She has eliminated drying-up except for glasses.

These she cuts to a minimum. When her 18 grandchildren visit her they use straws for small soft drink or milk bottles.

SUMMING up the low status of women in the Victorian era, Rose Heilbrun, Q.C., one of Britain's leading women barristers, recalls this 19th century will, in which a generous husband wrote:

"I leave to Joanna Smythe, my dearly beloved wife, the silver candlesticks given to her by her mother on our wedding day."

YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"The Catherine Wheel"

Elizabeth Harrower (Cassell). Price 21/-.

The narrator is Australian law student Clemency James, living in a London bed-sitter. She has men friends, but it is Christian, the ne'er-do-well charmer, who claims her real interest—"affection" would seem too warm a word, because, for most of the story, her emotions are strictly on an intellectual level. It comes as a relief to find her at last succumbing. But there is always Olive, Christian's ageing jealous mistress to contend with—Olive, who, because she dotes on him, will put up with Christian's drunkenness and complete irresponsibility. Clem's demanding sort of love cannot stand up to the trials Christian puts upon it. An intense, probing study of human relationships, intricately and interestingly resolved, and deserving of high literary praise.

"The Perfect Wife"

Doris Leslie (Hodder and Stoughton). Price 22/6.

A sugar-coated, fictionalised history that does not, however, leave a cloying taste, once the reader has penetrated and accepted the rather stilted and affected period prose style. Miss Leslie has drawn an amazingly vivid portrait of Mary Anne Evans, the milliner, who first married landed-gentleman Wyndham Lewis, whom she pushed into politics, then on Lewis' death, Benjamin Disraeli, her junior by 12 years. It seems that Mary Anne looked nothing like her age, and, more important, her droll wit, energy, and charm were timeless. Though her grammar left much to be desired, her shrewdness, intelligence, and self-confidence were invaluable assets to her husbands, both of whom adored her. The author has cleverly and entertainingly reconstructed the political and social period.

Make the most of natural Australian cheese in **CRACKLING SUMMER SALADS**

It's never 'too hot to eat' when there's a cool, crisp salad made with tempting natural cheese! The secret of hot-weather energy is lighter food with *more protein* — and cheese is even higher in protein than the best cuts of beef. Cheese is a natural appetiser. Cheese turns

a snack or a salad into a square meal. Try the wide variety of superb Australian cheeses — but keep good golden Cheddar at the heart of your summer salads. Natural Cheddar, full-flavoured or mild, is the best food value your housekeeping money can buy.

PARMESAN PORTABLES

Line scooped-out buttered rolls with slices of Cheddar, then fill with fresh salad makings moistened with your favourite dressing. Cover generously with tempting grated Parmesan. For a garnish, go gay with gherkins and coloured cocktail onions.



GOUDA DUTCH TREAT

Serve it in pineapple shells, or glossy green peppers! Wedges of smooth-textured, nutty Gouda add fabulous flavour and energy value to this refreshing combination of tuna, chopped cucumber and mayonnaise. Radish roses make a pretty finish.



CREAM CHEESE SENSATION

In a ring of delicious, fresh-tasting Cream cheese arrange prawns in mayonnaise, garnish with lemon, tomatoes, cucumber and — to double the flavour and food-value — little golden heaps of grated Cheddar.



EDAM ENERGY SALAD

Just spread slices of corned beef or luncheon sausage with mustard and chutney, then wrap them round tasty nutrition-loaded wedges of Edam. Serve with grated carrot and tomato slices, and top with paper-thin onion rings.



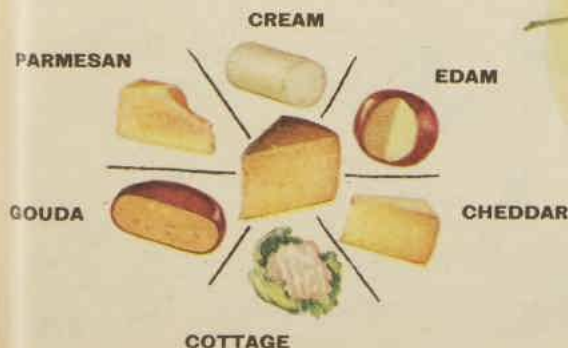
CHEDDAR COLESLAW SURPRISE

Toss finely shredded cabbage (chilled for extra crunchiness), green pepper and mild onions with French dressing. Combine with plenty of chopped or grated Cheddar. Pile into a cabbage leaf 'salad bowl' and decorate with radish slices.



COTTAGE CHEESE ORCHARD

On a bed of watercress or shredded lettuce arrange a pile of snowy Cottage cheese in a ring of pineapple slices. Surround with thin slices of orange and fat fingers of Cheddar. Garnish with shallots or fresh fruits in season.



AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD



Cheese really makes a meal!

Nothing **STOPS** perspiration
odour so pleasantly

as

ARRID



Safeguard
your social
success with
ARRID
(with PERSTOP)



Large **5/10** Medium **3/9**

**Smooth on ARRID Cream
to keep under-arms dry
and fresh all day**

Fluffy white ARRID Cream gives you
3-way protection!

1. ARRID checks perspiration.
2. ARRID stops perspiration odours.
3. ARRID protects the delicate fabrics
of your clothes.

Choose ARRID Cream deodorant.

Also get ARRID protection with ROLL-ON. The gentle ARRID deodorant
lotion in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. 7/6.
ARRID Super Spray . . . 6/11 in the unbreakable blue squeeze bottle.

**Be sure of your freshness . . . be sure of yourself
. . . with gentle ARRID protection.**

CM 176

SOCIAL

By
MARY COLES

ROUNDABOUT

AUSTRALIA'S ace Olympic horseman Laurie Morgan and his wife will have the red carpet out for their old friends Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cooper, of Double Bay, and their attractive daughter, Christine, when they reach England in the Orcades at the end of January.

And Laurie's face is really going to light up when they unpack the buckjump saddle they have taken over for him to use, riding some of the unruly mounts he is breaking in, before returning home in April.

Good, solid stock saddles are not available in England.

The Morgans — and Laurie's famous horse Salad Days — have been making Chedglow Manor, near Badminton, their headquarters since the Games, to comply with English quarantine regulations, which require a visiting horse to spend six months in Britain, and also because Laurie was keen to hunt with the Duke of Beaufort's pack.

Hunting with the Duke's pack is also a thrill in store for Christine, who is looking forward to doing a lot of riding abroad.

I HEAR Ann Vernon and Dr. Nigel Gray, of Melbourne, have speeded up their wedding plans so that Ann's younger sister Kay can be one of her attendants before Kay leaves in April with Anne Furber, of Point Piper, to "finish" abroad at "Mon Fertile," in the Swiss Alps. The wedding will be at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on March 3, and afterwards Ann's parents, Dr. and Mrs. James Vernon, will entertain at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. Dr. Gray is Deputy Superintendent of Fairfield Hospital, Melbourne, and he and Ann will live in a new house being built for them in the spacious grounds of the hospital, overlooking the upper reaches of the River Yarra.

MICHAEL EDMUND ALLAN are the names chosen by Dr. and Mrs. David Warden, of Scone, for their second son. If he had been a girl, they would have called her Miranda, as a tribute to the 55ft. launch Miranda, which Mrs. Warden's father, noted New Zealand yachtsman Mr. Bill Edmundson, recently skippered in a record-making Tasman crossing. The tiny launch reached Sydney from Wellington the same morning as Mr. Edmundson's new grandson was born. Mrs. Warden is looking forward to a home visit to New Zealand at the end of the month when she goes over with her husband for the Medical Congress in Auckland.

WEDDING bells will ring in April for recently engaged Colleen Ireson, of "Wongalea," Hay, and John Douglas, of "Merwin," Moulamein.

CHARMING English visitor the Hon. Mrs.

Maurice Lubbock says she feels so warmly towards Australia that the book she has just written about her travels here on a previous trip is "biased!" Mrs. Lubbock has been visiting her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Keighley, of "Kallara," Cootamundra, and now she is staying with Geoffrey's sister, Mrs. Sylvia Quist, who is holidaying at Palm Beach in Mr. and Mrs. Derek de Rome's seaside home. Mrs. Lubbock boasts she was "partly bought up in Australia." When she was a little girl her father, the late Lord Stanley — then Sir Arthur Stanley — was Governor of Victoria during World War I. Incidentally, her brother, the present Lord Stanley of Alderley, was married for four years to the former Lady Sylvia Ashley, then the widow of Douglas Fairbanks. After her marriage to Lord Stanley was dissolved, Lady Sylvia married Clarke Gable — briefly — and is currently the Princess Djordjadze.

MARGARET CAHILL, daughter of the former Premier of New South Wales, the late Mr. J. J. Cahill, will be attended by her youthful nieces Judith and Ellen Cahill, Betty Stack, Barbara McFadden, and Mrs. Robert Burns when she weds Jim O'Rourke on January 16. The ceremony will be at St. Brigid's Church, Marrickville, followed by a reception at Amory, hostessed by Margaret's mother. Her wedding finery is a secret, but she tells me a sentimental "something old" touch will be wearing a gold bracelet given by her grandfather, the late James Kelly, to his bride on their wedding day in 1889.

A CUTE notion at the gay party given by the United States Consul-General, Mr. Laurence Vass, and Mrs. Vass to celebrate the 21st birthday of their daughter Patricia was the presentation of pretty wristlets to feminine guests on their arrival at "Craig-end," Darling Point. Mrs. Vass made them herself from wisps of lace framing tiny Victorian posies of millinery flowers sewn to bracelets of elastic-threaded satin ribbon.

NOW on the high seas with her brother Fergus aboard the London-bound Himalaya, Robyn Campbell is making the trip as a 21st birthday present from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell.



HOLIDAYING in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Mackenzie, of "Easter Plains," Guyra, were pictured sunbathing at Camp Cove with Bill Thompson and Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Borland (couple on the right). Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie returned to "Easter Plains" at the weekend after a three weeks' stay at Gladwood House, Double Bay.



AT "CRAIGEND." From left, Peter Plaskitt, of "Mirrabrook," Quirindi, Susan Fuller, Sub-Lieutenant David Blazey, of H.M.A.S. Vendetta, Patricia Vass, Michael Graham, and Linda Vass at the delightful dance given by the United States Consul-General, Mr. Laurence Vass, and Mrs. Vass to celebrate the 21st birthday of their elder daughter, Patricia. She wore a strapless white tulle and lace bouffant gown.



ABOARD ORIANA. From left, Lieut.-Colonel T. A. Rodriguez, Comptroller of the Governor-General's Household, chatting with Captain Clifford Edgecombe and Mrs. John House at cocktail party given by Captain Edgecombe and Sir Colin and Lady Anderson aboard the new 40,000-ton liner.



RACEGOERS. Riverina visitors to Melbourne Mrs. A. F. Connell and her daughter Caroline, of Ivanhoe, were among enthusiasts at Flemington. Mrs. Connell wore a white hat with her pastel pink linen frock, and Caroline chose an ink-blue silk frock and jacket and straw hat.

JUST WED. South Australian geologist Christopher Haslam and his bride, formerly Christine Macnicol, leaving St. Andrew's Church, Canberra. Christine, who is the daughter of Mrs. R. P. D. Macnicol, of Canberra, and the late Mr. Macnicol, wore a Brussels lace veil with her white silk taffeta gown. They will live at Broken Hill after honeymooning.



RECEPTION at "Winbirra," the Canberra home of the bride's uncle, Sir Mark Oliphant, and Lady Oliphant, followed the wedding of Vivian Claxton, daughter of Mrs. F. Claxton, of Adelaide, to David Trail, formerly of Milngavie, Scotland. The bride and groom were pictured with their attendants, Dr. Robert Galloway and Vivian Oliphant (couple on the left), as they left St. John's Church, Canberra. David leaves shortly to do mineral research at the Australian Antarctic Base at Mawson.

Your teeth sparkling white,
your whole mouth pure
with **Stripe**



Stripe, the toothpaste with germ-fighting red stripes

Germ fighting Hexachlorophene in the red stripes kills millions of odour and decay causing germs, sweetens your breath. Stripe gives you total mouth hygiene. Stripe's finer polishing agent gives your teeth new sparkling whiteness . . . and Stripe tastes good, too! Buy it today, for the whole family.

You know you're right - its in the stripe



A FINE REXONA PRODUCT.

THE MATRON MODELS

Womanly plumpness is their passport to success as mannequins

by PATRICIA O'CONNELL, staff reporter

MIDDLE-AGE is hardly a glamorous word, but it doesn't depress Mrs. Nell Walters one whit. At 60, more than middle-aged, she's still having a packet of fun as a sought-after model.

"I'm a small OS, dear," she said, smoothing her black beaded dress, "42, 33, 42."

"I've got all my own teeth and my hair's natural—brushing is what keeps it so nice."

"I've been modelling for nine years now. Just answered an advertisement—one thing leads to another, you know."

Mrs. Walters started as a model for a foundation-garment firm. This led to fashion parades, photographic work, TV commercials, even mannequin parades in London.

Trip abroad

Mrs. Walters and her husband, of Maroubra, N.S.W., took a trip to Europe 12 months ago and while they were in London she did some parades in suburban stores.

She appeared in the films "Long John Silver" and "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll"—"just as an extra, but it was a lovely experience."

Her charming face is familiar to many people through TV and newspaper advertisements.

She looks exactly what she is—a mother, a housewife, who has coped with the children, the cooking, the washing-up, all the household chores.

This gives her an air of authority. When she says: "This detergent is good," you believe her.

And when she's parading a matronly dress, the women in



MRS. NELL WALTERS, 60, whose career as a model began nine years ago when she answered an advertisement.

the audience can see that it suits her figure—and theirs. They can "identify" themselves with her more than with a willowy slip of a girl.

"I just love modelling," Mrs. Walters said, smiling wide and warmly. "You need

an outside interest when you're my age."

"Too much of the house and you'll start developing aches and pains."

"I never have time to worry—modelling keeps me young." Not that Mrs. Walters is

posing in the bright lights all day and every day.

"Oh, no, dear. Two or three jobs a month and I'm happy. I suppose the younger matrons will soon be taking over from me. But I don't mind, I've had a lovely time for the past few years."

XW fitting

Mrs. Marion Button, of Botany, N.S.W., is another much-in-demand matrons' model. She's an XW fitting and has been modelling for 25 years.

Like Mrs. Walters, she started as a corset model.

"I had no idea I was going to end up like this," she said.

"I've been working full-time for the past ten or 12 years, doing parades, mostly manufacturers' parades, with a few trips to the country and interstate. I just love them. A change is like a holiday."

"I've been in lots of TV commercials, too—modelling frocks, doing hair ads, jams, making cakes."

"Then there are store catalogues and newspaper advertisements. Quite a bit of work, really."



MRS. KATH THACKERAY, one of the youngest matron models, displays an ensemble during a parade.

"As a matter of fact, that's why I do my own hair. There just isn't time to fit in a visit to the hairdresser's."

Mrs. Button is the proud grandmother of two—and they're pretty proud of their model grandma.

"But no one's prouder than my husband," said Mrs. Button. "Sometimes when I arrive home from a parade he's got the tea all ready waiting. 'Take your hat off, dear,' he says, 'and sit down to your meal.'"

"I just couldn't manage without him."

"But you've just got to organise your work to a system. Fit in your housework and shopping, then everything's all right."

Two children

"How old am I? Just say I wish I was ten years younger."

One of the youngest model matrons is Mrs. Kath Thackeray, who has a beautiful smile, sleek blond hair, and is a trim SW fitting.

She did some modelling when she was a teenager, then

dropped out of the fashion world to get married and have two children.

Now the family lives in Sydney at Kyle Bay, her children are 16 and 12, and Mrs. Thackeray is back in the modelling game.

"I spend more on cosmetics, stockings, and hairdos than I would if I were just a housewife," she said, "but I feel better for getting out of the house."

"In fact, I feel wonderful."

Young styles

Mrs. Thackeray looks wonderful, too, in the young matron styles. She's glamorous, but not too glamorous, slim, but not bone-thin, well groomed, but yet not too far from the typical woman who buys the clothes.

Full-time model Mrs. Phyll Kemp, of Manly, N.S.W., who has been featuring in parades and store demonstrations for the past five years, had the last word:

"It's lovely work. You meet nice people. It takes you out of yourself. But more than anything else it's the money. That means independence."



MODELS (from left) Mrs. Mollie Daly, Mrs. Estelle Brown, and Mrs. Trudy Barden. All mothers, they agree that modelling is very good for their morale.

SUMMER FASHIONS to SEW



5980. — Sleeveless one-piece (above) is perfect fashion for any hot summer day. The braid neckline trim is repeated on the pocket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. braid. Price 4/9.



5983. — One-piece (right) for the girl who wants all the current fashion — fitted sleeveless bodice, wide collar, skirt fullness, flowing tie. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price 4/9.



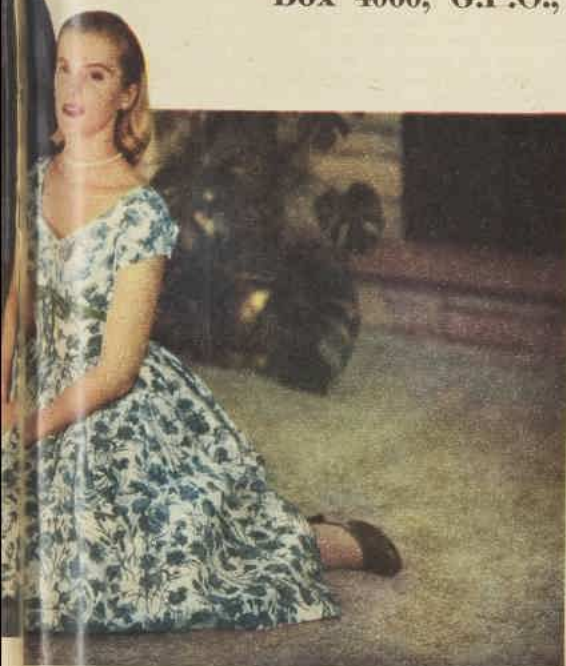
5978. — Be "best dressed" in the beautifully shaped one-piece (right), with its bow-trimmed neck and self-material belt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



5981. — Feminine and pretty one-piece (right), and, oh, so easy to make. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 6yds. of 1in.-wide lace edging. Price 4/9.



● Here are seven new designs for the home dressmaker who likes to follow current fashion. Each paper pattern has a chart giving every step of how to make. Send for one now. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



5979. — Pretty party dress (left) has a scooped neckline, tiny sleeves, and graceful skirt fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1-8th yds. 36in. material and 1/2 yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern price is 4/9.



5977. — Flirty-skirted one-piece (above) has a front-buttoned, neck-to-hemline fastening and a self bias trim on the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2 yds. 36in. material. Pattern price 4/9.



5982. — Current twosome (left), slender dress and a short-sleeved jacket with a prettily curved collar. The dress is self-belted. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. plain material and 1 1/2 yds. 36in. check material. Price 4/9.



MEDS, the Modess Tampon, is the most modern, blissfully comfortable and convenient form of feminine protection . . . worn internally. Perfectly safe! Nurses especially appreciate Meds, and so, too, do other discriminating women. Next time, place your trust in Meds. Available with or without applicator.

Meds

tampons
by Modess

For free informative booklet mailed in plain wrapper, write to:

NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

WW.18.1.61.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Hidden dwellers

WHY do so many people spend so much money on their homes and yet do nothing to help callers make their presence known? Fancy putting doorbells or knockers, if fitted at all, so they cannot be used if the flywire door is shut. And why not have two bells worked from the front doorbell-push—one of them ringing in the back garden or by the washhouse? Expensive iron-scroll names are used, yet the really useful house number, which should be large and conspicuous at the entrance gate, is usually omitted.

£1/1/- to Mr. G. Burlison, North Clayton, Vic.

That old-fashioned charm?

I THINK a lot of women would prefer the kitchen of yesterday to the ultra-modern kitchen of today. That incessant bang, bang of closing cupboards, with everything out of sight, irritates. And the big, gaunt white refrigerator looks like something out of a hospital clinic.

£1/1/- to Marie Cook, Bendigo, Vic.

Hard decision

I HAVE nothing but admiration for the friend of "Wondering" (9/12/60), who had her husband arrested by the police when she knew he would be nothing but a menace on the road, not only endangering his own life but the lives of others. If she hadn't done so and there had been an accident, how would she have felt afterwards, knowing she could have prevented it?

£1/1/- to Miss Gwen Burns, Pinjarra, W.A.

HOW ego-destroying for a husband to be condemned by the one person who should be on his side. Where were her feminine wiles? She could have suggested he stay at home because she wanted his company, not just because he was too drunk to drive. I don't think it's part of a wife's duty to turn her husband in. There probably was some hidden motive in her nobility.

£1/1/- to I.M.F. (name supplied), Yarrowonga, Vic.

THE young woman referred to was certainly in an unenviable position. I think she was right—but also wrong. She had the safety of her husband and perhaps others in her hands. A wife should also be loyal to her husband. In my opinion the wife should have taken the car keys and then called a taxi to take herself and her husband home.

£1/1/- to "Claire" (name supplied), Home Hill, Qld.

The "Old Doc" is missed

ONE of our greatest losses these days is the old-time family doctor. He brought babies into the world and saw their grandparents out of it. He was never in too much of a hurry to listen to his patients' worries, as well as their illnesses, and was on call day and night. He had a good general knowledge and vast experience, and, unlike today, he dealt with most ills himself. The old-time medical man may not have had the science of today, but he had a greater desire to serve humanity.

£1/1/- to "Nostalgic" (name supplied), Howrah, Tas.

A plea for a title

THE wife of the Shah of Persia seems to have no title of her own. She is spoken of as Queen Farah, but "queen" is an English word. Is there no Persian equivalent?

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Ferris, Calliope, Qld.

It's no benefit to her

WE joined the Medical Benefits Fund to enable us to pay our bills, but find we'd be better off out of it. A doctor's visits to my five children cost me £1/16/- above the fund repayments. Added to this sum is my regular weekly contribution. My neighbor called the same doctor to her five children and he charged only thirty shillings, because she's not in the fund.

£1/1/- to "Out of Pocket" (name supplied), N.S.W.

It can happen to anyone

ISN'T it unfair that the description "bachelor" brings to mind a debonair young man, whilst "spinster" makes most people think of a sour, disillusioned old maid? After all, it could be that a man is a bachelor because all his proposals have been refused, whereas a woman could have turned down many offers of marriage and remained single by choice.

£1/1/- to Mrs. V. Kellon, Gladstone, Qld.

The shops were tops

I RECENTLY visited Hongkong and was very impressed with the civility, service, and salesmanship I experienced when shopping there. In the shops we were greeted with a smile, given a chair, and offered cool drinks and cigarettes. The manager gave us each a gift, and in this pleasant atmosphere we were shown merchandise. Nothing seemed any trouble. My, how different to Australia, where I have often patiently waited for an assistant to deign to serve me, and at times even civility is lacking. Even my husband enjoyed shopping in Hongkong.

£1/1/- to "Tourist" (name supplied), Bedford Park, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE Christmas-New Year party season is over. We can look back now frankly and honestly and try to see where we went wrong, and what can be improved next time.

My worst mistake was losing my glasses. I won't wear glasses to a party again. They are as much out of place there as if you were playing football.

It is safer to keep them in your pocket, even if you can't see the lady guests so well.

As usual I enjoyed the parties I went to, but not the ones I listened to. A noise is only pleasant when you are helping to make it. It becomes irritating when other people make it.

Another point is that the parties you are not at, but only hear, go on too long.

One shivoo in our neighborhood started with such a din that I did not think it could possibly last. "Don't worry," I said to my wife. "They sound like two-pot screamers. They'll get tired before long."

I sang a snatch of the old song "Come where the two-pot scream-

AFTER THE BAWL

ers are screaming the happy hours away."

But I had underestimated the stamina of the revellers in question.

The trouble was they had a piano.

The piano can be a pleasing instrument when it is in the right hands. I have nothing against Liszt, Chopin, Winifred Atwell, Joe "Fin-



gers" Carr, and others who have made a good fist of playing it.

But a piano at a party gives dangerous encouragement to people to have "a good old sing-song."

This night the sing-song was still going at 1 a.m. They had been through everything from "Annie Laurie" to "Ramona."

When they began "Show Me the Way to Go Home," my hopes rose, but they were quickly dashed. Instead of going home, the glee singers carried straight on with "Maree, the Dawn is Breaking."

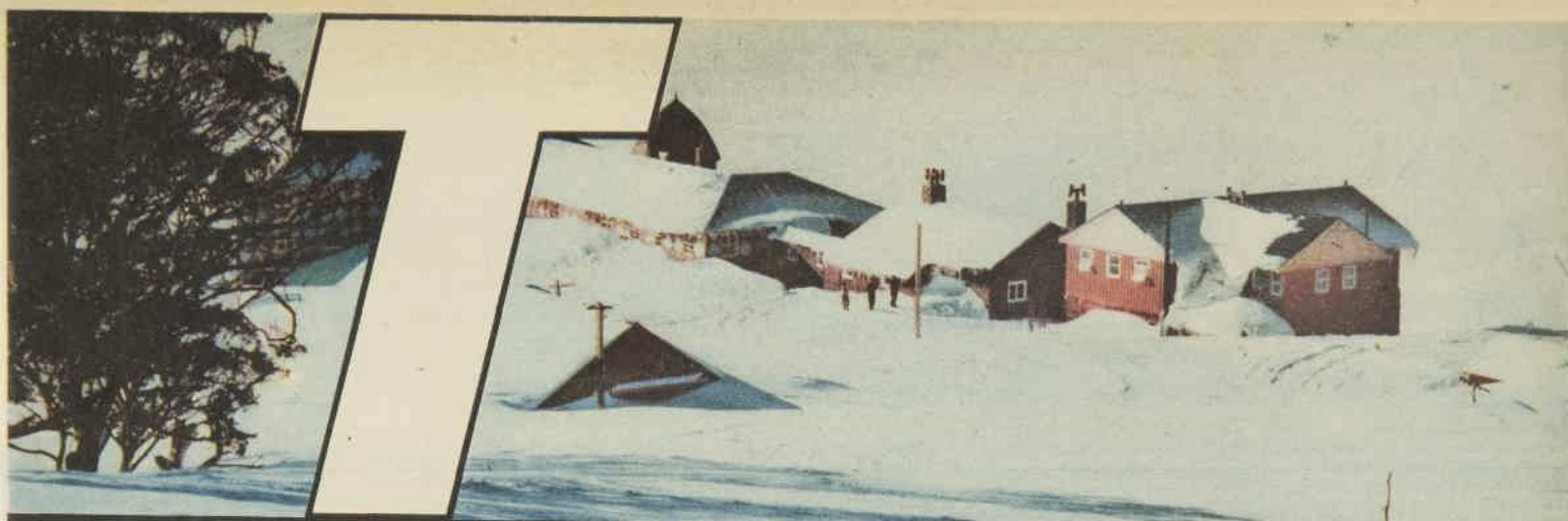
About 1.30 they sang "God Save Our Gracious Queen" with great expression and a long-drawn-out "vict-o-o-o-ri-ous" and "glo-o-o-o-ri-ous." But then they had second thoughts and launched into "You Called Me Baby Doll."

It was after 2 a.m. when they broke it up, after a haunting interpretation of "Now Is the Hour." This ended with a crash as something was knocked over. A voice cried: "Zenylene know 'Sweet Adeline'?" But there were mercifully no takers.

After that it was only a matter of slamming car doors and saying "Goodnight, Mona," "So long, Les," etc., for another ten minutes.

It's a pity the guests find it so hard to go home from parties where you are only a listener.

There was another party in the district where a good time was had singing songs to the ukulele. That one ran late, too, but it didn't matter—I was there myself.



Whether the *Top* of the mountains for the thrill of a ski-ing holiday, or



the sun and sand of an *Australian* beach, or a favourite fishing spot...



for vacations anywhere let TAA, Top Australian *Airline*, plan for you...



Let the TAA HOLIDAY TRAVEL SERVICE plan your next holiday *all* the way — from booking your travel by air or other transportation to advising you on what to wear, where to stay and what to see during your trouble-free vacation, priced to suit your budget. Turn the page and choose your holiday from the horizon-wide range of exciting 1961 locations available through TAA.



TOPLINE HOLIDAYS WITH THE TOP AUSTRALIAN AIRLINE

QUEENSLAND

the tourist State

A GLORIOUS climate, an abundance of scenic attractions and a wealth of tourist accommodation and travel facilities have earned for Queensland the title of The Tourist State. Queensland revels in a climate that knows no seasons. The forecast is "sunny and warm all year round".

Choose from the glamour of the fabulous Gold Coast—the hideaway charm of the Barrier Reef Islands—the tropical lushness of the North—the cool tablelands or the many resorts dotted over hundreds of miles of sun-drenched beaches.

And don't forget the year-round treasure trove opened up by TAA's Low-cost Barrier Reef Holidays—the lowest-priced all-inclusive vacation ever! Enjoy swimming, cruising, fishing, skin-diving, water-skiing and plain lazing in the sun, at any of these beautiful tropical islands—Brampton, Lindeman, Magnetic, Dunk, Orpheus, South Molle, Quoin, Heron, Palm Bay or Happy Bay.

Also, there are the ever-popular TAA Hostess-escorted Tours of North Queensland and the Barrier Reef available to you on the following dates—July 4-16, August 1-13, September 26-October 8.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Sydney, South Pacific crossroads

SYDNEY is more than the mighty arch of the Harbour Bridge, the gleam of racing sails in the sun, the bustle of ferries, the thunder of surf on a wealth of wonderful beaches, the glamour of night clubs, the luxury of fine hotels. Gateway to New South Wales, Sydney is the biggest manufacturing, commercial, cultural and sporting centre in the South Pacific, and the starting point of TAA 10-day Inclusive Tours of the capital and surrounding beauty spots, including the majestic Blue Mountains.

Inland, TAA tours travel the highways of New South Wales stretching out to the landscapes of the big plains, the sheer immensity of the Snowy Mountains Scheme, the ski-slopes of the Australian Alps and the distinctive charm of the nation's capital, Canberra, A.C.T.

Here's the big 1961 holiday line-up, a coast-to-coast choice of locations in Australia and in Papua/New Guinea and New Zealand, dozens of tours to hundreds of interest-packed points. Vacation-wise experts of the TAA Holiday Travel Service have an all-the-year-round treasury of holiday locations for the foot-loose, the fancy-free, the young-in-heart and the downright sitters-in-the-sun! Lucky you! See your local Travel Agent; phone, visit or write to your nearest TAA Holiday Travel Adviser; or complete, clip and mail the coupon on this page to TAA.

VICTORIA

the holiday State

JUST name it and Victoria's got it, a scenic variety to amaze and delight you. For big-city lovers Melbourne offers elegance and sophistication, with a Continental flair for the good things of life and the places where you find them, theatres, restaurants, art galleries, bistros, shops and hotels.

See Melbourne at its best in the TAA Moomba Tours, March 3-13. Or during the TAA 7-day Melbourne Cup Tours, October/November.

Outside bustling Melbourne, with its towering new "glasshouses" and intimate old shopping arcades, Victoria is a compact wonderland of holiday variety—lazy paddleboat cruises on the Sunny Murray, snow sports on 870 square miles of some of the finest snowfields in Australia, the glory of Spring wildflowers in the rugged Grampians, panoramic vistas in the Blue Dandenongs near Melbourne, fishing in the lakes and rivers of mountainous Gippsland, swimming in Port Phillip Bay and exhilarating surfing on the ocean beaches of Bass Strait.

Victoria, only hours away from anywhere in Australia by TAA's Jetliner fleet, is yours for the asking with TAA's Holiday Travel Service.

TASMANIA

Gem of the South

"ENGLAND Down Under" is how many see the lovely island State of Tasmania, just over an hour south of Melbourne by TAA Jetliner across the waters of Bass Strait. In so many ways reminiscent of the British Isles, the Island State has living counterparts to the rolling Kentish countryside of orchards and hopfields, the

soaring splendour of the Scottish Highlands, the rich red soil of Devon, historic country homesteads, and roads and lanes lined with oaks, elms, poplars and hawthorn hedges.

Magnificent mountain scenery vies with sweeping seascapes in a land of gracious, tranquil living where much of Australia's history was made. Yet Hobart, the charming capital city at the foot of Mt. Wellington on the banks of the beautiful River Derwent, is within pocket-easy range of other Australian capitals.

TAA Hostess-escorted 14-day Autumn Tours (commencing February 21, March 14, April 11), and the "Bushwalkers" jaunts (January 27-30 and March 10-13), are only two of the many TAA ways you can enjoy seeing this wonderful State.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

the all-season holiday State

THE sun that shines on the vineyards, the wheatfields, the orchards, the citrus groves, the beaches and the vast outback grazing properties of South Australia, also yields a rich harvest of festivals and carnivals famous throughout Australia—the Barossa Valley Vintage Festival, the Adelaide Festival of Arts, the Great Eastern Steeplechase at Oakbank, the Aldgate Autumn Leaves Festival, the Christmas Pageant in the city streets of Adelaide and the colourful annual Summer Beach Carnivals.

From Wilpena Pound in the colourful Flinders Ranges in the north to Kangaroo Island in the south, the State's sporting and tourist facilities (from tennis to big-game fishing) are amongst the finest in the world. They're just a TAA Tour away!

Try the "Vintage" and "Vineyard" Tours in February and March! See the magic wildflowers at Wilpena in September and October.

CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

nature's winter wonderland

CENTRAL Australia—a vast, new winter tourist land in the timeless country that has been immortalised on canvas by Australia's own Namatjira. Alice Springs, colourful and vital, is the springboard for TAA 14-day Escorted Tours to Ayers Rock, Ross River, Stanley Chasm, Simpson's Gap and many other fascinating spots.

Central Australia Tours start June 16, July 14, August 18, September 8.

To the north, over 800 miles of rugged country, lies Darwin, the nation's open-door to overseas air travellers, and the jumping-off point for world-famous projects like the Humpty Doo rice irrigation scheme. Australia's Winter Sunland is yours, through TAA, the friendly way.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

land of sunshine and flowers

PERTH, capital city of Western Australia, is picturesquely situated on the beautiful Swan River. Close handy, the Indian Ocean rolls lazily on to some of Australia's finest surf beaches. Perth, Australia's sunniest capital, has an average of nearly eight hours of sunshine daily.

Perth is the starting point of the TAA 14-day Escorted Wildflower Tours, September 10 and October 15.

There's an immensity of natural wonders in the Giant State, the great sweep of the historic north-west coast with its pearling ports and cattle stations, the rugged grandeur of the Kimberley Ranges, the forest giants of the Karri and Jarrah country of the south-west, the unforgettable charm of the wildflowers of the Western Spring. Go West! It's good advice! And TAA Jetliner is the way to go!

PAPUA/NEW GUINEA

tropical land of contrast

THE Territory of Papua/New Guinea is a fascinating world of its own. Contrasts abound in every tropical square mile of the Territory—primitive Stone Age natives, tramping their tribal paths, 20th century prospectors flying into the isolated ancient swamps by helicopter, snow on the great mountain peaks, tropical rain in the deep valleys, the lush growth of rubber, coffee and coconut plantations, thriving new timber mills. You can laze and souvenir-hunt in Rabaul, Port Moresby, Lae and other centres of the Territory on a TAA Hostess-escorted "Territory Tour".

Book now for Papua/New Guinea Tours—they commence May 8, June 12, July 22, August 26.

Here, beyond the Coral Sea, is the land of holidays with a difference!

NEW ZEALAND

a world in miniature

NATURE has endowed New Zealand with all the wonders of the wide world in an area not much greater than the British Isles. Alps, snowfields, geysers, glaciers, hot springs, lakes, rivers, Pacific beaches, big-game fishing waters. New Zealand has them all in magnificent variety.

New Zealand's scenic wonders contrast with busy, modern cities like Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin and towns like Christchurch, "the most English town outside England".

New Zealand is, truly, a world in miniature, and all yours for the asking through TAA Escorted Tours in conjunction with Tasman Empire Airways Ltd. and New Zealand National Airways Corporation.

The first New Zealand Tour starts March 2. Book now!

HOLIDAY PLANNING IS EASY WHEN TAA DOES IT FOR YOU

TAA's vacation-wise Holiday Travel Service Advisers are at your service with the very latest information about all the wonderful tourist resorts of Australia. Whether it's a packaged tour or your own specially-arranged individual itinerary, it's all Pre-Planned. From the moment you consult TAA to the time you're back home showing exciting films of your trip to envious friends, there's NO WORRY! Everything is confirmed before you leave and every minute of your time is yours to enjoy. Ring, write, call or send the coupon below to your nearest TAA office now! Endorse your envelope 'TAA Holiday Travel Service'.

TAA Holiday Travel Advisers provide a complete tourist service

THESE ARE JUST A FEW ADDRESSES—THERE'S A HOLIDAY TRAVEL ADVISER IN EVERY TAA OFFICE!

MELBOURNE
Frances Andrews
SYDNEY
Arthur Crisp
BRISBANE
Bernie Moy
ADELAIDE
Dorothy Dowling

PERTH
Ken Thorpe
CANBERRA
Peter Flynn
HOBART
John Cartledge
LAUNCESTON
Brian Roberts

BURNIE
Mary Guy
DEVONPORT
Laurie McGuire
CAIRNS
Hec. McIntyre
TOWNSVILLE
Keith Bailey



Ann Travaire, TAA Women's Travel Adviser, is Australia's best-known adviser on holiday travel for women. Personally, Ann Travaire plans the popular hostess-escorted Ann Travaire Tours. Ladies, whatever your worries, where to go, how to go, how to pay, what to wear, what to do about children's travel needs, what to take—Ann Travaire guides you best.

4 ways to pay as you please

Yes, 4 ways to pay when you consult TAA Holiday Travel Service!

1. PAY CASH and all you need remember is pocket money.
2. FLY BY LAY-BY and save your way with TAA.
3. FLY NOW, PAY LATER is the instant TAA answer.
4. CREDIT CARDS are as valid for TAA holidays as for TAA business travel.

Your Travel Agent sells TAA tours

Your travel agent (there's one near you!) has a magic wand working wonders to ensure your holiday is truly happy and trouble-free. He will gladly book you on any tour or location listed on this page. Your travel agent provides you with complete facilities for carefree enjoyment. He knows that all the year round there's a holiday location to suit your convenience and your pocket. Your travel agent knows, too, that the happiest holiday-makers

FLY TAA THE FRIENDLY WAY

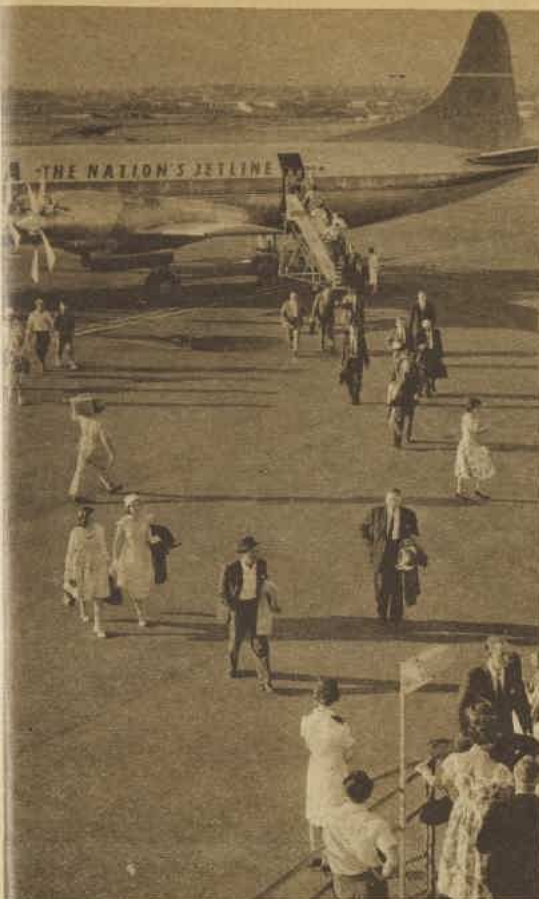
Colour photographs by courtesy Australian National Travel Association

Flying in the future

● Sydney and Melbourne a half-hour's flight apart, Darwin and Alice Springs almost outer suburbs of the big cities, a weekend for the family in London, Paris, Rome, New York.

Daydreams? No. Only a quick look into flying in the future by supersonic jet aircraft.

See story on page 27.



TYPICAL airport arrival scene at Kingsford-Smith Airport, Mascot, Sydney, from which in 1960 T.A.A. ran 18,250 services inward and outward—350 flights a week.



AIRPORT lounge at Mascot, where hundreds meet and say "goodbye" every day.

Come to the Sunshine State

Queensland

There's a treat in store for you when you visit the Sunshine State. Use our FREE TRAVEL SERVICE and consult our expert travel officers who will arrange all your holiday reservations without extra cost.

CAIRNS

Stay at Cairns, a modern tropical city on the shores of beautiful Trinity Bay — and visit Green Island to view the wonders of marine life and coral reefs.

Tropic Wonderland Tour

An eight-day tour including Green Island's underwater observatory — Paronella Park — the scenic Palmerston, Gillies and Cook Highways — Lakes Eacham and Barrine and Tinaroo Dam — Kuranda, Barron Gorge and Falls.

Air, rail or tourist coach travel from Brisbane may be arranged in conjunction with the above tour.

TOOWOOMBA AND THE DARLING DOWNS

Toowoomba — the Garden City — is the gateway to the famous Darling Downs. See the beautiful parks and gardens and splendid views from Picnic Point — Prince Henry Drive — Webb Park — and Mt. Kynoch. Visit the rolling Darling Downs with its chequered pattern of golden wheatfields and grazing lands. Daily rail and road services operate from Brisbane.

MOUNTAINS

Mountain scenery at its best is yours when you visit Lamington National Park, Binna Burra, Mount Tamborine. Panoramas over the coastal belt to the resorts bordering the blue Pacific Ocean — walks along graded paths through dense sub-tropical jungle to cascading waterfalls are features of these resorts.

THE SUNSHINE COAST

Visit the coastal resorts north of Brisbane. Here are a wide range of features that are interesting — places that are different — a series of magnificent surfing beaches, each with its individual appeal — ocean and river fishing — mountain resorts offering magnificent views of lowland farms and ocean scenery — tropical fruit farms — scenic reserves and National Parks with cascading waterfalls — a Lakes district of undisguised loveliness — winding inland waterways — square miles of green canefields. Coach and rail services operate from Brisbane to most Near North Coast resorts daily.

TOWNSVILLE

Townsville and Magnetic Island
Stop over at Townsville — spend a few days on Magnetic Island.

Townsville and the Cairns District

This seven-day road tour includes Townsville and the scenic Tropic Wonderland that lies behind Cairns — Combine sightseeing in Townsville with holiday at Magnetic, Orpheus or Dunk Island.

MACKAY AND WHITSUNDAY ISLANDS

Whitsunday Wonderland Tour
Including five days of cruising in the Whitsunday Passage and two days on Eungella Range.

Mackay and Eungella Range

Sightseeing in Mackay with a two day tour to Eungella Range.

Brampton and Lindeman Islands

Holiday playground at the southern end of Whitsunday Passage. Launch service to Brampton, air service to Lindeman.

M.V. "Roylen"

A five-day cruise of the Whitsunday Passage, visiting island resorts.

HERON ISLAND

Spend seven, ten or fourteen days on carefree Heron Island. On this coral cay, you'll enjoy swimming — fishing — cruising — or exploring the coral wonderland just outside your cabin door.

GOLD COAST

For your next vacation choose one of the holiday playgrounds of the gay GOLD COAST — Riviera of Queensland — spend carefree days surfing or sunbathing in glorious sunshine on wide golden beaches or sightseeing at the numerous attractions to be found here. At night there's the gay glitter of neon lights which invite you to dine out and go night-clubbing.

DUNK AND ORPHEUS ISLANDS

Spend seven days or longer on a romantic tropic isle — leave worldly cares behind as you relax in the informal atmosphere and idyllic surroundings — cruise, fish, swim or sunbathe as your mood dictates. Launch to Orpheus from Dungeness — air service from Cairns or Townsville to Dunk.

WHITSUNDAY ISLANDS VIA PROSERPINE

At the northern end of Whitsunday Passage are the island resorts of Hayman, South Molle, Happy Bay and Palm Bay on Long Island. The M.V. "Esmeralda" operates a five-day cruise of the Whitsunday Passage each week.

For Free Literature, Information or Bookings consult the

QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

Anzac Square, Brisbane — 149 King Street, Sydney
303 Collins Street, Melbourne

AND AT ADELAIDE, NEWCASTLE, COOLANGATTA, SURFERS PARADISE, TOOWOOMBA, ROCKHAMPTON, MACKAY, TOWNSVILLE, CAIRNS

Make friends with **Victoria**



1. Melbourne is a city in a forest, surrounded by 2,000 acres of beautiful parks and gardens. Here are some of the city's young giants dominating the Exhibition Gardens.



2. Anglesea, only a couple of hours' run from Melbourne, where sea and mountains meet, and the hills are carpeted with an amazing variety of wildflowers each Spring.



3. High in the crisp air of the Victorian Alps, motor boats race in spectacular regattas on Lake Omeo. Trout streams, marble caves, Alpine wildflowers and snow-clad peaks provide all-year-round attractions.



4. Melbourne, garden city of the South, is a blaze of flowers and colourful trees in Autumn. Here, sunshine and oak-leaves pattern the lawns in a quiet corner of the Royal Botanic Gardens.

you'll get a wonderful welcome



5. The lovely town of Bright is the North Eastern gateway to Australia's finest snowfields. Chalets, chair lifts, ski tows, ski schools and top class continental instructors are features of Mt. Hotham, Mt. Butler, Mt. Buffalo and Falls Creek.



6. Torquay is one of the most popular of Victoria's many wide, curving surf beaches where surf carnivals are a fascinating visitor attraction.



7. The blue waters of Maroondah Lake, 39 miles from Melbourne, are enfolded by Healesville's heavily-wooded mountains. It is approached by the scenically beautiful Maroondah Highway.



8. Skin divers and spear fishermen gather rich hauls in Victoria's "danger free" coastal waters.

from the holiday state



9. Looking back from Oliver's Hill to Frankston's curving strand of creamy sand. Gateway to the Mornington Peninsula, Frankston is ideal for "family" holidays, because of its miles of clean, safe beach.



10. Penguin Parade at Phillip Island. Between October and April each year, friendly Fairy Penguins parade in thousands each evening. Phillip Island is a sanctuary for many native birds and animals, including lovable koalas.



11. Largest inland city in Australia, Ballarat stages a striking "Begonia Festival" each March, with breathtakingly beautiful displays in the public gardens.



12. Marysville, a lovely mountain township surrounded by magnificent forest country. Waterfalls, superb vistas, trout fishing, skiing and a round of gay holiday attractions are special features at this popular holiday resort.

272 Collins St., Melbourne. 63-0202
28 Martin Place, Sydney. BW 8855
18 King William St., Adelaide. LA 4129
34 Lydiard St. Nth., Ballarat. B 5665
Charing Cross, Bendigo. B'go 3-5155
Civic Centre, Deakin Ave., Mildura
Mildura 503
Brights Building, Moorabool Street
Geelong. Geelong 4232
Essendon Airport
International Terminal. 39-6471



Post this coupon NOW to your nearest branch of the Victorian Government Tourist Bureau for complete information on holidays in Victoria. And, when planning your holiday, remember that experts at the Bureau will be happy to make all travel and accommodation bookings for you.

NAME

ADDRESS



YOUNG TRAVELLERS, from left: Stephen Campbell, Kaylene and Kevin Johnson, perched on the baggage counter waiting for the bus to take them to Essendon airport.

Flying in the future From The Alice - to Paris

● Distances will be eaten up at the rate of 2000 miles an hour within the next ten years, and by 1980, the experts say, the Continent will be within the range of weekend holiday makers.

WITH armchair comfort and stillness, supersonic aircraft will streak at 60,000 to 70,000 feet high from continent to continent," predicts Mr. John Ryland, general manager of Trans-Australia Airlines.

All the world's leading aircraft designers and manufacturers agree that jet liners carrying 100 to 130 passengers, flying at 2000 miles an hour, will be in operation by 1970.

"To a country like Australia," says Mr. Ryland, "the advent of pure jet travel will have many advantages, specially of a social nature."

Today, virtually any point in Australia is a one-day travelling and trading area.

The whole face of the continent could change with fast flying in the next two decades.

And, with cities like Melbourne and Sydney only half an hour's flying distance, air-line catering will probably become a thing of the past.

No meals

Even on inter-continental flights, when it will be possible to breakfast in Sydney, lunch in London, meals and refreshments won't be necessary.

Besides flying off to America, Europe, or the East, Australians will have fresh opportunities to discover their own continent.

The "Dead Heart" will be as accessible as any of the now-popular coastal resorts.

These supersonic giants of the future will look different from the aluminium jets of today. They will be steel and titanium, with few windows.

A television set will keep boredom at bay.

But there are headaches ahead.

For one thing, these new jet aircraft will cost about

three times as much to build as today's jets.

Another problem, still unsolved, is the time lag in getting passengers from airports to the cities before and after flights.

As more and more people want to fly, the problem could become even more acute.

Cost less

Overseas, other countries are trying to find the answer—with mono-rail services built high off the ground, costing millions of pounds to erect, underground railways, helicopter services, high-speed freeways.

And while the experts are promising us faster and more comfortable travel, what about the cost to the passenger?

Airlines promise that in 20 years air travel will be cheaper than many other forms of travel.

Qantas Airways' economic experts have come up with some interesting figures to prove that it is getting cheaper to fly these days than it is to feed and clothe yourself.

They say that between 1950 and 1960 air fares dropped 4.9 per cent, while the cost of living doubled.

A fare to London which cost £325 in 1950 now costs only £310. Today's pound buys 38.7 miles of travel—nearly two miles more than ten years ago.

Domestic air fares compare just as favorably—the same number of miles, 38.7, on a first-class ticket, 50 miles for £1, tourist class.

Trans-Australia Airlines set a record for the country in 1960 by becoming the first single Australian operators to carry more than a million passengers in a year.

The figure was actually 1,080,527.

T.A.A. ran 18,250 services in and out of Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport—another 7280 with East-West Airways, handled 350 flights a week,

with East-West operating 140 flights a week each way.

In all, 50,000 passengers a week passed through their terminal, staffed by more than 500 at Mascot alone.

Compare this with the birth of commercial flying 40 years ago, when Qantas started its service in a small wooden shack at Longreach, Queensland.

Then two 60-mile-an-hour biplanes, manned by a staff of three, used to make the 577-mile trip between Charleville and Cloncurry with an overnight stop—because the distance was too great to cover in one day.

In its first two years of operation it flew only 3000 miles compared with 17 million miles a year now.

The airlines are extending their services to include comprehensive travel services, which not only book and arrange air flights but hotel and sightseeing, ship and rail bookings as well.

"Package deal" holidays, with an all-inclusive price covering travel, accommodation, trips, and sightseeing excursions, are being extended.

Mr. Lyndon L. McKenzie, commercial director of T.A.A., says, "We have a direct interest in the 100,000 holidaymakers—both Australians and overseas visitors—who are expected to arrive in the next year or two."

Reef holidays

The company works in close co-operation with travel agents to produce the all-in holidays at an economic price.

During the current financial year T.A.A. expects to sell travel and allied services worth more than a million pounds.

Typical of their efforts are the current low-cost Barrier Reef holidays and the all-inclusive tours to Alice Springs and Ayers Rock.

Twenty-five specially chosen

advisers and agents work with T.A.A. to produce the packaged holidays.

The Travel Service Department co-ordinates the Women's Travel Service, the Overseas Sales Section, and the development and expansion of booking and travel agencies.

Holiday Travel Service sections, staffed by specially trained personnel, have been opened recently in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

The progress of passenger air travel is influencing almost every living person—educationally and socially.

One of the airlines' major and novel contributions to education was the introduction, last April, of a system of one-day special return flights for schoolchildren from Sydney to Canberra.

Up to the end of the year 7000 Sydney schoolchildren had made the trip, at a cost of £5/7/- each. The opportunities to see their national capital and important and historic national buildings was, some teachers said, worth three months' study at a classroom desk.

Tours by air to major sporting and entertainment events will grow, says the travel department—to the Melbourne Cup, the Davis Cup. Interstate flights by theatrogoers to see "My Fair Lady" figured in the past year's special projects.

And if you live in the out-back, and are a fashion-conscious housewife or teenager, fashion will be flown to you. Only three months ago a special "Fashions to the Out-back" flight of 2574 miles was made.

Then leading models from Sydney and Brisbane showed swimsuits, sports clothes, and dresses at Mount Isa, Longreach, Charleville, and Birdsville.

One man travelled a hundred miles on horseback to see the parades.



FAMILY group (above) at Sydney's Kingsford Smith Airport when baby Jennifer Griffiths and her mother and little cousin, Jan Griffiths, were there to see "Granny" off.

LESSON in air travel (below) from Mrs. D. C. Campbell, of Curl Curl, N.S.W., to young Stephen Campbell, when they were "weighing-in" at a Melbourne city airline terminal.



WATER BOY



Little Maurice Lee would live in the water if they'd let him. "I have to watch him carefully," says Mrs. Lee, "or he'd be off to the beach on his own. He's been a 'happy little Veg-e-mite' since he was 6 months old . . . simply loves Vegemite spread on toast . . ."

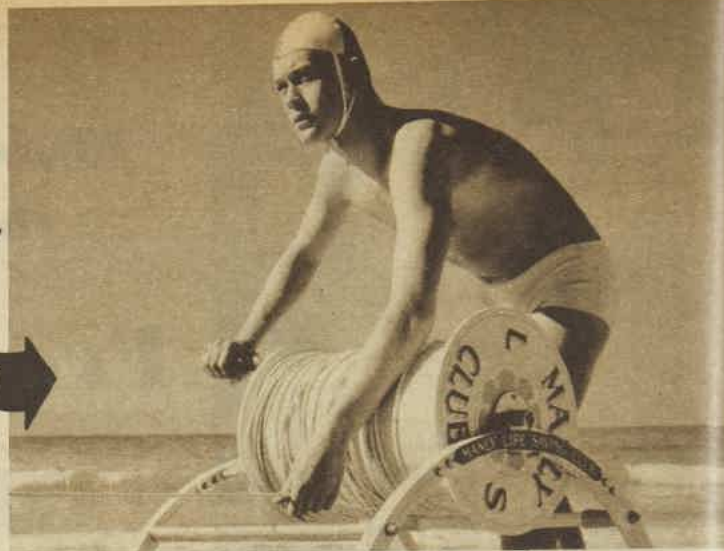
(Extract from 1949 advertisement)

IN 1949

Maurice Lee was a "happy little VEG-E-MITE"

AND NOW

Maurice is a husky teenager...



...and still a **VEGEMITE** fan



All members of the Lee family enjoy eating Vegemite every day — and they all benefit from its nourishing goodness . . .

All the family need delicious VEGEMITE every day

Through the years, the Lee family have eaten Vegemite every day—as a safeguard against Vitamin B1 deficiency—because they realise that even the best Australian diets are deficient in Vitamin B1.

Vegemite is not only the richest food source of Vitamin B1 . . . it is also rich in Vitamin B2 and Niacin. These three vitamins have helped the Lee family in many ways:

MAURICE, the husky lifesaver, is full of vitality—and he has a clear skin, free of the spots that often trouble teenagers. Maurice has always had a hearty appetite, and he's a fine example of healthy growth.

DAD, who is watching his waistline these days, doesn't eat as much as he used to, but he still needs Vitamin B1—and he gets it from a food he really enjoys: Vegemite.

MOTHER likes Vegemite for two reasons . . . it's good for her nerves, and it's so economical—goes such a long way when spread on toast, bread, biscuits, rusks . . . or mixed in soups, stews and gravies.

Footnote: Remember! your body cannot store Vitamin B1 . . . it needs a fresh supply daily from the family health food: VEGEMITE.



Made by KRAFT
For big savings, buy the 16 oz. or 32 oz. family-size jars.

Always put VEGEMITE next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table

THE BANK THIEF

THE other night I came home from what is commonly known as a hard day at the office to find my wife with one of those wait-till-I-tell-you-what-happened-today looks on her face. I put one of those can't-I-take-a-bath-first pleas on mine; but apparently the situation was quite serious, because she indicated she wanted to talk to me alone in the bedroom. I led the way, and she locked the door.

It seemed very dramatic, and I was waiting for her to say, "I met another man, and I want a divorce," or, "I found out about you and Ursula." (Ursula is my secretary.) But instead she said, "Our son is a thief."

I immediately breathed a sigh of relief. Our son is seven years old. In the past four years he has been, not necessarily in this order, a cowboy, General de Gaulle, a tree, a black French poodle named Charlie, and a horse named Peppy. Since the last thing he was was Peppy, I was rather happy he had become something else. As a horse, he would remain on all fours for days at a time, neighing and biting at everybody's ankles.

"You don't seem to take this news very seriously," she said, after I forgot to exclaim, "No!"

"Oh, I do," I said. "I think it's very serious. Pray tell, how do you know he's a thief?"

"He stole a bank," she said.

"He robbed a bank," I said, correcting her.

"No," she said. "He stole a bank. He stole it from the five-and-ten when I took him to do some shopping. I had to buy some ribbon, and while I was paying he apparently took the bank—it looks like a toy safe—from one of the counters. When we got outside, I noticed he was carrying it under his sweater, and when I asked him where he got it he said the lady in the store gave it to him."

"I remained quite cool, and said maybe we should go back to the store and thank the lady who gave it to him. But he wouldn't and he had a tantrum right on the street. I decided to come home and let you take care of it."

"Well," I said, still hoping I could take a bath, and, taking the line of least resistance, "there's nothing wrong with stealing a little toy bank from the five-and-ten. I used to steal from five-and-tens when I was a kid, and, besides, they're insured against theft and—"

"That's not the right attitude to take," she said reprovingly. "He's got to be taught that stealing is wrong, and this is a job for his father."

"Okay," I said wearily. "I'll beat him."

"That's exactly what I don't want you to do. All the books say you shouldn't beat a child for stealing. It doesn't stop them. In fact, it makes them want to steal more."

"Well, if I can't beat him, what can I do with him?"

"You have to take him to the store tomorrow and make him give the bank back. He's got to be taught he can't go around taking things without paying for them, and the books all say that it has to be done right away. Otherwise, the lesson will be wasted."

"But I've got a rough day tomorrow," I protested. "Why can't you do it?"

To page 46



By ART
BUCHWALD

Mother said Father had to do what the child guidance books advised but the plan misfired



Outdoor Girls especially need protective NIVEA

Girls who love summer's heat must realise the sun dries out their skin — removes natural oils and moisture so essential to a healthy and beautiful skin. You can feel this happening while you sunbake — but the process goes on *all the time*. To replace lost oils and moisture, your skin needs Nivea daily. Nivea contains Eucerite which penetrates deep into the tissues, carrying the beauty-giving moisture and oils where they can do the most good. For a lovely skin always use Nivea regularly.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes and Liquid Nivea in bottles.



SKIN needs NIVEA

Another fine (S.M.) product



Sunbake safely with NIVEA sunfilta

Goddard's Silver Dip

BANISHES STAINS AND TARNISH WITHOUT RUBBING!

Go ahead and be downright proud of your gleaming Goddard's-dipped silver. No need to tell that those stubborn stains and tarnish went with no work at all — even between fork prongs and filigree. Good silver stays good forever with Goddard's Silver Dip. 7/9.



GODDARD'S, specialists in fine polishes for over 120 years.

LONELY HEART

"I'm going out with my girl-friend to-night," Jean said.



WHEN she was ready for work she slammed the front door and stepped out of the house on to the footpath of the narrow street.

"Another day," she thought, and looked up at the sky that outlined the roofs of the drab houses. It was blue, and she felt the warm breeze rustle her skirt against her knee, toss her hair over her forehead, and noticed the haze beginning to rise from the black roadway.

The bus pulled into the kerb, and she stepped lightly on to the platform, and found a window seat. Looking around, past a group of girls from the factory laughing together, she noticed a boy on a side seat near the doorway. She had never seen him before. She liked the way his brown hair grew to a point at the back of his neck. Craning a little to see his face, she moved to one side and he looked up towards her.

She turned her head and gazed out of the window, then slowly turned back, wondering whether he was still looking. He smiled.

She breathed deeply, hurriedly, and he slowly rose from his seat and walked to her section of the bus, pushing his hair back through his fingers as he passed along the aisle. He stood beside her holding the handrail.

"This taken?" he asked.
"It's a free country," she answered.
He was tall, and his face lit up when he smiled. When he sat beside her she moved to the corner of the seat.

"Going to be hot," he said.
"Suppose so."
"You going to work?"
"Yes."

"Er," he hesitated, "I'm a machinist at Simpson's. What do you do?"
"Can't see that that's any of your business," she said.

"Have it your own way. Thought you might be at Dobson's. My kid sister works there."
"Well, I'm not. I'm at Wilson's, if it's of any interest." She looked at him quickly, and saw he had grey eyes, and his skin was tanned and smooth. "I'm getting out in a minute," she said.

"It's four more stops to Wilson's. What's your hurry?"
"I don't usually go round speaking to strangers, that's what. I don't even know who you are."
"Well, that's easy fixed. I'm Ted Gordon. Anything else you want to know?"

"No. But you're not as smart as you think you are."

"What do you mean?"
"Well, you sort of think that any girl's going to start talking and everything. I'm not one of those girls."
"I know you're not," he said. "That's why I came over."
"Well, what are you talking for?"
"No harm in wanting to get to know you."
Again she looked at his face, and saw his steady eyes looking at her. Saw a look that made her feel he meant it.

"My name's Jean Lynch," she said.
"Well, there you are. What are you doing tonight, Jean?"
"I'm busy."
"Doing what?"
"I'm going out with my girl-friend," she said quickly.
"How about breaking it off and going out with me?"

She bit her lower lip. "He's older than I am," she thought. "About eighteen, maybe nineteen." He was the nicest boy she had ever seen. She remembered all her lonely nights at home, then gave a quick little laugh. "You've got a nerve," she told him. "I hardly even know you. Anyway, this is my stop."

He stood up and stepped back for her to get out.
"Sure you won't come? I'll meet you after work."
"Course I'm sure," she said. "I'm not that sort of girl."
"O.K. Bye."

The bus stopped outside the factory, and she stepped from it, and walked along the path, and across the soft grass to the doorway. She wanted to look behind to see if he was watching her, but she kept her head high and straight. As she walked inside the door she moved so that she could see the bus as it passed down the street. The people inside were dull blurs. She could not see him.

At four-thirty the girls streamed from the factory out on to the footpath, crossed the road, waited at the bus stop. Laughing, talking. Free for the evening.

Jean looked carefully about her. There were boys and men lounging against the factory walls. But he wasn't there. She crossed the road and waited for the bus, searching up and down the street. The bus came, and she searched inside. It was crowded, but he was not there.

"Can't think why he should be," she told herself. "Not after what I told him. I wonder why I said that? I'd like to see the picture at the Odeon. I can go there by myself."

Later, a little after seven, she went down to the Odeon. She liked the picture, and came slowly back to the house, let herself in quietly, and when she turned off her light and climbed into bed, she lay thinking. "Tomorrow I'll get up early. I'll get up as soon as I hear Dad leave. Then I'll iron my white dress. I look nice in my white dress."

She wore the dress and did her hair with special care, and waited for the bus. When it came she climbed in, wondering how each foot was managing to support her. There was a window seat, and she took it, straightened her skirt, and with her heart beating she looked around.

He smiled when their eyes met, and she bent her head just slightly and smiled back. Quickly he left his seat and dropped into the seat beside her.

"Hello," he said.
"Hello."
"You look nice."
"Thanks."
"I like white on girls."
She shrugged. "A girl's got to wear something."
"Doing anything?" he asked.
"When?"
"Tonight."
"Well, I suppose I could put it off."

His hand reached across and gently touched hers. She looked up and saw in his grey eyes a look of tenderness that she had never seen in a boy's face before. She pulled her hand from beneath his, and looked out the window.

"Look at the sky," she said. "Bet you anything you like it's going to be a scorcher today."

(Copyright)

A short short story by DEIRDRE HILL

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 18, 1961

"'Ello, John. What brings you 'ere?" Mrs. Harris said weakly as he gently touched her hand.



Mrs. Harris goes to New York

FOR years MRS. ADA HARRIS and MRS. VIOLET BUTTERFIELD have been friends. Between them live the GUSSET family, who have been left with little HENRY BROWN when his mother vanishes after her husband, an American soldier, had divorced her and returned to his homeland.

Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield rage helplessly as they hear the slatternly Gusset family maltreat the child, and so when MR. and MRS. SCHREIBER, an American couple who employ Mrs. Harris as a char, ask her to go with them to New York, she sees it as a chance to help Henry find his father. She accepts the job and gets Mrs. Butterfield taken as well to act as cook.

They manage to smuggle little Henry on board successfully, and then the new French Ambassador to America, the MARQUIS HYPOLITE DE CHAS-SAGNE, helps by passing off the child as his grandson, after his chauffeur, MR. JOHN BAYSWATER has shown this to Mrs. Harris as the only possible way of getting him through the American immigration authorities.

When the story dies down, Henry is returned to Mrs. Harris and she hides him in the servants' quarters while she tries to find his father among the thousands of Browns in America. But the deception is too much for Mrs. Butterfield, whose cooking suffers, and so the whole story has to be told to the Schreibers. Mr. Schreiber, who is president of a large film company, says he will help by using his organisation to trace the missing father.

But before this can be done an obnoxious character, KENTUCKY CLAIBORNE, a hillbilly singer, who is being treated with kid gloves by Mr. Schreiber before a contract is signed, discovers Henry and maltreats him. Mrs. Harris rescues the child and swears revenge. NOW READ ON:

UP to this time, due to business in hand, worry over little Henry and the Marquis, and the exigencies of her duties, namely, to help Mrs. Schreiber put her house in order to get it running properly, Mrs. Harris' vista of New York after those two breath-taking approaches was limited to the broad valley of Park Avenue with its towering apartment houses on either side and the endless two-way stream of traffic obeying the stop and go of the red and green lights day and night. That, with the shops a block east on Lexington Avenue, and one trip to Radio City Music Hall with Mrs. Butterfield, had been the extent of her contact with Manhattan.

Because she was busy and preoccupied, and everything was so changed and different from what she had been accustomed to, she had not yet had time to be overwhelmed by it. But now all this was to be altered. It was the George Browns who were to introduce Mrs. Harris to that incredible Babylon and Metropolis known as Greater New York.

It came about through the fact that there was now an interim period of comparative peace, with little Henry integrated into the servants' quarters of the penthouse while the far-flung network of the branch offices of North American delved into the past of the George Browns of their community in an effort to locate the missing father.

Although he slept in the room with Mrs. Harris and took his meals with her and Mrs. Butterfield, little Henry was actually a good deal more at large in the Schreiber's apartment. He was allowed to browse in the library, and began to read omnivorously.

Mrs. Schreiber every so often would take him shopping with her, or to an afternoon movie, while it became an invariable Sunday morning ritual that he and Mr. Schreiber would repair to the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park, with ball, bat, and glove, where little Henry, who had an eye like an eagle and a superb sense of timing, would lash sucker pitches to all corners of the lot for Mr. Schreiber to chase. This was excellent for Mr. Schreiber's health, and very good for his disposition as well. Afterwards they might feed the monkeys in the zoo, or roam through the Rambles, or engage a rowboat on the lake and paddle about. Man and boy quickly formed an engaging friendship.

Thus relieved of most of the actual care of the boy, and with more time on her hands since she acted now more in an advisory capacity to the staff she had helped Mrs. Schreiber carefully to select, Mrs. Harris came to the sudden realisation that she was no longer pulling her weight in the search for the father of little Henry.

It was all very well for Mr. Schreiber to say that if the man could be found his organisation would do the job, but after all the main reason for coming to America was to conduct this search herself, a search she had once somewhat pridefully stated she would bring to a successful conclusion.

She remembered the massive conviction she had felt that if only she could get to America she would solve little Henry's problems. Well, here she was in America, living off the fat of the land, and slacking while somebody else looked to the job that she herself had been so confident of doing. The least she could do was to investigate the Browns of New York.

To page 53

Concluding instalment of our appealing three-part serial

By PAUL GALICO

GLAMOROUS

AS vice-president of the Lymington, Connecticut, Historical Society, Inc., I feel obliged to correct the false rumors now circulating in our village regarding the so-called duel fought recently on the old Hobbs place. Irresponsible grapevine gossip has it that the principals were the widow Hobbs' immigrant gardener and a visiting New York yachtsman; that the weapons were real duelling swords, in the possession of the gardener, but actually belonging to an Austrian baron who was present as a witness against the gardener, who had been pretending to be the baron.

Rumor insists further that the "casus belli" was the lovely Lucy Hobbs, and that the yachtsman might have been killed if he hadn't ducked his head, for he is said to have emerged from the battle with a swordhole through his gold-braided yachting cap.

This unseemly mixture of truth and fantasy is now, at summer's end, being savored by every adult inhabitant of Lymington. But because the rumors of a duel are true in part, and because a sword fight in Connecticut is today a historical rarity, I feel that I must set down the facts of this affair, especially since my wife, Jane, is a close friend of Priscilla Hobbs, and of her pretty daughter Lucy. I, too, am fond of Priscilla—the widow—and take a fatherly interest in the girl, whose fair face and shapely slim figure make such interest a pleasure.

Lucy Hobbs was twenty-seven last June, and why the young males of Lymington ever let her grow singly to that age I don't understand, though Jane says it's simply that Lucy never found one who could make her love him. Well, all I can say is that if I were younger, and not already married—But I must not let my thoughts wander.

Lymington is a saltwater town. The Hobbs place lies a couple of miles inland of it, on the old Pequot Trail road. The late Mr. Winthrop Hobbs, a retired Boston broker, had amused himself running the place as a dairy farm, and now his widow's new hired man, Johann, was rebuilding the herd.

Johann was an Austrian, thirty-six years old, who in his youth had been drafted into the German Wehrmacht, and then, captured by the Russians, had spent ten years as a Soviet slave laborer. Priscilla Hobbs had got him, sight unseen, and quite reasonably, from the International Rescue Committee in New York, of whose existence she had heard while listening to the radio at the Lymington Beauty Parlor.

He was a personable fellow, with no mark of pathos or tragedy on him. Tall and blond—he was almost as fair as Lucy Hobbs—he had the lean hardness of an athlete in training. And to the widow's great satisfaction, soon after acquiring her new hand, she was able to tell the ladies at the beauty parlor that she now had an Austrian nobleman tending her cows.

This high-toned fact Priscilla herself had discovered on the day of Johann's arrival, as she and Lucy were helping him get settled in the gardener's cottage he was to occupy. His baggage had consisted of only a cheap pasteboard suitcase and a long bundle wrapped in oilcloth which he had untied while the two women curiously watched. From this bundle he'd taken two swords

—long, fine-bladed weapons with jewelled pommels and ornate hilts.

"What on earth—" the widow had said, and Johann had said, "They're rapiers. Duelling swords. A matched pair." His tone had been matter-of-fact. "They were made in Spain—by Hernandez, of Toledo—for one of my seventeenth-century ancestors."

"Ancestors? Seventeenth century?" Priscilla had said, and Lucy had asked, staring at the new hired man, "Just who are you, please?"

He had looked at the girl—and as a historian I must record that this look probably constituted the first emotional contact between them—and said, "In America I am Johann Trautmann. That is all I wish to be, and that is how I asked the committee, my sponsors, to represent me to you. I am determined, Miss Hobbs—and Mrs. Hobbs—to be a real American."

"Well, fine," Lucy had said. "But who were you in your own country?"

Still looking at her, he'd answered, "Johann Franz Friedrich Alfred Georg Trautmann, Baron von Altmarm."

"A baron!" Priscilla Hobbs had said, suddenly delighted; and Johann had shrugged and said, "Nothing is left of that but the swords. They were turned over to me just before I left for America by my father's old caretaker, Josef. Actually he'd taken them away from his son, who had stolen them. But you ladies can't be interested in such personal details, so I—"

"Yes, we can be," Lucy had said. "Can't we, Mamma?"

"Yes," the widow'd said. And to Johann, "Go on."

"Well, Josef, our family caretaker, had a worthless son, Ernst, who was about my age. Ernst stole the swords from my father's country house, where they had always hung over the mantel in the great salon—the drawing-room. This was when war came to the Tyrol. Our house was in the mountains there, and it was half-destroyed by bombs. American bombs. But that had to be, and it was all quite a long time ago." Here he had stopped and smiled at Lucy. "One thing more. Then, please, I'd like to forget all this tiresome history. It is past."

"What's the one thing more?"

"Ernst Otto, the caretaker's son, came to America several years ago. He's in New York now. I met him there, at a restaurant—the Cafe Hapsburg—where many of my countrymen go to eat. Ernst was shocked to see me because he'd thought the Russians had finished me. So I bought him a drink, and then he confessed he'd been impersonating me."

"Impersonating you?" This from Lucy.

"Yes. He'd been passing himself off as the Baron von Altmarm. He'd done it, he said, just to impress his American friends, and he begged me not to expose him. So I said I'd do nothing if he'd agree to give up his foolish masquerade. After all, Ernst was no crook—he'd only stolen the swords hoping to trade them for food—and I'd no further use for my title. But of course I couldn't have another man using it."

Johann had been looking steadily at Lucy, but now he turned, with a small formal bow, to the widow. "I tell you all this, Mrs. Hobbs,

because I want you to know everything about me. But especially I want you to know that I mean to become a good American. A real American."

"That's twice you've said that," said Lucy. "Just what do you mean by a real American?"

"Oh," he'd said, "I mean I want to succeed on my own account, without help from my ancestors."

"Well, I hope you'll succeed in making this farm pay its way," Priscilla Hobbs had said. "I'll do my best," Johann had promised.

Ironically, he was well qualified to run the place successfully. For, as a prisoner of the Russians, he had spent ten years at hard labor on a large collective dairy farm in the Ukraine. Yet Lucy Hobbs had had a suspicion on that very first day—a strong hunch, she told my wife, Jane—that the ex-Baron von Altmarm wasn't going to be content with a career as a dairy farmer in America.

All this happened early in the summer, and then, on a Saturday night in August, there was a dance at the yacht club that Jane and I attended. During the course of the evening, as we sat on the porch watching the dancers, my wife said to me, "Go cut in on Lucy Hobbs. She looks lovely but distracted. I think it's because Harold Humphrey's monopolising her."

Spotting Lucy and Harold, I tapped him on the shoulder. He turned to me his round, moonlike face, dazed with love, and grudgingly released to me his flushed and faintly smiling partner. Lucy's little smile seemed to be frozen over her lips, and though she danced lightly there was a tension in her hand clutching mine.

So I said, "Hope I didn't interrupt anything important."

"Important? With Harold? Well, yes, I guess you did. But I'm glad you cut in, just the same."

I said through the blare of band music, "Something's happened to you."

"I've just been offered a yachting cap."

"A what?"

"With Harold Humphrey under it."

"Oh," I said.

"Somehow I always think of him with that cap on. You know, the gold-braided one he wears all the time? Oh, yes, look! He's got it on now! Sitting out there talking to Jane!"

I looked around and saw, through a door opening on the porch, Harold Humphrey sitting at our table. He had on his gold-braided cap and was in earnest conversation with my wife. Harold was a man of medium build and medium weight, with medium brown hair and a brow of medium height. But he had sailed into Lymington harbor that summer in a white ketch of more than medium size, and, having met Lucy Hobbs at a previous club party, had kept his yacht anchored under the breakwater ever since.

By now, of course, everyone knew that Harold was in love with Lucy and that her mother hoped she'd marry him. A nice man with several million dollars and his name in the New York Social Register was a desirable son-in-law. So the widow kept hoping; and now the proposal had been made and Lucy was smothering her giggles against my shoulder.

To page 51

Lucy wondered sadly why she had refused all proposals to marry...a story
by DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY HOLLAND

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 18, 1961

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



BEACH TUNIC
— pattern on
page 4

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

BEATNIK

Advice for employers

WHY can't managers, supervisors, etc., be a little more thoughtful concerning their employees? They do not seem to realise when they chastise and accuse their staff by yelling and screaming just for some little mistake that has been made that it only makes the person who is taking all the abuse very nervy and sometimes sick with fright, causing them to make more mistakes. If bosses would only take things calmly and tell their employees how, when, where, and why they went wrong instead of abusing everyone on the staff, then perhaps more work would be done. — "Nervous Wreck," Lambton, N.S.W.

Don't be selfish

FROM what I have read on the Letters page of Teenagers' Weekly I have come to the conclusion that a lot of teenagers are very selfish. Instead of complaining about French and Latin they could and should think of the millions of people who think they're very fortunate to be able to read and write. — "Fortunate," Kulin, W.A.

Footing the bill

I'M a girl of 15 and I have a problem that I hope you won't think too silly to print. Most of the boys we go around with are either still at school or just started work, so they haven't much money. Often when we are out together at a film they invite us to have something to eat. What should we do? Most of the boys are at the sensitive age and wouldn't go "dutch"; at the same time we'd hate to embarrass them by ordering something too expensive. — M.K., Gladstone, Qld.

Be an individual

IT appals me when I hear such remarks as "All the girls were having a go at it and I had to be like the rest." "The boys were all doing it so I had to." Whether it is good or bad most people follow the leader or the majority. My mother used to say, "You can make an intelligent decision and stand on your own if need be. It's easy to go with the crowd, but it takes courage and makes character to stand alone." — "Character Counts," Cooebe, Tas.

Happy teen

BEING a teenager is terrific fun. You can do so many things to find happiness and fun—sports, hobbies, dancing, singing, barbecues, parties, and going to the pictures. Also we have so much energy to help other people who have passed this terrific stage in life. — A.B., Buronga, N.S.W.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

PIN-UP: Sandra Dee, 18-year-old film star, is the newly wed Mrs. Bobby Darin. She plans to combine her Hollywood career with a happy-ever-after marriage. Success is no stranger to Sandra — she started modelling at six and her film career at 14. The latest full-color picture of Sandra is on page 12.

Thanks, please

ADULTS are always complaining about the bad manners of teenagers on public transport, in that they do not always stand up to give their seats to older persons. But how often do they think of thanking the ones who do? — "Grateful," Northbridge, N.S.W.

Paying to swim

EVERY able person should be able to swim. Agreed. But how can parents afford to encourage swimming when the entrance fee at our local baths has risen to 2/- per half day? — "Disappointed Swimmer," Ringwood, Vic.

Child endowment

MANY letters have been written complaining that child endowment ends at 16. The writers of these letters more or less demand that child endowment should be carried on for students wishing to continue their education but lacking finance. Surely no one could claim that a few shillings a week will pay for £16 to £20 of books or for any other school fees. — J. Watson, Mucham, Vic.

Happy families

WHY don't more parents go out on picnics or to the movies with their children? Parents nowadays rave about delinquency, but most of them do not realise how easily a teenager can go "wrong." If more were to go on outings with their children, then a feeling of family comradeship and a close bond between parent and child would grow. Trust is needed in families these days so that child and parent can discuss problems together without embarrassment. — C.S., Lanneston, Tas.



"Well, well — and another cool cat bites the dust."

Love or pity?

THREE years ago I was in a car accident, and as a result lost the use of both my legs. I am now confined to a wheelchair for life. I am 19 and life has not been very easy for me, but since I met a 25-year-old man 12 months ago my life has had some meaning. I am very much in love with him and he says he is in love with me. He has asked me to marry him, but I feel I would be too great a burden to him. I have hours each day to think the matter over and I am beginning to fear that he may want to marry me more through pity than love. — "Undecided," Qld.

Checkmate

PEOPLE seem to consider that chess is an intellectual and boring game played by a few nuts whom they label brainy. What rot! It's an extremely stimulating game, which has helped me in my schoolwork, because in chess I really have to think, a thing which most of us do very rarely. However, if ever I mention it to anyone they stare at me and say, distastefully, "Oh, you're one of that sort." I am no champion at chess, but I really enjoy the game, and I wish more people, especially young people, would take it up and find out how really fascinating it is. — D. Young, West Ryde, N.S.W.

That ban on shorts, comics, films

EASE up, "Hard-Up." At 13 years I don't think a child of either sex should go alone to the pictures at night. Some children need more sleep than others. At 13 one should rely upon parents' judgment of this rather than one's own. I am 13 in February and am not allowed to go to matinees alone. However, I am allowed to go with a party of friends, if my mother knows and approves of them. My parents and I think comics a waste of money. Our family prefers classical reading. We all buy our share and borrow each other's books. This way we are acquiring a lasting collection of books instead of a pile of junk. Like most other children I get my own pocket money and there are few restrictions on the way I spend it. If my mother feels a certain garment would be a waste of hard-earned family budget money, I try to save up for it myself. It is a great help to have the guidance of an older person in the choosing of clothes. I think you are not "too grumpy," but in rather a hurry to grow up. It is much nicer being a child with few responsibilities and I am in no hurry to grow up and manage my

own affairs. If I were you, I would study your mother's point of view with a little more sympathy and understanding. — "Growing Up Gracefully," Maryborough, Qld.

● "Are my parents unfair or am I just being grumpy?" asked 13-year-old "Hard-Up" (T.W., 14/12/60), saying she was not allowed to wear shorts or slacks, to read comics, or to go to the pictures on Saturday afternoons or at night. Readers were fairly evenly divided.

"HARD-UP" is quite right in saying she thinks her parents are unfair. At her age she should be able to go to the pictures at night and matinees. As for not being allowed to read comics, I think her parents are robbing her of one of the pleasures a teenager enjoys most of all. — "Quite Right," Floreat Park, W.A.

PERHAPS your mother does not think that you have a suitable figure for wearing shorts and slacks, so how about asking her if you may have one of those cute little romper suits with skirt attached? You

should, however, be thankful to your mother for the freedom she does give you. I imagine she does what she thinks best for you. — "Helper," Kingaroy, Qld.

I AM on the side of the parents of "Hard-Up." My parents were strict with me when I was 13 and I used to think the same of them as "Hard-Up" thinks of hers. I now know what they did for me was for my own good. — J.R.B., Gilgandra, N.S.W.

"HARD-UP's" mother is right in forbidding her to go to the pictures at night. Thirteen-year-olds are too young for evening shows. It does, however, sound rather unfair that she is not allowed to go to a matinee occasionally, but I am sure her mother has some very good reason

for preventing her. Her mother is not being unfair in forbidding her to read comics. Some are harmful, especially to those between 10 and 15. She has wisely banned them all. As far as the clothing complaint goes I think that either "Hard-Up" is wearing shorts and slacks at the wrong time and place or that her mother is simply out of step with the times. — D.E.H., Burryong, Vic.

I'M with you all the way. I think your parents are much too tough on you. Your parents should be able to trust you. I don't go to the pictures at night because I have no one to accompany me. I seldom read comics because my parents have never stopped me and I soon began to prefer other forms of reading of my own free will. — H.A.H., Earlwood, N.S.W.

I THINK her mother is unfair and selfish. A 13-year-old girl should at least be able to go to the pictures with her girl-friends one night a week, and as for not being able to wear shorts or slacks, I've never heard anything so absolutely ridiculous. — C.L., Bonbeach, Vic.

WATCH OUT FOR HOLIDAY HEART- BREAKS

By MARCH WINGATE

● This is the time of year when every young person feels romance in the air. Every buzz of the bee sounds like the whirr of Cupid's wings.



ONE day you're just plain young you, not in love or anything, just having a good holiday.

Then suddenly, in one rapturous leap of the heart, you realise it's high summer and romance is all around you, waiting to wrap you in its spell.

You feel you're treading on air, and that something wonderful is going to happen at any tick of the clock.

You might not have met him/her yet, but you just KNOW that you're going to any minute now.

And usually you do.

Holidays and romance go hand in hand. It would be sad to go home from a holiday feeling that no one had said wonderful things to you . . . even if it isn't going to last forever.

The thing is to enjoy this atmosphere of all-pervading romance, and yet keep the head firmly set on the shoulders. Not too much cloud-sitting or you might head for a holiday heartbreak, and go home feeling miserable — wishing you'd never gone on holiday at all.

Your glamorous barefoot boy of the beaches might not look a bit the same in his town clothes. So wait until you see him in other surroundings before you give your heart away.

I know what you're going to say: "Lots of people who are now happily married first met by chance while on holiday."

Quite true, so they did. Otherwise there would be no nice little homes with names spelt backwards to remind

two lovers of their first meeting place, their romantic Bali Ha'i.

You know the houses I mean — "Namyah," "Noreh," "Glenelg" (yes, that's back-to-front), "Arwon," "Arrik," "Attag-Naloo."

Believe it or not, I've seen all those names on houses, and for quite a while I accepted them as aboriginal — until one day I saw "Emoh Ruu" reflected backwards in a windscreen. Since then I go backwards through every house name and try to puzzle out how and where the owners first met.

Maybe you WILL meet your one and only, at holiday time.

Still, I think you'd be wise to treat it all as holiday fever until quite a while after the holiday has ended. Say by writing to each other for a few weeks, or meeting as friends back in town if you both come from the same place.

Many fellows think a holiday would be just a waste of time and money if they didn't break a few hearts.

How to tell a wolf

Just casually mention writing letters, and if they laugh hoarsely you'll know it's strictly a holiday affair.

However, the holiday heartbreakers can generally be recognised by the usual wolf tactics which prevail anywhere (except that some boys who are quite inconspicuous at home are inclined to wolf it a little at the beach).

You can spot the holiday Lotharios. They pace up and down the sandhills at dusk, a roving look in the eye.

With that magic feeling of sand in

your toes and the setting sun in your eyes, they can look rather fetching.

So here's a few tips on how to discriminate:

Does he take you to a cafe and buy you a long cool drink in public? Yes. He sounds promising.

Does he talk about his family and where he comes from? Yes. Good.

Does he walk straight past you with a "lair" look in the daytime, but try to arrange a meeting at night? No good at all.

Does he buy you a meal? Yes. Good, he must be the protective type. Beware the boy who never offers you a single thing, not even a piece of chewing gum. He doesn't care very much about your well-being.

By this I don't mean that you should dig for gold, but you can bet your life the meanie hasn't got very good intentions.

I recently met a teenager who confessed she had a crush on a boy who would go out strolling with her, then drop her at her door. From her boarding house window, later, she could see him tucking into steak and eggs at a cafe across the way.

Hungry and lonesome she fished for her tin of biscuits and ate them in solitary state.

"I'd willingly have paid for myself," she explained. "And I couldn't go back into the street alone while he was there."

"No good," I told her. "Throw that one back into the sea. Let someone else catch him. No use hinting that you'll pay. He just likes eating alone. He'll let you fend for yourself. He won't see you starve, he'll close his eyes."

Then there are the fellows who just can't eat alone. If all they possess is a packet of sandwiches, they'll hand them around. These boys are worth watching, and you'll see their gratitude if you supply the cats occasionally.

With this type you can fairly safely settle down to some holiday fun, which may last all your life.

Enjoyable interlude

However, it would be a mistake to go on holiday with the set desire of finding the love of your life.

There is an old saying that ship-board friendships dissolve the moment the gangplank is lowered at the end of the journey. It doesn't always work out this way, but it VERY OFTEN does, and the same goes for holidays on dry land — at the beaches, or in the mountains.

It's an interlude — made magic by the holiday spirit in the air, the tang of the sea or the bubbling brook, the wearing of trick clothes, the urgent, short-lived feeling about everything.

"Only one more week," we say. "I must make the best of it. I mustn't miss a moment."

The idea is not to make too much of it, or get into anything you can't get out of later.

When you go back home to that nice tame boy who takes you dancing, have a good look at him.

Probably on HIS holiday he masqueraded as a Barefoot Beau Brummell of the Beaches, and left a few broken hearts behind him, knowing that when his holiday was finished he'd come back home to someone nice like YOU.

How to make our

BEACH TUNIC

ARMHOLE

CUT 4 FACINGS

LINE FOR ARMHOLE FACING



● Want to cut a smart figure on the beach before the summer is over? It's not too late! Just cut out this simple pattern from your favorite material, run it up—then run down to the sand looking just like our cover-girl.

Materials required: 2yds. 36in. material.

The beach tunic has three pattern pieces—the front-and-back, the yoke-facing, and the armhole-facing.

Cut the pattern pieces from this page. The facings are complete. The back-and-front is not complete. Where indicated on the pattern, paste on an extra rectangle of paper—it should be 13in. wide and long enough to make the pattern knee-length.

There is no seam or hem allowance. Allow $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at all seams and 2in. at hemline.

Place the yoke pattern on the fold of material (as indicated). Cut four pieces: two for the yoke—back and front—and two for the facings.

Now, fold material selvedge to selvedge. Place extended pattern lengthwise on material. Cut two pieces, one for the back and one for the front. Remember the seam allowance.

With right sides of material together, sew back and front pieces together at the side seams.

Fold and pin the pleats as indicated on back and front.

Dot lines indicate the inside pleat folds. Unbroken lines are the outside pleat edge. Fold each pleat towards the centre, front, and back. Machine in place along neck edge.

Cut armhole facing pieces as indicated on the pattern by the top shaded portion. Join armhole-facings at the side seam.

Pin armhole facings in position on tunic; then machine. Nick seam at curve so it will sit correctly. Turn facings on to the wrong side of the tunic. Stitch them into place by hand.

Machine yoke pieces together at shoulder seams. Then machine shoulder seams of yoke facing. With right sides

together, pin and then machine round neck edge, joining yoke to facing.

Turn yoke right-side out. Sew yoke section to back and front of tunic (right sides together) and matching centre front and centre back.

Turn edge of facing under and hem neatly by hand along machine stitching line where yoke is joined to tunic.

Try on tunic and check for length. Turn up hem and sew by hand.

CREASE

SHOULDER

MEET

MEET

CREASE

MEET

NECKLINE
CUT 4 PIECES
YOKE AND FACING
(back and front)

CENTRE—
PLACE ON FOLD

CENTRE FRONT
AND BACK

Supplement to The Australian
Women's Weekly—January 18, 1961

He's ready for all comers

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● "I'm looking for Peter Moir, the wrestler," I told the slight boy at the gate of the Parramatta Police Boys' Club. "Stop looking," he replied with a grin, "I'm him."

I WAS floored at Peter's un-wrestlerish appearance. But not half as floored as the men he tussles with.

For Peter, third-place holder in the flyweight division of the recent open National Wrestling Championships, is a slip of a 14-year-old schoolboy. A 5ft. 4in., 8st. 11lb. slip.

"Don't think I'll make the flyweight division for long, though," said Peter sadly. "I'll grow. Probably finish up a lightweight."

But Peter, as he led us through the fine old Police Club building where he trains, was obviously not lightweight in the estimation of the other young club members.

He is their junior wrestling instructor, the winner of 50 of his 57 contests, and a veteran of the square ring.

He took up the sport at the age of nine. Not to make his muscles bigger, but "just because I'd never had a sport before," he said.

And, with the Police Club facilities, wrestling was an easy game to practise. It was also mainly, Peter decided, having followed the amateur bouts round Sydney from the age of seven with his grandfather.

Different styles

Amateur wrestling, Peter explained in his just-breaking voice, is utterly different from the professional "Gorgeous George" type on TV.

"For instance," he said, "the idea in amateur wrestling is to pin your opponent's shoulders on the mat, but there's no count out. Also, there are no really painful holds. Professionals never do freestyle or Greco-Roman."

These two styles are standard in amateur wrestling. Freestyle is exactly what the name implies, and Greco-Roman is a style in which there are no leg-holds nor may the legs be used to obtain a fall.

"Greco-Roman is complicated to explain," said Peter. "It originated in France and was used in the Olympics for the first time in 1956. Very popular now."

Peter said he'd studied the history of wrestling. "It seems the ancient Chinese started it, and then the Egyptians took it up," he said.

History and other school work interest Peter, who always does his homework before starting his wrestling training two nights a week.

When he leaves Fairfield High School, where he's about to start third year, he hopes to teach physics or languages.

The interest in languages stemmed, oddly enough, from his wrestling. The names of many holds are French.

How many holds does Peter know? He roared with laughter. "There are hundreds," he said. "Always something new. Sometimes I learn them from the instructors at the club. Sometimes they just happen. I usually try them out on Dad first. He's not a wrestler, but he's very helpful."

"A natural"

His father, who works in a rubber factory, rarely goes to the Police Club, so Peter said he'd get a mate and show us a few holds. "It's not a spectator sport," he warned, "but you can get to the Olympics with it."

Which is obviously where Peter's heading, judging from the way he wore out his mate, 14-year-old John Hamilton, and faced and threw about half a dozen other challengers during the next hour.

"Peter's a natural wrestler," said club instructor Sergeant E. R. Lorenz.

"This is an excellent sport for young boys. It builds them up. Doesn't tend to burn them out like boxing. And it's cheap, too. All the boys need are the boots, costing about £3, that singlet-type suit Peter's wearing, and a tracksuit."

"Even the eight-year-olds can travel round a bit with it. There are tournaments for the different ages and weights all round the Police Boys' Clubs in the State."

"Mind you, Peter's too good for that sort of tournament now. He can beat men a stone heavier who have been wrestling since before he was born."

Apart from the physical advantages of the sport, Sergeant Lorenz said that it strengthened a boy's character.

"A wrestler has to have guts," he said. "And he has to have enough spirit to keep sparking on when he's beaten."

Peter had already said something pretty philosophic about that: "It's an accomplishment when you win and a challenge when you lose."

After his training he looked a bit too weary to say anything more.

"How's your muscles, Pete?" inquired a sprightly eight-year-old would-be flyweight.

"Watch it, sonny!" growled his idol, making his way to the dressing-room.

FLYWEIGHT wrestler Peter Moir, at 14, is more than a match for many an older and heavier man. Below, he demonstrates his technique in a bout with fellow club member John Hamilton, also 14.





PRETTY PROTECTION from the sun for Jane Watson, whose floppy-brimmed hat is the same cute checked gingham as her playsuit. She finds this outfit ideal for weekend sailing trips. Jane is a petite (5ft. 3in.) 18-year-old, who did a secretarial course last year and is already planning ahead for a trip abroad.



WHITE STRAW makes top which Christine wears with her striped slacks for informal beachwear. She bought the outfit

SUN-



ORIENTAL JACKET 18-year-olds, Tina and Mr. and Mrs. H. J.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

• SANDRA'S nightdress poses for Gerald Radnace's advertising campaign are successful, but his boss wants something more—a publicity stunt. So Gerald gets the idea of taking Sandra to a haunted house, the advertising slogan being "In Sleepies you can sleep anywhere". They set off for the country and Blackbrook Mill for the weekend. NOW READ ON...

By BILL SAWYER



RIVETS



Jacky's Diary.

By JACKY MENDELSOHN
age 33½

Yesterday I went
& saw a movie
picture about
Pirates.



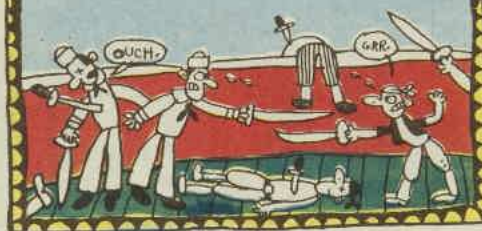
A PIRATE is a guy who
can see so good he only
gotta use ONE EYE.



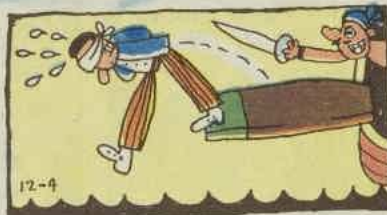
The story was about how this bunch
of Pirates wanted to hold up this
other boat with lots of jools & stuff.



So after they fired a cannibal across its
bow, they got on & started in fighting with
knives & cutlets.



After the Pirates won, it turned out there
wasn't anything good on the boat, just girls.



Afterwards they made the prisoners
walk the plank, which is a trick they
do blind-folded on a diving board.



TIZZY by Kate Osann



"She thinks it would be nice if you
living increase in her."

Man in Apron

by Larry



● Chris Welkin uses solar energy to destroy the gun turret of the space station, and rout traitors Aquila and Basil. Koot's calculations have been perfect. Koot rescues the traitors as they float in space. All back on earth, Koot gets a medal. Now there's a new problem to solve — how to increase food supply to keep up with the world's growing population. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

IN A 21ST CENTURY SUPER-MARKET...



THE MALTHUSIAN DOCTRINE OF EXPANDING POPULATION VS. SHRINKING FOOD SUPPLY HAS LONG OCCUPIED CHRIS WELKIN'S THOUGHTS



LUNAR AGRON-ONIST DR. BAFZ TESTS THE VENUS SEEDS ON THE MOON

C.WEL



CONTINUED

TEENA[®] *by Lilla Terry*

WE MET THE CUTEST FELLAS AT THE DANCE LAST NIGHT! THEY'RE TAKING US OUT TO THE MOVIES TONIGHT!!



-BUT WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT OUR AGE? WHEN THEY FIND OUT HOW YOUNG WE ARE, THEY'LL NEVER GO OUT WITH US AGAIN...

WE CAN'T JUST LIE ABOUT OUR AGE... THEY KNOW ALL GIRLS LIE ABOUT THEIR AGE.



WHY DON'T YOU USE PSYCHOLOGY. PRETEND YOU'RE NOT SO SURE YOU WANT TO GO TO THE MOVIES WITH THEM, BECAUSE YOU'RE SO MUCH OLDER THAN THEY ARE.

OH, GREAT! BOYS LOVE TO GO WITH OLDER GIRLS! WHEN WE RELENT, THEY'LL BE SO THRILLED THEY'LL NEVER QUESTION US!



WELL, HOW WAS YOUR DATE?

TERRIBLE!! WE'LL NEVER GO OUT WITH THEM AGAIN!!

WE FOUND OUT THEIR REAL AGE!

THEY ARE YOUNGER THAN WE ARE!!

MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



● MANDRAKE, Master Magician, trying to solve the mystery of the disappearing waterspouts, borrows a space suit from the Astronaut Training Centre, waits with Narda and Lothar beside a lake until a waterspout starts, then takes a boat to it, and dives right into the spout. NOW READ ON...



AS THE MYSTERIOUS WATER COLUMN CLIMBS OUT OF SIGHT IN THE SKY--

WHAT DID MANDRAKE DO?

HE DIVED INTO THE COLUMN OF WATER!

CAN'T SEE MANDRAKE ANY MORE--

LOOK--HOW FAST THE LAKE IS LOWERING! ALL THE WATER GOING UP--

MANDRAKE, IN HIS ASTRONAUT SPACE SUIT-- RISES RAPIDLY WITH IT--

SOON--THE LAKE IS COMPLETELY DRAINED--THE END OF THE MYSTERIOUS COLUMN RISES--

MOVING FAST! MUST BE A MILE HIGH ALREADY. WHERE IS THIS WATER GOING?

LAKE--DRAINED DRY!

WATER AND MANDRAKE--GONE--INTO THE SKY! HOW--WHERE?



BRILLIANT colors are Helen Sawley's choice for a cover-up over her swimsuit. Nineteen-year-old Helen is a physiotherapy student at Adelaide University.



CLOSE-FITTING "Zooloo" cloche of pink and white straw is Tina O'Brien's favorite combination with this swimsuit. Tina's interests are horse-riding, acting.



WIG HAT worn by Rosemary Green is guaranteed to turn every head on the beach. It's made of white straw banded with navy, matching her beach-towel.

MOVING CLOTHES FOR SUMMER



as beach-coats by two (left), who tops hers with a Green, whose parents, bought her coat from Japan.

ADELAIDE beaches have a little surf to speak of, but on any sunny summer weekend they do have some of the prettiest beach belles in Australia. Here six Adelaide girls are photographed wearing their favorite beach clothes which are gay, casual, and eye-catching. Some are made in Australia, others collected overseas.

Photographed by Vic Grimmett, of Adelaide.



ITALIAN tunic-line tops and shorts are worn by Janet Lee, 19 (left), and Christine Taylor. The girls bought these outfits during a recent trip overseas they made with their parents.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

That fatal charm

"I AM 24 and not married and am in love with three women, all over 30. One is a married woman (she is now divorced) with three children. She often comes into my shop and is particularly friendly to me. She once kissed me under some mistletoe which was hanging over the shop door. Another owns a grocery shop a few yards down the street. She has a fantastic figure and her hair is like silk. I feel for her more than the other two. The last is a doctor's receptionist who isn't very pretty, but I only have to see her and my heart beats so fast I feel ill. What should I do? Also my mother is very domineering and even though I try to overcome this I find the influence is ruining my life. Two girls who work with me chase me round the shop all day and have even asked me out, so I can't be very unattractive. Do you think plastic surgery would help my big nose?"

L.A., S.A.

You wonderful, irresistible male, you. Are you kidding? Not me.

If your query about this plastic surgery is real, make enquiries from the British Medical Association in your nearest capital city. They will give you names of plastic surgeons who will advise you professionally about your nose.



Bus romance

"I GO to school on a special bus and we have a handsome bus-driver who is 26, married, and has two children. I am only 14 and I am in love with him. I often find him smiling and talking to me. I know that this may sound childish and that I am a flirt, but I am serious. You may say 'Forget him,' but I have tried this and find that I cannot, as I see him nearly every day. Please advise me."

"Serious," Vic.

There's no need to forget him. Just leave him alone. If he smiles at you and is courteous enough to talk to you, he is just being kind to a child, not a woman.

Worried blonde

"I AM troubled because I do not like the color of my hair. It is a yellowy-blond color which does not suit, I think. Many times I've seen lots of people with black hair which looks beautiful. My age is 12 years and my mother naturally won't let my hair be dyed. Half of my school have blond hair. Do you know any way to help me to get black hair naturally? I am not the fussy type, but I notice that blond hair gets very thin, which I am afraid of because I would not like my hair to fall out. My hairstyle is pony-tail."

K.E., W.A.

The trouble with us girls is that we never get what we want. I would just love to be 12 with a yellowy-blond pony-tail and you want old black hair.

There is no way you can make it go black naturally at all. I wouldn't try. I think blond hair is terrific and the color of it makes no difference to its thinness. I'm sure your hair won't fall out whatever its color, because you sound very healthy to me, and it is usually years of continued ill health that affects your hair, and even then it rarely falls out.

I'm afraid you'll have to put up with your hair as it is. Brushing it one hundred strokes every night gives it a lovely sheen and makes it look prettier than ever, but doesn't change the color.

I'd just leave your hair to nature entirely. In about five years you'll feel different about it all, I'm sure, because then you'll be old enough to appreciate that gentlemen really do prefer blondes.

A long wait

"I AM a teenage girl of 15 and I am madly in love with a boy a year older than myself. I have known this boy for about six months and I have been to a few parties, etc., which he has also attended. He escorted me home from them. The trouble is that he has never asked me out. What can I do to make it possible for me to go out with him? I know he likes me."

"Helpless," N.S.W.

Liking you is one thing, taking you out is another. In the first place the boy may not want to take you out and in the second he may not have the money to do so. Money does count in these things, especially when you've never taken the girl out before.

There is nothing you can do about him not asking you out. I know we're living in the space age, but even so the women haven't yet taken over from the boys. It's the boys' privilege to be the pursuer, and you'll be much happier if you leave it that way. Just wait round and if he wants to he'll ask you out.

Ask her out?

"I AM a boy of 16 and I like a very nice girl, also 16, whom I have known for about six months. We have been introduced and I think she likes me, but we don't see each other very often. I am always very nice to her, but I'm not sure that I should ask her

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

out, as I don't feel I know her well enough. Should I try to see her more? How should I ask her out? It would be embarrassing if she refused."

T.S., W.A.

Why not ask her to have a drink at a milk-bar one Saturday afternoon. Or, if you can afford it, ask her to go to the pictures with you. I'm sure you know her well enough to ask her out. When you invite anyone anywhere it is always best to ask them so that they can refuse, if they have to, easily. You could say, "I'd like to take you to the pictures on Saturday, if you're not going out somewhere else," or "I'd like to take you, etc., if your parents would allow it." The last one is really best, because a girl of 16 would have to ask her parents, anyway. If she accepts, tell her you'll call for her at home.

Be brave and ask her. You'll never know if she likes you if you don't.

What to say?

"ABOUT three months ago I met a very nice boy who I grew very fond of. My problem is that I am very shy with boys, and he told me I didn't give him a chance. Could you tell me how to make conversation? Also could you tell me what he meant when he said 'You don't give me a chance?' Please give me an answer as soon as possible, as I will only see him twice before he goes away for two months."

D.V., Qld.

I really can't teach you to make conversation except to say that you've got a perfect break with that remark of his. Next time you see him say to him, "What did you mean when you said 'I don't give you a chance?'"

If he says "Nothing" or something like that say to him, "Did you mean I didn't have enough to say?" or "I don't give you a chance to get to know me better." You could go on and say you'd like to know because you think he's very nice and you'd like him to like you.

It might sound an unusual conversation to you, but it's not. Boys like that sort of conversation with a girl they like.

Self-conscious

"MY problem is self-consciousness. I have been going with a wonderful boy for six weeks and, although he is 18 and I am 15½, we get on very well together and are very fond of each other. He has asked me to go swimming with him and some of his friends in a few weeks. I knew that he would ask me this sooner or later, so I didn't say for sure whether I would go or not. It is just that I am scared of going in front of him in shorts or swimsuit, because I feel as though he and his friends will think that I have an awful figure and that I look awful. He knows how shy and bashful I am and he says that he doesn't care how I look, but that I will go even if he has to drag me down. I have asked my mother how I really look in togs and shorts and she always says that I look very nice and she says that I am just being silly and I will grow out of it. My measurements are 34, 24, 36. Do you think that I am being silly? Should I go with him? We go out every Saturday night and I am his girl."

"Bashful," Qld.

You must go to the beach with him. You are his girl, he wants you to go,

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

THERE must be very few girls who can't snatch the odd five minutes during the day for a little self-improvement.

Just what can be achieved in those few minutes? Well, plenty, actually. Let's see.

It takes five minutes . . . To put your make-up on properly and see that your lipstick is not on your teeth.

To carry foundation and powder UNDER the chin and down the throat.

To give your face a steam bath now and again to open and cleanse the pores.

It takes five minutes . . .

To fix the ends of the hair at night with setting lotion, a few hairpins, and tie it into place with a net. This pays dividends next day and makes a professional set last twice as long.

To straighten an untidy, crooked parting. It makes the difference between a well or a badly groomed head.

To make hair shine with a good brushing. This can be done while playing records or listening to the radio.

To remove oil and powder from the hairline by rubbing along it with a pad of cotton-wool soaked in cologne.

It takes five minutes . . .

To push back all your cuticles every time you wash your hands. Saves half an hour's agony trying to make them look respectable for an unexpected date.

To rub a slice of lemon over stains on fingers or hands — or use a pumice if they're stubborn.

To slip on a pair of gloves for gardening or dusting; rubber ones for hot water and strong cleansers.

To use hand cream or lotion often.

To use a loofah as part of every bath and rub HARD. Fine for circulation and improvement of the tone and color of the body. Remember, your body should be covered by a lovely "complexion," too.

See what we mean?

and you know perfectly well you are dying to go anyway.

I can't imagine why you feel self-conscious about your figure; it is almost perfectly proportioned and must look the most in your togs. Forget about your figure and go.

You know a certain amount of bashfulness and shyness is quite charming, but only so much. After that it's the end. People get sick and tired of you when you always have to be persuaded to do this or that and if you go on with it too much it could be a very bad thing. Just run off to the beach and enjoy yourself and stop carrying on about it.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● "Well, that's all Greek to me?" could well be your reaction when you first see the labels of a batch of R.C.A. single plays that have just come on the market.

AND with titles like "Ti Ce Niazi" ("Why Should I Care?") and artists with names like Lykoudis Kozakou, you wouldn't be wrong. The records are a special issue pressed here from imported Greek master discs.

They're intended mainly to meet the demands of the Greek community for the popular music of their homeland. But Australians who ask for something different could like them, too, and to save you the difficulty of memorising Greek names we give you the catalogue numbers and translations of the titles.

Ones you might like to hear include No. 47G2074 — "The Girl With the Curly Hair" — "Cioula" (the name of a girl); No. 47G2053 — "My Little Rabbit, Little Rabbit" — "Fading Memories"; a Greek island and a Cretan dance on No. 47G2058; and two popular tunes of Turkish origin on No. 47G2034.

If you like the idea of more foreign travel by ear, there's a trip to the "8th Festival of Song At Naples" on a Pye International LP, with such favorite Italian artists as Marino Marini, Aurelio Fierro, Flo Sandon's, and



Bruce Gillespie

Rino Salvati on the programme.

And while you're still saving up for the fare, why not "One Night In Rome" per R.C.A. LP. International standards that began as Italian pops, plus tunes you would have to go to Rome itself to hear, make up the selection played with high Italian polish by Armando Trovajoli and orchestra.

Local talent: Just the right material for that built-in caress in Bruce Gillespie's voice is provided by teenage English composer Len Pravemen with "In All the World." Bruce's second 45 for H.M.V. New Zealand's John Summer wrote the slower and more beaty flip, "Look Over the Hill."

It will be interesting to see if this disc does as well — or even better — for 19-year-old Bruce than his excellent debut record, "Velvet Waters." It easily could.

AN alternative version of Kevin Shegog's Aussie historical ballad "Little Kangaroo" is on offer on Columbia 45 from Johnny Ashcroft, who last year had a best-seller and chart-topper in "Little Boy Lost." On the other side he does a relaxed "Your Turn To Cry Over Me."

Pops: If the heavy, insistent beat of Bobby Bland's

"Cry, Cry, Cry" doesn't get you in, there's a good chance that the more bluesy one of the flip, "I've Been Wrong So Long," will do the trick. Either way, it looks as though young Mr. B. is going to do pretty well with this Top Rank 45.

The way he socks home "You Don't Want My Love" makes me think that Roger Miller is going to be heard from a good deal more during 1961. "Footprints In the Snow" is the attractive title of the very capably sung country-style flip (R.C.A. 45).

HIS million-selling single "Lonely Blue Boy" titles Conway Twitty's third LP for M.G.M. Mixed in with that Deep South accent and the R. and R. beat of numbers like "Pretty Eyed Baby" and "Can't We Go Steady?" are two surprise entries in "My Adobe Hacienda" and the now near-classic "Blue Moon."

ANYONE who likes novelty instrumentals will get his money's worth out of James Booker's U.S. success "Gonzos," with "Cool Turkey" on the other side. Some people, in fact, might find that they prefer the poultry course of this Top Rank 45.

IT'S becoming standard practice nowadays to ask the question: "Does he, she, or do they really swing?" Sammy Davis Jr. claims "I've Got a Right to Swing" (Festival LP) and uses "The Lady Is a Tramp," Ray Charles' "This Little Girl of Mine," and "No Greater Love" to show what he can do. Musical backing from the Morty Stevens and the Jack Pleis orchestras.

Movie music: With such people as Frankie Avalon, Marty Robbins, and The Brothers Four singing its music on disc, it looks like "The Alamo" is going to be one of the best documented movies on record — no pun intended. The Brothers' version of "The Green Leaves of Summer" (Coronet 45) is already a climber on the American charts. Its ballad flip, "Beautiful Brown Eyes," isn't in the film.

Classics: Apart from the real beauty of the music, a Coronet LP pairing Beethoven's Symphonies Nos. 4 and 5 offers the secondary interest of proving to your own satisfaction the claim that the odd-numbered symphonies are the grand and powerful ones and the even numbered lighter and more serene in mood. Bruno Walter conducts the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. (Mono or stereo.)

CHANGES FOR THE BETTER (OR WORSE)

● A recent wedding in Sydney made a dramatic departure from the traditional ceremony. A five-man band playing jazz and negro spirituals in the church put a stop to the time-honored organ stop-pulling.

NOW, this could well be the beginning of the end for the wedding between young people as we have known it for so many years.

With church organs removed with surgical skill from splicing services, let's look at what else could happen in the same vein . . .

Dress could be a most important difference—if someone can change the musical score, why not the couture?

Yes, picture a radiant bride tripping down the aisle in jeans and a jumper, leaning on the arm of her old Dad, who is in his bowling blazer and panama hat!

Shuffling nervously as they wait are the groom and his attendants, neatly attired in sports shirts, slacks, and suede shoes.

Why would all this be so outlandish?

If you saw in the street a girl in a flowing white dress with a train longer than the Spirit of Progress alongside a feller wearing grey gloves and a carnation, you'd stare, wouldn't you?

After the new show, instead of that "square" confetti, guests would, of course, throw used "Big Show" ticket stubs and torn-up jazz concert programmes.

The reception that followed would be changed, too.

The chairman would now, for instance, propose a toast to the bride's "Daddio" and ask "all cats to be upstanding and crack a bottle of milk!"

Newspapers, of course, would also have to keep pace with these new hitching habits.

Here now is the typical social pages story that might well soon be written . . .

"June — carried the bridegroom's gift of a transistor radio when she married Ian — at Saints-Came-Marching-In Church yesterday.

"The bride wore ankle-length matador pants of oyster-colored French damask, and a circlet of matching material held her waist-length white lace Sloppy Joe.

"Bridesmaids Janette — and Patricia — wore sunsuits of Presley-purple satin, embroidered with gold discs . . ."

My new wedding sounds like a bad dream?

Maybe. But, as any groom will agree, the present set-up can be quite a nightmare!

Doesn't the bride now, as soon as she's changed from her classical gown, wear the pants?

Aren't there "blues" — even if they're not of the Basin Street variety?

Dear heavens—the risks a man runs!

If this piece doesn't earn me an invitation to a hot reception I'll eat my white silk taffeta applied coronet (not to mention my fingertip tulle veil)!

And that's t(hat)!

— Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

MOZART: Wind Serenades

A SERENADE, as we all know, is the song that the lover sings outside his mistress' window. But in the course of musical history the word has gathered various other meanings.

It was once common to arrange serenades for important people on special occasions, such as birthdays. These pieces were usually played by bands of wind instruments, which sound well in the open air.

Later, works were written in this style and called serenades, even when they were not strictly intended for outdoor serenading, and later still the word came to be applied to almost anything of a light and festive character.

Mozart wrote a number of serenades, the most popular of them being the work for strings called "A Little Night Music." Many of them are for wind instruments, in the serenade tradition, and two of these, No. 11 and No. 12, have recently been recorded by the London Baroque Ensemble under conductor Karl Haas (Pye).

The Serenade No. 11 is a typical work in the style—light and simple and not intended to be listened to too earnestly. The Serenade No. 12 is a less typical, more serious, and "meaty" work.

— Martin Long

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 9



Conway Twitty

TO RECORD COLLECTORS

IF you want to build up your collection of records in 1961, the best and cheapest way is to join the Popular Record Club. The JOINING FEE of 10/- entitles you to a copy of Club Digest, listing all new releases, each month, and is REFUNDED if you buy a record within 12 months.

-----CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY-----

To POPULAR RECORD CLUB,

Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

I wish to join your Club and enclose membership fee of 10/-.

Mr., Mrs., Miss

Address

State



Cress and Honor, sitting in their secret cave, imagined that they were the last of the world's survivors.

SIGNS AND PORTENTS

That summer, Cress became a great lover of signs and portents — the summer she was fourteen, when everything was changing. Signs and portents didn't stop the changes, didn't even slow them down, but they did forewarn her. That was something.

It was something to know that if you laughed before breakfast you would cry before supper, that Friday would be either the fairest or the foulest day of the week, that a pointed elbow is the certain sign of a sour disposition, and that a sweating glass brings rain.

Cress started her days that summer by counting buttons and ended them by counting one-eyed cars. One-eyed cars were called paddles that summer, no one knew why. In between times she counted white horses, loads of hay, tea-leaves, bridges, beards and mules. She wished on falling stars, over running

water, and upon making accidental rhymes.

"Spit," she yelled at her father when a jack rabbit ran in front of their car. Mr. Delahanty had learned that summer to spit first and reason later.

"Why?" he asked, having spat. "We'd been sure to've had a blow-out if you hadn't."

Cress was shocked when her mother threw half of a too-large pinch of salt into the sink.

"All the salt you throw away," Cress told her mother, "you have to come back after you're dead and pick up with your eyelashes."

Mrs. Delahanty rinsed away the salt that still remained on her hand. "Cress," she asked, "you don't really believe all this nonsense, do you?"

Wary as a witch doctor, Cress replied: "Why take a chance?" and continued her propitiations.

That was the summer Cress saw Honor Gallagher again after Honor had been away a year, a meeting that didn't surprise Cress. Hadn't it been

foretold? Hadn't she dropped the dishcloth, dreamed of running water, and the day she saw Honor said her name not once but twice before eating?

A name that's spoken before eating, You'll use ere nightfall as a greeting.

The day she saw Honor again was a Monday, the day after the Fourth of July. Cress came to breakfast late and sat looking at her orange juice, not drinking it. After a day at the beach she felt too passive and dreamy to eat, even to drink.

"Mother," she said, "is it O.K. with you if I go swimming in the Ditch this afternoon?"

The Ditch, which carried irrigation water to the orange groves, was nicer than it sounded, shoulder-deep, wide as a narrow road, curving among the glossy-leaved trees.

"I don't know how you can stand any more water, Crescent," her mother said. Mrs. Delahanty's face, except for large white circles about her eyes, where her sunglasses had protected her, was raspberry-colored, and when she spoke she tried to move her mouth as little as possible. Cress admired this way of talking. She thought it made her mother look a little like a movie gangster.

"I wish you could have given me a good, solid name," Cress said, "instead of Crescent."

"What do you mean, good and solid?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"Old-fashioned," Cress explained.

"Like Faith or Abigail or Prudence."

"I once knew a girl named Abundance," Mr. Delahanty said. Mr. Delahanty, being dark, didn't sunburn, and was able to speak heartily. "How'd you like that for a name, Cress?"

"Who did you ever know named Abundance?" asked Mrs. Delahanty, stiff-lipped. She had been brought up in the same town as her husband, and thought she knew all the girls he knew.

"Bunny Evans," Mr. Delahanty said.

"So Bunny Evans' name was Abundance," Mrs. Delahanty sounded thoughtful. "I never knew that."

"Abundance is just as bad as Crescent," Cress said. "It's too unusual. My favorite name is Honor. I think it's the most distinguished name I ever heard."

This was not news to Mr. and Mrs. Delahanty. Before Honor had gone with her parents to Alaska, she had lived on a farm adjoining the Delahantys' and had been, in spite of the five years' difference in their ages, Cress' best friend.

"Honor is a nice name," Mrs. Delahanty said. "But I like Crescent better. It's more romantic."

"Honor," Cress said, "is solid and romantic." Then she drank her orange juice.

The first thing Cress heard from the other girls when she got to the Ditch that afternoon was that Honor Gallagher was back on a visit. Cress hadn't had any letters from Honor recently. Not that that mattered. After

CRESS DELAHANTY—Part 5—by Jessamyn West

a lifetime of silence, it would still be the same between her and Honor.

"Honor and her mother got here Saturday," one of the girls said. "They're visiting Honor's grandmother, in town. They've bought a new car and are going to drive it back to Alaska."

"How swell!" Cress said. "How wonderful!" But all the time she was floating away from the others, slowly at first, then faster, around two bends, under Byfield Bridge, past the clump of acacias, until finally she was alone, and, if missed, not missed enough to be shouted at by anyone or pursued.

Then Cress made herself sink to the stream's white, sandy bottom. She opened her eyes underwater and looked at a transformed world. "Honor is home," she thought.

It was at the Ditch that she had first met Honor Gallagher, two years before, the summer she was twelve and Honor seventeen. Cress had been practicing floating then. She could swim, but not float. Sinking, as she always did, she looked up and saw a girl in a yellow bathing suit looking down at her from the bank above.

"Let go, let go," the girl above her said, and Cress did so and floated.

HONOR was one of the big girls, full grown, one of the girls Cress had watched from a distance. She had a shape, beautiful, in and out like a flower on a stem. But she was hardy, too, like a boy. There were strong, swelling muscles in her brown legs and arms. When she tautened herself for a dive, two cords stood out in her rounded throat, like cables, like ropes.

Her yellow bathing suit was in one piece, not two wisps, like most of the big girls', with vacancies for their bodies to show through. She wore her hair short, turned up all over her head, like waves just ready to break but pausing.

Her mouth was pretty. She chewed rose petals lots of times, or sucked nasturtiums for honey, or ate sour grass. She was interested in the taste of things.

Honor could swear like a trooper. She was the only girl in the Gallagher family, with older boys on one side of her, younger boys on the other. It was a tussle to stay alive in the midst of them, she used to say.

That first afternoon she had dived down into the Ditch beside Cress. It takes pains and practice to dive into four feet of water. You can go too straight and break your neck, or flatten out too much and break yourself wide open. Honor went just right—under, then up, in a shallow arc.

She had been with the big kids on a swimming party, but it had become a necking party, so she'd left. She stood up in the Ditch, water running down her fierce, pink face. "Those boys! So pinchy, so squeezey!" She opened and closed the fingers of one hand to show what she meant, then dived under again, as if to wash their touch away.

After that she and Cress were together for a whole year on Saturdays, Sundays, and after school. At first Cress thought she was too young to be Honor's friend and was apologetic.

But Honor liked her as she was. "You're not lovey-dovey," she said once. Well, she had been, really, as far as Honor was concerned, but what Honor meant was that she wasn't lovey-dovey about the boys.

She and Honor had been perfect together. That summer they had discovered a shallow cave—a ledge with a roof over it, actually, in the hills. There was clean sand on the bottom, two bones—human or animal, neither of them knew which—at the cave's edge, and a view on clear days of the ocean.

Cress and Honor had gone there that summer at every hour—at sunrise, at sunset, in between. They had imagined, sitting in the cave, that they were the last of the world's survivors.

Looking out at the blue lip of the Pacific on the horizon, they had wondered how long it would be before the ocean gnawed inland to them. At other times they'd imagined themselves to be the first human beings, or visitors from Mars, ignorant of all but their cave and speculating as to what the distant, flashing blue of the Pacific might be.

They had often made fires in their cave and cooked food—hot-dogs usually. Sometimes they had a real meal—roasted potatoes and onions to go with their hot-dogs, and served Hostess cupcakes for dessert.

Honor had been memorizing the records of all outstanding batters and pitchers that first summer. She carried with her a small, loose-leaf spiral notebook, a Beacon Wire-o, in which she kept these figures, in her sharp-edged, vertical writing. She would bring her notebook to the cave and get Cress to test her knowledge.

"Why memorize them?" Cress asked her once.

"The mind is a muscle," Honor answered. "I want to exercise mine."

"But why on baseball?"

"I don't want to guess; I want to know what Lefty Gomez did and the year he did it."

Cress hadn't cared much about Lefty Gomez, but she hadn't been able to help learning about him that summer. What she really liked was poetry.

She brought an anthology, "Star Points," to the cave, but it was Honor who did all the reading aloud.

She could read so much better than Cress, who got carried away by the rhythm and was soon todo-doing like a player piano. What the words meant was always vivid and clear to Honor, to whom poetry, and even much reading, was new. When she said "stone," the stone would be in her voice, almost in the shape of her mouth; you would imagine you heard it click against her teeth.

When Cress and Honor were not together, they left notes for each other at the Delahanty mailbox, which they both passed on their way to catch their respective buses for school. Honor, who went earlier, would find a note put there by Cress the night before, and Cress, at eight-thirty, would pick up a note left there by Honor a half-hour before.

Honor's notes had been brief and businesslike: "See you tonight 5 p.m. Good luck in Geog. test, H.G." Cress' had been a good deal more flowery. Sometimes she had quoted poetry, sometimes made up some. Once only she had written, "I love you. Crescent Delahanty."

Cress had never known what Honor did with her notes. Threw them away, probably; Honor wasn't sentimental. Cress kept all of Honor's though—she had them yet in a candy box that looked like a cedar chest, brass bands, nailheads, and all.

WHEN Honor's father, who, Mr. Delahanty said, was a rolling stone if ever there was one, decided to roll on to Alaska after a year in California, Cress and Honor parted without any school-girl protestations of eternal devotion.

What was the need? Even their names, Cress thought now as she floated quietly beneath a sky that was empty of clouds, had the sound of names that belonged together; Honor, Crescent—Crescent, Honor. One solid, square, an unchanging rock, the other curving, filled with light, but a reflected light.

Cress was in no great hurry to get home that afternoon. What was the need to rush? Honor would come as soon as she could. She would have to do a certain amount of visiting with her grandmother and other relatives in town; then she would drive out. Cress floated and remembered and dreamed.

When, at last, she started home, the sun was low; midges rose and fell above the yellowing roadside weeds. Because she had been in the water so long, her body felt curiously light, washed thin.

She was happy about Honor's return, but not excited, she thought.

Then, when she saw the new yellow car in the driveway, she knew it was Honor's and began to run.

There was no one on the porch when Cress got there, no one in the living-room. She walked into the dining-room, paused, and called, "Honor! Honor!"

Mrs. Delahanty came in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on a paper towel. In the shadowy room, her face, which had been almost purple that morning, looked only rosy. "Cress?" she said. "Honor's out in the orchard with your father."

THIS seemed strange. Honor had never been one to fall in with the boring trips of inspection suggested by grown-ups.

"She wanted to help him pick some fruit to send back to Alaska," Mrs. Delahanty explained. "Some avocados and grapefruit, and oranges, too, I guess. She wants them to be absolutely perfect."

This was strange, too. Honor had never cared about what she ate. A burned hot dog tasted good to her; she would eat the worm with the apple, if not warned, and never know the difference.

"I'll go find them," Cress said.

"You'd probably just find them on their way back," Mrs. Delahanty said to her. "Why don't you go brush your hair and put on a clean dress instead? Honor's all dressed up. After all, it's a holiday, you know."

Mrs. Delahanty reached out a hand to smooth Cress' hair, which had dried into stiff, finger-width strands.

Cress put on a clean white dress and her new white moccasins, combed her hair, and tied it at the back with a blue ribbon. By the time she had finished, she heard her father's voice and knew that he and Honor had returned from the orchard.

The three of them were sitting about the table when she went into the dining-room, a little pyramid of oranges in front of them. Her father was beginning to peel an orange in the methodical way he had, cutting the top off first with his knife.

"Honor," Cress said.

"Hello, Cress," Honor answered, stressing the second syllable of "hello" in a way that was new to her. "How are you, anyway?"

"I'm all right," Cress said. Honor was as beautiful as ever. She had on one of those dresses in two parts, the parts not meeting—a short, tight bodice and a full, swirling skirt. The dress was apricot-colored, and between the bodice and skirt Honor's brown skin was smooth and supple.

"Your mother said you were swimming," Honor remarked politely. "Do you still like to swim?"

"Yes, I do," Cress answered. "I love to. Do you still swim, Honor?"

"Oh, no," Honor answered. "No, not any more." There was a pause in which no one said anything.

Mr. Delahanty handed an orange to Honor. "Eat this and see what you've been missing," he told her.

Honor began to peel the orange with her old-time quick, sure gestures. "These are really going to amaze Mike, Mr. Delahanty. I don't think he's ever eaten a tree-ripened orange in his life."

Cress looked inquiringly not at Honor but at her mother.

"Honor's engaged to Mike, dear," her mother said.

"Engaged?" Cress asked, as if it were a word she had never heard.

"To be married," Honor said, smiling, popping the first section of her orange into her mouth.

"When was it you said the wedding was to be?" Mrs. Delahanty asked.

"In September. If Mike gets his leave then."

"Is Mike a soldier?" Cress asked.

"Oh, no, thank goodness," Honor said. "He's a commercial flier, but he was in the army so long he always thinks

of vacations as leaves, and so do I now."

"Two months!" Mrs. Delahanty exclaimed. "That's not long is it?"

"No, it's really terribly soon," Honor said. "That's the reason Mother and I are down here actually. To buy me some clothes and get some household equipment. You have an electric stove, don't you, Mrs. Delahanty? Do you think I should get one?"

"I wouldn't have anything else," Mrs. Delahanty said.

"Does yours have its oven and broiler together?"

"Mine does, yes."

"Mike says that wouldn't be too satisfactory. Say you want hot biscuits and a broiled steak at the same time, for instance. How do you manage that?"

"Mike seems to be pretty informed about cooking," Mr. Delahanty observed.

"Oh, Mike knows everything," Honor declared. "Really he does, Mr. Delahanty. Not just cooking—everything."

"And you're going to see that he gets steak and hot biscuits together—this wonder man?" Mr. Delahanty asked.

"Yes, I am," Honor said, refusing to be teased, "if I have to have a stove made to order."

"Why don't you look at mine?" Mrs. Delahanty suggested. "It's not new, but it's pretty good, I think."

THE two women—that was how Cress thought of them now—went out of the room together, and Cress and her father were left alone.

"Sit down, Cress, why don't you?" Mr. Delahanty said.

Cress pulled out one of the chairs from the table and sat down beside her father. It was a nice time of the day, cool after heat, a breeze, newly sprung up, moving the white curtains, enough light yet to put shadows on to the wide oak floorboards.

"Have an orange," Mr. Delahanty said, rolling one towards her. Cress automatically cupped her hand to keep the orange from rolling off the table. She didn't pick it up but moved it back and forth, feeling the warmth that was still in it after a day in the sun. On the table beside the oranges was a card, which said, "Michael J. Gates, Gates' Flying Service, Anchorage, Alaska, Box 1713."

"Is that his name?" Cress asked. "Gates?"

Mr. Delahanty nodded. "It's the address for the fruit."

"How terrible!" Cress said. "How terribly unlucky!"

"Unlucky?" Mr. Delahanty asked.

"Change the name and not the letter, Change for worse and not for better," Cress explained.

But the minute she said the words, Cress knew they didn't matter, and that she would as soon walk under a ladder, throw salt away, put on her left shoe first. All these precautions, all this fore-sight, all these prophesies! They were nothing. They were child's play. Countings and wishings and spittings were not going to change anything.

In the kitchen she could hear Honor saying, "I should think this deep-well cooker would be pretty economical."

Mr. Delahanty smiled across at her. "There's a calmed-down tomboy for you," he said. "And I suppose it won't be long before you're thinking of steaks and stoves. And Edwin," he added thoughtfully. "How's Edwin?" he asked. "I haven't heard you mention him for some time?"

Cress began slowly to peel her orange. She could not think of Edwin now. She could not think ahead to any coming time, only backward to the summer she had first seen Honor and to the summer that for her was already over, the summer of signs and portents.

● **NEXT WEEK:** Cress goes to her first house party at the seaside.



SANDRA DEE

Page 12 — Teenagers' Week

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — January 18, 1961

STRANGER



Wool Gold Medal Wardrobe Contest

YOU CAN WIN A £350 WARDROBE



37 Sweater and slacks, £40/10/-, Monici of Parma. 38 Jacket and slacks, £13/16/-, Hit Parader. 39 Slacks, £4/9/6, Stylecut Creations. 40 Ski pants, £8/9/6, Fletcher Jones. 41 Slacks, £9/19/6, Leroy Mfg. 42 Jumper, 13 guineas, N. Klings (Soverano).



43 Slacks, £8/9/11, Sportscraft. 44 Slacks, £5/19/11, Jantzen. 45 Swimsuit, £7/19/11, Ada of California. 46 Slacks, £6/18/9, Fletcher Jones. 47 Slacks, £7/7/-, Sportscraft. 48 Slacks, £9/9/11, Sportscraft.



49 Short evening dress, coat, £44/10/-, Brill & Salter. 50 Knitted suit, 33 guineas, Adriana of Venice. 51 Evening dress, 42 guineas, Susan Small. 52 Knitted suit (metallic thread), £32, De Angeli. 53 Cocktail separates, £26/5/-, Hit Parader.

IN each of the six States of Australia the prize is a £350 wardrobe, making the total value of the prizes £2100.

Each garment in this contest has been awarded an Australian Wool Bureau Gold Medal for the current season.

To win the wardrobe you must select from the models published in *The Australian Women's Weekly* an ideal wardrobe, to the value of £350, for a winter holiday in the capital city of your State.

Since the contest was announced last week several readers have asked must the wardrobe they choose be worth exactly £350.

Your choice must not exceed the value of £350. Obviously the total value of the items you choose might be worth a few pounds or shillings less than the maximum £350.

You have 71 garments to choose from—36 were published last week; the remaining 35 are shown on these two pages.

In making your choice, you will need to take into consideration climate, amenities, and activities available in your capital city. You will also need to study the design, price, and maker of each Gold Medal winner.

The garments are available in most of the new season's colors.

Write on a sheet of paper the number (shown on the drawing) of each garment selected, with maker's name and price of garment beside each number.

You must also write on the same sheet, in not more than 50 words, why you have chosen the wardrobe.

Add your name and address at the bottom.

A panel of judges will decide which is the best combination of garments. The entry, in each State, which matches this or the nearest to it will be the winning one.

The Gold Medals were awarded to these clothes by a panel of fashion experts, including Betty Keep, our Fashion Editor.

Many of the clothes have wonderful holiday appeal for their versatility and "packability." Knitted suits vary from strictly tailored designs to the more casual jumper styles.

There are knitted dresses in simple lines for day wear and knitted separates in fancy weaves for evening wear.

The once humble cardigan, which has now become a high-fashion garment, is shown in several designs.

● This is the second part of the contest in which you stand a chance of winning a dream wardrobe—a perfect wardrobe for a holiday in the capital city of your State.



THIS is the Gold Medal Fashion Award of the Australian Wool Bureau.

Pullovers for sports and casual wear are shown, jumpers with wide collars and flattering necklines for more dressy occasions.

Skirts vary in design from slim, trim cut to the ever-popular all-round pleated walking skirts. Superbly tailored slacks are included.

Jackets have moved from the short car-coat length to the three-quarter and seven-eighth length. They are in fabrics and in knits.

Several full-length coats of different weights are shown.

Wool has now become such a finely tempered fabric that it can be used effectively for glamorous evening wear. There is a short evening dress with a beaded bodice and matching coat, lined in contrasting silk.

The full-length Grecian draped gown would grace a really formal occasion.

Next week we will republish the first 36 designs; the following week the 35 shown here will be repeated.

The conditions of the contest, which must be adhered to strictly, were published last week.

Entries close on February 8 next. They must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

WOOL CONTEST ENTRY COUPON

Name

Address

State

All entries must be addressed "Wool Wardrobe Contest," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, and must be delivered to that address by February 8.

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LIST OF GARMENTS AND EXPLANATION OF WHY YOU CHOSE THEM.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 18, 1961



54 Fabric suit, 19 guineas, Kartex Mfg. 55 Fabric two-piece, £10/3/6, Leroy Mfg. 56 Jersey suit, 18 guineas, Exmoor Creations. 57 Fabric suit, £25, Original Record Models. 58 Fabric suit, £24/15/6, Original Record. 59 Three-piece ensemble, £17/5/6, Heidi Knitwear.



60 Culotte, £10/9/6, Sportscraft. 61 Matching separates, £24/15/6, Hit Parader. 62 Skirt, £5/9/11, Aywon. 63 Skirt, £9/19/11, Sportscraft. 64 Skirt, £5/19/11, Stylecut Creations. 65 Skirt, 5 guineas, Styro.



66 Jumper, 5 guineas, Heidi Knitwear. 67 Cardigan, 14 guineas, N. Klings (Sovrano). 68 Cardigan and slacks, £37/10/6, Monici of Parma. 69 Jumper, £3/19/6, Heidi Knitwear. 70 Pullover, 6 guineas, Novelty Knit. 71 Cardigan, £9/19/6, French Knits.

NEW! one tin of Nestlé's Ideal Milk makes
2 trays of delicious ice cream
Plus 6 servings of luscious Fruit Whip!

(OR: if you prefer, 4 pint trays of ice cream that actually costs less than $\frac{1}{3}$ shop price!)



ICE CREAM

AT $\frac{1}{3}$ SHOP PRICE!

It's just one of the many wonderful things you can make with

IDEAL MILK!

Just pierce the tin and pour Ideal Milk is simply delicious with sliced fruit... poured straight on to breakfast cereals! The reason? Ideal is twice as rich! It's concentrated, creamy, delicious! And so wonderfully easy to use. You can actually make a whole week's desserts from a single tin! Here's how... From one tin you can make 4 full trays of a new delicious, creamier ice cream that never goes flaky and costs less than $\frac{1}{3}$ shop bought!

Or, still from one tin you can make 2 whole trays of this same delicious ice cream plus 6 servings of a luscious new dessert... Ideal Fruit Whip.



Here's how...

Basic One-Whip Mixture

all you need: 1 tin Ideal Evaporated Milk (12 oz.), 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoonful gelatine, 1 tablespoonful golden syrup, 1 tablespoonful hot water.

Place unopened tin of Ideal Milk in the freeze chest of the refrigerator for at least two hours or preferably overnight.

To open, hold tin under hot tap for a few seconds only, open both ends and shake out. Place into a large chilled bowl and cut into pieces with knife. Beat very slowly until mixture is broken up. Then beat vigorously until mixture trebles in bulk. Dissolve gelatine thoroughly in very hot water and add gradually to mixture, beating all the time. Add syrup for easier measuring dip spoon in hot water) and vanilla and blend in well.

This mixture is enough to make 4 full trays of delicious ice cream in any flavouring you like. Freeze for at least 3 hours with control at maximum.

Or, if you prefer, you can make just 2 trays of ice cream plus the 6 servings of Fruit Whip, as below:

1. New Creamier Ice Cream

To half the basic mixture, add (if desired) your favourite flavouring. Pour into 2 one pint trays and freeze for at least 3 hours before serving.

2. New Fruit Whip

To other half of basic mixture, add pulp of 2 passionfruit or your choice of sliced fruit in season. Pour into serving bowls (or moulds) and place in refrigerator to chill.

It's wonderful how Ideal makes making so easy, gives you more time to relax with the family.

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Now that Katherine's friend Pat has gone home and Di's friend Janet has come to join us for a week, Kat is finding herself at a bit of a loose end, and has decided that the time has come for her to take a serious interest in cooking.

IT'S my fault that the girls don't know more about cooking than they do.

You have to have the patience of a saint to put up with amateur cooks in the kitchen when you're trying to feed a family, and it's such a temptation to interfere when you see half the flour from the sifter going on to the benches or the floor, or poached eggs coming out of the pan with long trails of dripping yolk following them across the plate to the cold toast that was made five minutes too soon.

I find that the best method is for me to get right out of the kitchen and leave them to it, but then I am pursued round the house by shouts of:

"Mum, when they say a tablespoon of melted butter, do they mean measure it first and then melt it or melt it first and then measure it?"

This is the sort of question I find myself quite unable to answer out of the blue, so that the rumor has grown up that I know absolutely nothing about cooking but that some sort of guardian angel is watching over me while I mix up a lot of unmeasured ingredients and hurl them into the oven.

Katherine says, "I want to cook something scintillating, and I don't want to have to support it."

In other words, she wants to make the sort of exciting dishes that would have done for Fabiola's wedding, and she doesn't want to have to "support" them with a lot of dull vegetables.

All the same, she pulled a very good one out of the hat when I left her to prepare chops, a pound of beans, potatoes, and grilled tomatoes.

She shredded the beans and salted and boiled them in the usual way, and then when they were done she drained them and mixed in two tablespoons of tomato sauce and two cloves of crushed garlic.

She's still purring over the praise this recipe called forth from the rest of the family. She doesn't quite claim to have invented it herself, but she refuses to disclose the source of her inspiration.

I only hope her interest in cooking keeps up, and that she has some more little gems like that one to produce.

Speech Day address

WE have made friends with some people holidaying three cottages away from us. We gather on the beach to swim and sun-bake, the men and their boys and Mike go fishing together, and at night we sit out on their verandah or on ours and argue interminably about books, science, politics, religion, bait, and the nature of the universe.

They have been most impressed by a Speech Day address they heard, which pointed out that the volume of knowledge has increased much more in the past 50 years than it did in the ten centuries before that.

Young people, the speaker said, were faced with a world in which they would have to

work very much harder, with very much more concentration, for very much longer hours, if they wanted to keep up with the growth of knowledge and reach a level where they could begin to think of themselves as educated people.

The Morgans (our new friends) were very much impressed by the logic of this, and they believe that the stamina and the recuperative powers of teenagers make it possible and desirable to urge them into longer and harder hours of study.

To me this is the rankest heresy, and we argue it fiercely and with great enjoyment night after night.

All work and no play...

THE thing that impressed me (and worried me, too) while Katherine was working for the Leaving was that it's a much tougher examination now than it was in my day.

The pressure on the candidates (those who are ambitious to matriculate and perhaps to win themselves a Commonwealth Scholarship) is increasing all the time.

The kids get to the stage in their final school year where they say they haven't time for sport, they haven't time to go for a swim, they haven't time to do anything but work.

What, in the name of heaven, was the point of getting the children out of the factories and the mines back in the nineteenth century if we're going to force them into slavery in the twentieth?

Kittens and puppies play as a preparation for the sterner business of hunting for food later in their lives. Couldn't we let our children do the same with the same object in view?

"A messier world"

I'M not against teenage candidates having to work reasonably hard for their exams, but I am against this idea that each generation must be forced to work harder and harder than the last, so that, as Lewis Carroll said in "Through The Looking Glass":

"It takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else you must run twice as fast."

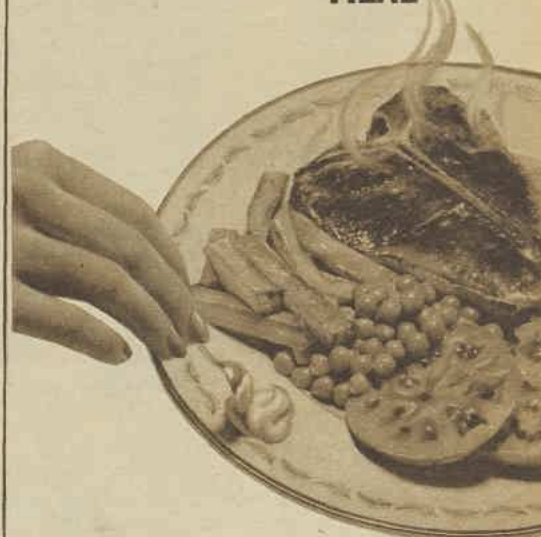
My heated arguments are somewhat weakened by the fact that they have to be shouted above the noise of holidaying teenagers' transistor radios and the gloomy sound of Mike practising "Lead Kindly Light" on the mouth-organ some enemy of the family gave him as a Christmas present, but I'm still convinced I'm right.

The world is in a mess, and likely to get messier unless human understanding can catch up with human knowledge.

But I think we'll make the problem worse, not better, if we turn our teenagers into a race of earnest swots with no time to waste, no time to play, and no time to stand and stare.

Flavour in a flash!

SERVE mustard WITH EVERY MEAL



Mustard for man appeal — on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds that tangy taste men really go for. It gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, hot or cold meats, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking, and serve mustard with every meal. But —

Be sure it's...



VARICOSE VEIN SUFFERER? EXPECTANT MOTHER? SWOLLEN LEGS?

DO NOT BUY ANY STOCKING

until you have seen the amazing new English Fully-fashioned Nylon

"INVISILON"

Corrective Stockings

(Invisible under sheer nylons)

Prescribed by Doctors

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

There is no substitute for "INVISILON"

New "INVISILON" Stockings combine the Sheerness and Fashion you want; and are the only Seamless Nylon Corrective Stockings in the World that give the correct, approved, tension-support to the legs all day!

Trade Enquiries: CORIMAC, Box 314, P.O., Haymarket, Sydney.

Start the weekend well with

WEEKEND

1/- from your newsagent



LEAVES O' GOLD

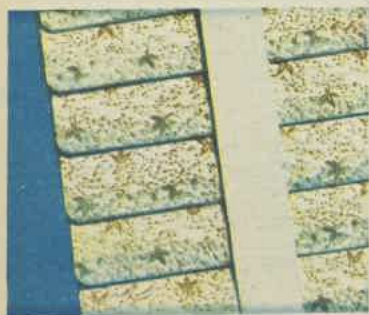
PINK TERRAZZO

GREEN LINEN

LEAVES O' JONQUIL

LEAVES O' LARKSPUR

Tw-Nighter venetians...always in step with fashion!



illustrated is Luxaflex Leaves O' Gold, an elegant new pattern that blends perfectly with any decor. There are 10 other fashion patterns to choose from, plus 200 combinations of pastel and decorator colours.

Once more, Luxaflex brings you an exciting new trend in home decor—Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians! Now you can use the looks of latest fashion fabrics to add a "so right" final touch to your rooms. And Patterned Venetians stay forever fresh and fashionable—each design is delicately captured in a smooth, enamel finish that cleans at a touch. These are today's most fashionable window coverings, expressed in the most modern of materials—aluminium and plastic. With Tw-Nighter, you have perfect control of light and air . . . famous "not just dim but dark" closing . . . and that cosy privacy that means so much in family living. Love modern decor? Then you'll love new Tw-Nighter Patterned Venetians—at your authorised Luxaflex retailer now! For helpful hints on home decor, ask him for your free copy of the Tw-Nighter Colour Brochure.

Luxaflex® TWI-NIGHTER
the world's finest venetian blind

Look for this identifying seal of quality

Luxaflex TWI-NIGHTER

on every genuine Luxaflex Tw-Nighter.

® registered trade mark of Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd.

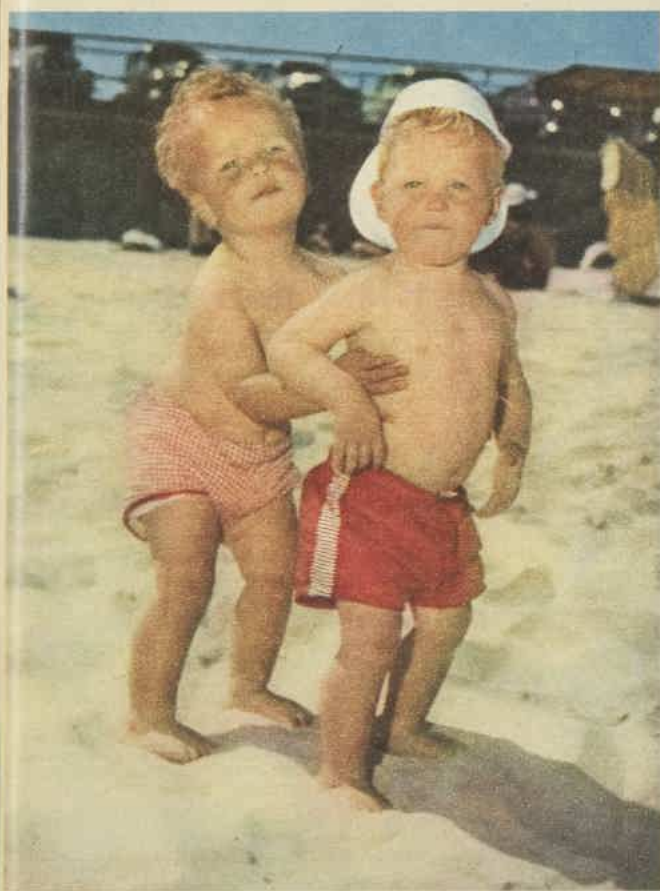
Page 38

HDV/7134/WWFPCR
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 18, 1961

Prizewinning babies at Bondi Beach

● The finalists in the £2910 National Baby Contest all had a free holiday in Sydney, where national judging took place. H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., co-organisers of the contest, paid expenses for the babies and their mothers. Pictures on this page and page 41.

BEACH INSPECTOR Alan Johnson, North Bondi, on Bondi Beach with national first prizewinner, Ian Braithwaite (Qld.), whose prize included £1005 and a £500 bursary.



PLAYING in the sunshine at Bondi are Ian Nash (left), of South Australia, who came second and won £405 in all, and Brett Lane, winner of the £250 State prize for Victoria.



SIX FINALISTS, each a £250 State prizewinner. At rear, Mr. Johnson holds Yvonne McKenzie, N.S.W., the third national winner, and (right) Warden Williams, captain of Bondi Lifesavers, holds Deborah Lawson (Tas.). From left Ian Nash, Ian Braithwaite, Brett Lane, Christine Le Boydre (W.A.). Yvonne won £355 in all.

Have you heard about Metrecal?

Metrecal

new pleasant way to control weight
without feeling hungry

Metrecal—original, medically-proven 900-calorie diet acclaimed by America and Europe as easiest, most effective of all time. Now available in Australia!

HERE is a factual report of a revolutionary new concept in weight control. Metrecal is a remarkable food concentrate—low in calories, yet with all the nutrition your body needs for health and vigour. Already Metrecal has been used by more people, more successfully, than any other weight-control product in the world; and now the one and only Metrecal is here in Australia for every man and woman who wants to achieve and maintain an active, healthy figure.

success from the start

Last year, in the laboratories of Mead Johnson & Company, one of the United States' leading pharmaceutical houses (and pioneers in the nutrition field) a research team produced a **complete food** that was still low in calories . . . and that would satisfy the appetite. **This was Metrecal.**

Before making an official announcement of their discovery, Metrecal was given to doctors and clinics to test under carefully supervised conditions.

All the results were the same: Users quickly achieved their desired weight . . . stayed in perfect health, didn't feel hungry.

When the new wonder food was released to the public, Metrecal was soon acclaimed by hundreds of thousands of American men and women as the **most effortless**, most pleasant way to control weight ever discovered. Its success in Europe has been equally overwhelming. Now Metrecal is here in Australia for you.

what is Metrecal?

Metrecal is a concentrated food in powder form. In balanced proportions, Metrecal contains high-grade protein, fat, carbohydrates, vitamins A, C and D, thiamine, riboflavin, niacinamide, pyridoxine HCl, calcium, panto-

thenate, vitamins E and B12, and minerals, calcium, potassium, sodium, phosphorus, iron, copper, manganese, zinc and iodine.

Each half-pound can is one complete day's food—900 calories. This amount of calories meets all your nutritional needs as you diet, but because it is one-half to one-third of the average person's daily calorie intake, it automatically forces the body to draw on its own fat supply, in this way burning up excess pounds.

Metrecal is so easy and convenient to use:

The powder is mixed with water and drunk as a liquid. You may mix a whole day's supply at once, and keep it in the refrigerator, or mix one glassful at a time.

In either case, you drink four glassfuls a day—at breakfast time, lunch, dinner and before going to bed.

METRECAL comes in 3 pleasant flavours to add variety to your diet: Plain, Chocolate and Butterscotch.

here's how the Metrecal diet works:

To begin with, one can of the powder is generally used as the complete day's meals, with no extras in between. You won't feel hungry. Metrecal satisfies the appetite—naturally—without drugs of any kind.



NUTRITIONALLY COMPLETE.. JUST MIX AND DRINK

When you have got down to your target weight, you can maintain your brand-new figure simply by substituting a glass of Metrecal for an occasional meal, and eating your usual meals at other times.

how effective is the Metrecal diet?

In clinical tests conducted by recognised physicians, people on a complete Metrecal Diet have reported weight adjustments ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ a pound a day to 18 pounds in 12 days. You can expect the same results!

Your physician is your best source of counsel and guidance in choosing your reducing programme.

Metrecal is at your chemist shop now.

Look for this 3-can "starter" pack containing Metrecal in 3 different flavours: Chocolate, Butterscotch and Plain. This gives you a full 3 days' supply.

Or, if you wish, buy a single can to begin with—one day's supply. The price of Metrecal is 12/6 a can, which means one complete meal costs you just a little over 3/-, far less than the ordinary low-calorie meal. Start now to control weight with Metrecal—the medically proven, low-calorie food that satisfies your appetite.

now available in Australia

Metrecal

DIETARY FOR WEIGHT CONTROL

ask your chemist.

Ask him for a copy of the free booklet, "Metrecal Weight-Control Guide," or write to:



Edward Dalton Company

(A DIVISION OF CHARLES McDONALD - MEAD JOHNSON, N.Y., LTD.)
Quality products from nutritional research

787 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W. TELEPHONE MX 1887



Begin your Metrecal diet with the 3-tin starter pack.

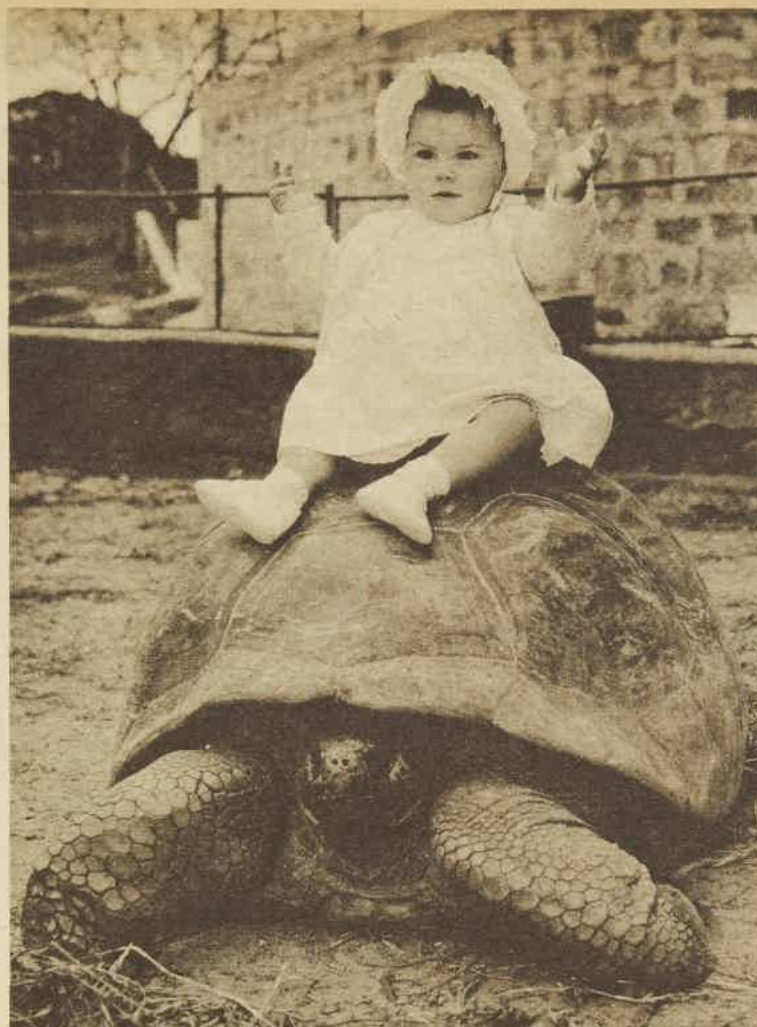
M/90

Prize babies visit the Zoo



PEEPING over a fence is Yvonne Alison McKenzie, N.S.W. winner (above).

STATE winner from Western Australia, Christine Le Boydre, rides a giant tortoise at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney.



CONTEST winner, Ian Braithwaite (above, centre), and runner-up, Ian Nash, make friends with a koala, held by Wendy Hallstrom. All pictures were taken at Taronga Park Zoo.

VICTORIA'S winner, Brett Lane (below), helps his mother, Mrs. Lindsay Lane, feed the wombat. Tasmania's winner, Deborah Lawson (right), watches them.



6 healthy champions—all growing up on HEINZ BABY FOODS



Every State winner in The Australian Women's Weekly National Baby Contest is a sturdy example of the benefits achieved through regular menus of Heinz Baby Foods. Why not put your baby on the road to health and happiness with the help of over 80 Varieties of Heinz Baby Foods including 8 new Heinz High Meat Dinners.



Over 1,000,000 young Australians have grown to healthy childhood on HEINZ, the most trusted and comprehensive range of Baby Foods in Australia.

This mother's champion baby

QUEENSLAND finalists and their mothers — from left, Mrs. G. Radley and son George (Townsville); Mrs. R. Braithwaite and Ian (Mackay); Mrs. R. Abraham and Michael (Townsville).



● Is there a "magic touch," a special instinctive talent, in a mother who rears a champion baby?

I ASKED that question of Mrs. Mavis Braithwaite, of Mackay, while she was still excited about the triumph of her son, Ian, first prize winner in the National Baby Contest. "No, of course not," Mrs. Braithwaite said. "I never thought of Ian as a potential champion, and, my goodness, both

he and I are going to have a lot to live up to.

"Everyone will expect him to act like a champion baby."

She laughed. "I quite expect other mothers to look at Ian and say, 'What so special about him?' He looks quite ordinary. But to me Ian's the best baby in the world."

"He never has been much trouble, except when he decided to arrive in the world at 2 o'clock in the morning. He was born in the Mater Misericordiae Hospital in Mackay."

Mrs. Braithwaite was a bank clerk before her marriage to accountant R. Braithwaite, and she didn't know much about babies.

"I read many books on baby care and many articles. Some of them contradicted each other, so I didn't follow any of them slavishly."

"I digested what seemed to be the important facts and used my own discretion."

"Fortunately, my mother lived near me so I've always been able to turn to her for advice."

"But I discovered that the main essential for a young mother is common sense."

Mrs. Braithwaite is a great believer in natural feeding if at all possible, and she fed Ian herself until the age of five months.

"But I have never allowed him to eat lollies, have soft drinks or biscuits," she says, "and he never seems to miss them."

"Ian is just as happy with plenty of fruit, vegetables, and orange juice, allow him sweet puddings, of course."

Mrs. Braithwaite didn't go on a special diet when she was having Ian. She ate

By

WINIFRED MUNDAY

usual hearty meals, but particularly enjoyed pineapple.

She did "a few" exercises before and after the birth, but says she would concentrate more on exercises if she had another baby.

"I think they would be a great help in an easier birth," she said.

The sisters at Mackay Baby Clinic were specially proud of Ian's success in the contest, for Mrs. Braithwaite's mother had taken her there when she was a baby.

Mrs. Braithwaite took Ian regularly for feeding advice, weight, and other checks once a week till he was twelve months, once a fortnight till he was fifteen months, and later once a month to be weighed.

So far Ian has escaped measles and chickenpox, but he has had several falls.

"One thing the young mother must learn is to learn not to worry too much about falls," said Mrs. Braithwaite. "I used to worry, but not now."

"I remember his first bad fall. I was working indoors, and suddenly I heard him falling down several stone steps leading from the laundry to the yard."

"I tore out in an awful fright. But there he was, crawling around large as life, without even a tear. They just seem to bounce!"

Ian now weighs just over 30lb. and is very lively—so lively that his mother thinks she will send him to a kindergarten in a year or so.

"I think a half-day at kindergarten is very good training."

"It helps them mix with other children, makes them less inclined to be selfish—especially when they are only children—and makes it less terrifying to go to full day school later."

Part of Ian's prize was a £500 education bursary, and the Braithwaites have decided to send him to his father's old school at Warwick when he is older.

Both parents are keen for Ian to take an active interest in sport. Mr. Braithwaite was an enthusiastic footballer, and both believe sport is good physical and mental training.



What assurance to know you can give

Bayer's Aspirin for Children with your doctor's blessing...

It's the dosage doctors recommend. Each tablet contains exactly $1\frac{1}{4}$ grains of aspirin—the precise dosage doctors prescribe for children! So when your youngster comes down with a headache, or the pains and fever of a cold, and has need for aspirin, you know you can give Bayer's Aspirin for Children with complete confidence.

And flavoured Bayer's Aspirin for Children is the highest quality aspirin you can buy for your child. It tastes so good, children take it without fussing. Children's Size Bayer's Aspirin Tablets are individually sealed in protective foil—prevents children from helping themselves. 24 Tablets, 2/6.



ADULTS who want safe, gentle-to-the-stomach relief from pain, pin their faith on BAYER'S ASPIRIN (5 gr. tablets). With amazing speed BAYER'S ASPIRIN soothes away headache, neuritis, neuralgia, toothache, sleeplessness and muscular aches—has you feeling better—fast. 24 tablets (sealed in foil), 2/-; bottle of 100 tablets, 6/6.

Give your child the Best—Flavoured BAYER'S Aspirin for Children

Give yourself the Best—BAYER'S Aspirin for Adults

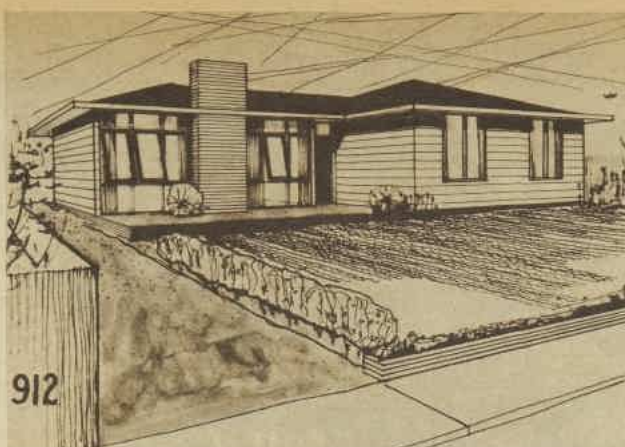


SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, STORES

BAYER PHARMA PTY. LIMITED, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

TIMBER HOUSE FOR THE LARGE FAMILY

● Home Plan No. 912 has four spacious bedrooms to suit a large family.



912

ONE of the bedrooms can be converted to a private study, sun-room, or bed-sitting room for guests.

The plan is suitable for a 66ft. frontage block, with a garage on the side of the house, or for a 60ft. block with a double or single garage built underneath.

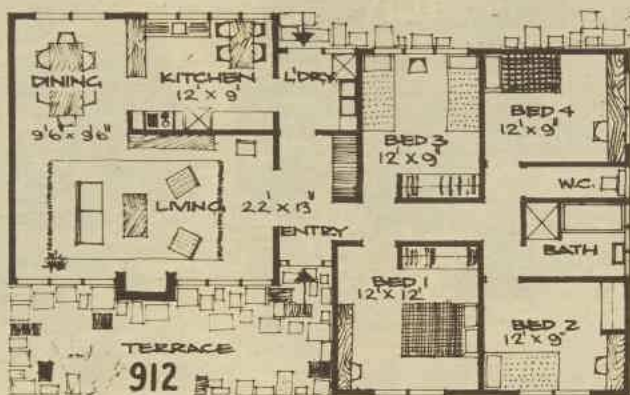
There is very little waste space in this home, as passageways have been reduced to a minimum.

A spacious living-room, 22ft. by 13ft., is combined with the dining area, but these rooms can be separated by sliding glass doors if desired.

In this plan, the laundry opens out into the service yard, but an alternative arrangement provides for the addition of a sewing nook in the laundry with the back entrance moved to another position.

This home is designed to be built in timber, and will cost £3900-£4400, and will be 12.8 squares.

These prices are approximate, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.



PERSPECTIVE sketch shows conventional design of this four-bedroom timber home.

FLOOR PLAN shows four spacious bedrooms and large combined living-dining area.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres are under the direction of experienced architects, and each Centre is supervised by qualified personnel, who will advise you on all your building problems.

Addresses of Centres

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre (Telephone J2311).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley (Telephone 50121).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Telephone 32044).

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Telephone X6111).

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle St. (Telephone W0200).

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins St. (Telephone 27221).

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Telephone 7733).

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney (Telephone, B0951, ext. 220).

15lbs.

first teeth...



...ready for

FAREX

Weaning age through toddler stage... your baby thrives best on Farex because Farex provides perfect balanced nourishment. Farex is a blend of selected cereals with important minerals and vitamins added. It is easily digested. And bonus for you. Farex needs no cooking. It's pre-cooked, ready to serve.

**FEED FAREX TILL FIVE
AND WATCH THEM THRIVE**
YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST RECOMMENDS FAREX

Choose Farex blended cereal
or Farex rice cereal.

Till they're ready for FAREX watch them grow on Glaxo.

Ask for the free Farex Weaning and Recipe Booklet

NO WET MATTRESS THIS MORNING..MUM!

Mothers appreciate "Proof-Matt", the underblanket proved by the Australian Wool Testing Authority to actually REPEL water! Babies are happier... healthier, too, because "PROOF-MATT" is warm in winter, cooler in summer, keeps mattress cleaner and sweeter than old-fashioned, cold, clammy rubber or plastic sheet. With "Proof-Matt" you simply shake, air and replace. When soiled, you just rinse in warm water!

ONLY 17/6
SLIGHTLY DEARER IN
SOME COUNTRY AREAS



INTRODUCE YOUR BABY TO THIS MOST
IMPORTANT WOOL DISCOVERY

proof-matt

WATER REPELLENT UNDERBLANKET

ALL PURE WOOL

ANOTHER FAMOUS WARRHAMBOOL PRODUCT

Prize recipes

● This week the £5 cookery prize is awarded for a cake recipe.

A CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED fruit dessert wins the £1 consolation prize.

Spoon measurements are level in these recipes.

TOFFEE CRUNCH CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 slightly rounded tablespoon golden syrup, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla, golden syrup; mix well. Sift flour, salt, and cinnamon 3 times and add to creamed mixture alternately with milk. Divide between 2 greased 7in. sandwich tins, bake in moderate oven 30 minutes. Cool, fill with cream. Top with icing, sprinkle with toffee crunch.

Toffee Crunch: Dissolve 1 cup sugar in 1 scant cup water, add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cook until syrup is amber color. Pour into tin. When set, crush.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Van Wensveen, 50 Hall Ave., Collaroy Plateau, N.S.W.

FRUIT PARISIAN

One cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4 fresh pears, 2 large bananas, 2 egg-yolks, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2oz. melted unsweetened chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup toasted slivered almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 tablespoon icing-sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon rum flavoring, chocolate.

Prepare a syrup by boiling the sugar, water, and half the vanilla essence together. Slice pears in half; peel, remove core. Poach pears in syrup until soft. Remove. Peel bananas, cut lengthwise, and then in half again. Cook bananas in syrup a few minutes until soft but not mushy. Drain and chill fruits thoroughly. Beat egg-yolks and extra sugar until light. Stir in melted chocolate and gradually add milk. Place over low heat, stir gently until thickened slightly (do not boil). Add remaining vanilla essence, chill in refrigerator. Place the poached pear halves cut side down in circle on platter, with stem ends towards centre. Spoon chocolate cream over each pear half. Between pears place banana sections, sprinkle with slivered almonds. Whip cream, add icing sugar and flavoring. Place on platter, sprinkle with grated chocolate.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss S. Elisabeth Brown, Brandon North, Qld.



Get a little glow on!

You can surf and sun all through the holidays and still keep your hair shining, healthy and beautiful—silky soft, easy to manage and delicately perfumed with Vitapointe of Paris.

Vitapointe protects hair against harsh summer sun and salt sea air by restoring the precious oil Nature manufactures in the scalp. Use Vitapointe daily to dress and condition your hair—the cream vanishes but what a glow remains!

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

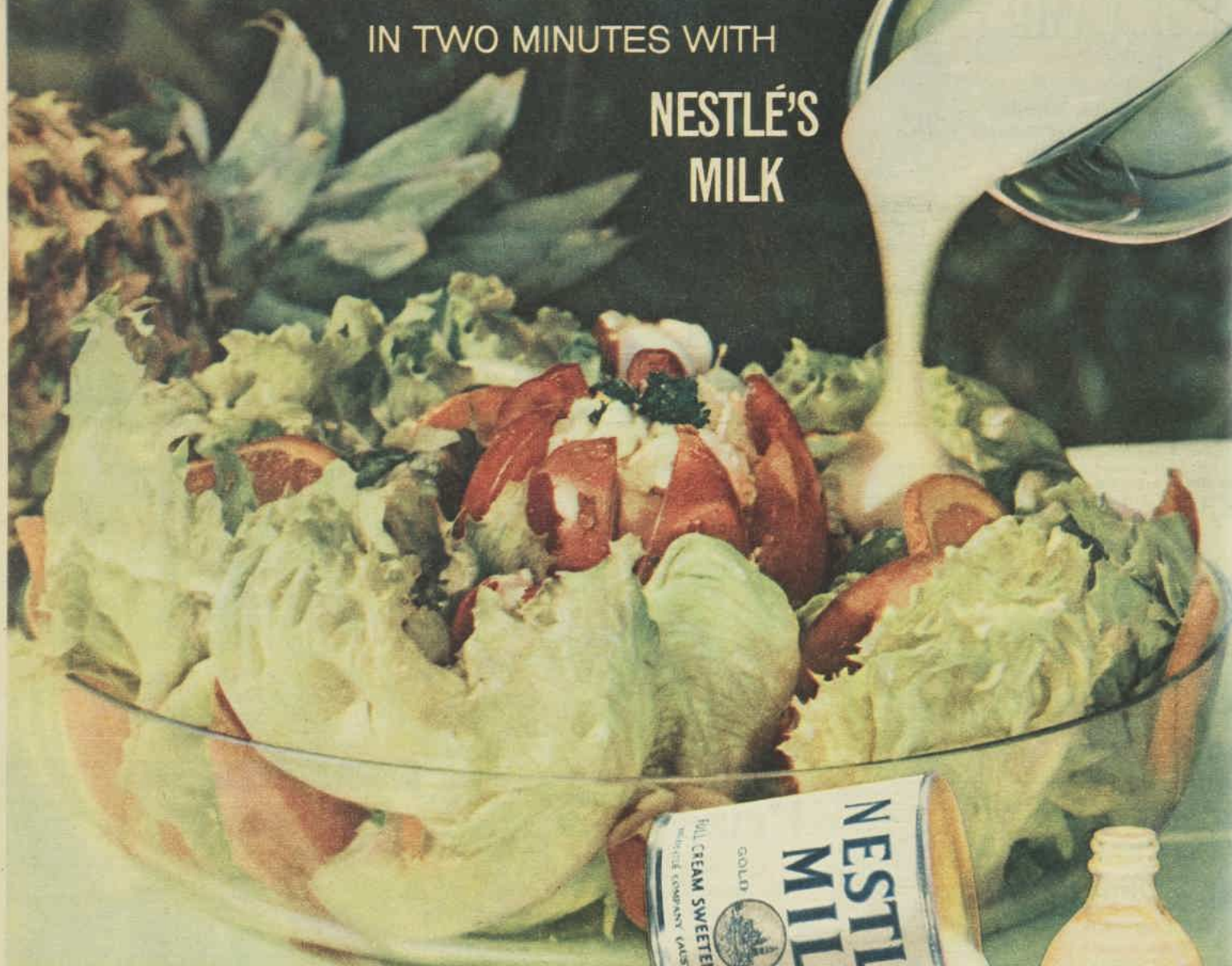
Vitapointe
OF PARIS

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER

MAYONNAISE MIXED TO YOUR OWN TASTE

IN TWO MINUTES WITH

NESTLÉ'S
MILK



**JUST USE
NESTLÉ'S MILK
KEEN'S MUSTARD AND
SEPPELTS VINEGAR
... MIX AND STIR
... THAT'S ALL!**

All you need: $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Seppelt's Vinegar; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard. Mix all the ingredients thoroughly and stir until mixture thickens.

Allow to stand for a few minutes to stiffen, then test for your individual taste. Unlike factory-made mayonnaise you can vary it to your own taste as much as you like. Deliciously different!



IT'S MARVELLOUS WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH NESTLÉ'S MILK!

Remember, it's milk and sugar all in one—perfect for “creaming” Nescafé, Ricory, cocoa or tea.

Debbie makes

PASSIONFRUIT TART TOPPED WITH FLUFFY MERINGUE

● This is Debbie's favorite tart—a crisp biscuit pastry with a passionfruit-flavored filling and a topping of meringue.

Pastry: Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 2oz. custard powder, 3 tablespoons sugar, 6oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons milk or water.

Sift dry ingredients into basin, rub in butter or substitute. Mix to firm dough with milk or water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out to ¼in. thickness and line 9in. pie-plate. Trim and decorate edge. Place round of greased paper in base of pastry-case, weigh down with rice. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove paper 5 minutes before end of baking to allow base to dry out.

Filling: Four ounces butter or substitute, 1½ cups sugar, 1½ cups water, 3 tablespoons cornflour, ½ cup lemon juice, pulp of 6 passionfruit, 2 egg-yolks.

Place butter, sugar, water, and cornflour (blended with lemon juice) in saucepan. Stir until mixture boils and thickens. Add passionfruit pulp, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in beaten egg-yolks. Cool, pour into pie-shell. Cool thoroughly.

Meringue: Two egg-whites, 4 tablespoons castor sugar, extra 2 tablespoons castor sugar.

Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add sugar, beating continually. Pipe on to top of pie, sprinkle with extra sugar, bake in slow oven until meringue is very lightly colored. Remove, cool. (SPOON MEASUREMENTS ARE LEVEL.)



TO PREVENT pastry crust rising while baking, place a piece of greased paper in centre and weigh down with rice or other dried seeds. Reserve, use again.



CAREFUL WEIGHING or measuring of ingredients is a most important point in obtaining consistently good results. Assemble all ingredients and equipment before commencing cookery.



COOL the filling mixture before carefully pouring it into cooked and cooled pastry-case. Spread evenly over base. Chill until filling is firm enough to support meringue without sinking.



USE PIPING-BAG and star-rose tube for piping meringue on top of filling. Sprinkling of extra castor sugar gives a firmer crust to outside of cooked meringue as well as an attractive glisten.



WHILE PASSIONFRUIT are easily obtainable, Debbie pours extra pulp over the meringue of her favorite summertime dessert. At other times of the year she substitutes tinned pineapple, strawberry, fruit salad, apricot, or peach for variety.

NEW for Baby Care

Johnson's COTTON BUDS



For Baby's Delicate
cleansing needs



New... hygienic ready-to-use Johnson's Cotton Buds are made specially for baby's safety... and your convenience... Can't slip, twist or come off.

- Baby Soft! Made of purest cotton, tight spun to stay firm.
- Baby Size! Just right for Baby's special needs.
- Baby Safe! The Johnson & Johnson name is your guarantee!

PRODUCT OF Johnson & Johnson



You Can Taste the
Difference

Only Vencatellum has that full, rich, spicy flavour. The big difference in flavour is worth the little difference in price. Buy only the best—

THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

MADE BY: P. VENCATELLELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA

Continuing... THE BANK THIEF

from page 29

"Because the books say the father should do it. It seems to me you could take a little more interest in whether your child is going to turn into a juvenile delinquent than in some silly thing you've got to do at the office. Just listen to what this book says about stealing."

She picked up one of those heavy books on child guidance, which her friend Marjorie made her buy for seven-fifty when my wife was worried about the kid's sucking his thumb, and started to read: "Childhood psychopaths supply the bulk of the adult criminal population. Stealing shows disturbed emotional relationships: if it isn't treated immediately, it can become a dangerous pattern for the future."

"Why don't you throw that damn book away?" I said. "So he stole a bank. Maybe he wants to save money. Isn't that a good sign? In twenty years, the banks are going to be stealing from him. Let him live while he's young."

"Very, very funny," she said, getting angry. "That's exactly the attitude I would expect from you. Here we have a chance to nip something in the bud, and the only thing you can come up with is wisecracks."

"Okay, okay," I said. "I'll make him take the bank back tomorrow. I'll take him with me, and I'll give him a lesson he'll never forget. Now will you unlock the door? After all, he stole the bank. I didn't."

She let me out of the room, and I went in search of the criminal. He was in the dining-room on all fours and was neighing and chewing on one of the legs of the table.

"I guess you could call him a horse thief," I said to my wife.

She didn't laugh, though I thought it was a pretty good crack.

When he saw me he came over and bit my ankle.

"Hello, Peppy," I said. "How's all the empty saddles on the old corral?"

He neighed twice.

"Say, old paint," I said, "how would you like to go out with me tomorrow?"

He jumped up on all fours. "Where?"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe we'll take in a few police stations, visit a prison, and that sort of stuff."

My wife kicked my ankle, the one my son had just bit into.

"Matter of fact, I have some shopping to do, and thought you might like to come along for the laughs."

"Okay," he said with joy. "Can I wear my cowboy hat?"

"Sure," I said, in the tone of a warden giving a condemned man a last request.

"Say, your mother says you have a new bank."

He looked at me warily.

"Can I see it?" I asked.

"Why?" he wanted to know.

"No reason. Just thought I might put a coin in it for good luck."

He brought it out from under the buffet, but he still looked very suspicious.

"That's a nice bank," I said. "Did Mommy buy it for you?"

He looked at his mother and, when he saw she wasn't going to help, he mumbled, "No. A lady gave it to me."

"Isn't that wonderful," I said. "What lady?"

He was trying to stay out of the trap. "The lady in the store where I went with Mommy this afternoon."

"What a nice lady she must be. I have an idea. Why don't we buy the lady a present and give it to her? If someone gives you a present, you should give her one in return."

"Oh, she wouldn't want a present," he said hurriedly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"She just wouldn't. I know." "Well, we'll see. We'll go over tomorrow morning and see if she wants one or not."

He dropped down again on all fours, and we couldn't get anything but neighs out of him for the rest of the evening.

The next morning I cancelled all appointments and got prepared for the ordeal. I had the bank in my pocket. My son claimed he had thought about it overnight and decided he didn't want to go shopping with me, after all.

I told him it was too late, and I needed him to help me carry the packages. He went along reluctantly and put his cowboy hat over his eyes so no one could see him.

I played it real cool. First I stopped at the tailor's to complain about a suit I had had cleaned. Then I looked at some cameras I had no intention of buying. Finally, I said, "Let's go over to the five-and-ten and see the nice lady who gave you the bank."

"She won't be there," he said quickly.

"How do you know?"

"I know," he said. "She told me."

"We'll stop in anyway, just to make sure," I said.

He kept protesting, but I dragged him along, and there wasn't much he could do about it.

FIRST I asked one of the salesgirls where they stole toy banks, and she indicated a counter that just happened to be next to the ribbon counter. There were two girls behind the toy counter.

"Do you see the nice lady?" I asked my son.

"No," he said. "Come on, let's go."

"Not so fast," I said. I took the bank out of my pocket and showed it to one of the girls.

"That will be twenty-five cents," she said.

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I don't want to buy it."

She looked at me blankly.

"You see, my son stole it yesterday and—"

"Your son?"

"Yes. He's right here." I turned around to indicate him, but he had disappeared. I started looking for him, still holding the bank.

The salesgirl shouted, "That will be twenty-five cents."

I was searching for my son and wasn't paying any attention to her. I ran up and down the aisles. Then I started for the door, but I was blocked by the manager and one of the stockroom boys.

The manager said, "Where do you think you are going?"

"I'm looking for my son," I said desperately. "He's a little fellow, and he's wearing a cowboy hat."

The salesgirl came rushing up. "He took the bank and didn't pay me for it," she said.

"I didn't take the bank," I said.

"Do you have a receipt for it?" the manager asked coldly.

"No," I said. "You see, my son stole it."

"Your son stole it?"

The salesgirl said, "His son didn't steal it. He stole it, Mr. Rogers. I told him it was twenty-five cents, and he started running away."

A crowd had gathered. On the edge of it I could see a tiny cowboy hat.

"You don't understand," I said. "My son stole the bank yesterday, and I was just bringing it back today to teach him a lesson."

The manager snickered.

The crowd was getting bigger, and I said, "Look, can't we talk this over in your office? This is rather embarrassing."

"Should I call the police, Mr. Rogers?" the stock boy asked.

"No," he said. "We'll all go to my office. Stay behind him, Robert, so he doesn't run away. All right, everybody, break it up."

I made a grab for my son and got his arm. As we started walking through the store I could hear people saying, "You would think if he was going to steal something he would leave his son at home," and "He was probably using the boy as a decoy." And one sympathetic lady said, "You would suppose a nicely dressed man like that could get a job."

We entered the manager's office—the manager, the two salesgirls from the toy counter, myself, my son, and the stock boy, who stood guard.

"Now, Miss Lane," the manager said, sitting behind his desk like Chief Justice Warren, "tell your story again."

She told it again, and her story was corroborated by the other girl.

Then he turned to me and said, "And what is your version?"

"My son," I said, "stole this bank from—"

"I did not," my son shouted.

"You did, too," I shouted.

"It's all right to admit it."

"Look who's talking," the stock boy said.

"That will be enough out of you, Robert," the manager said. "Continue."

"My son stole this bank yesterday. I brought it back today to show him it was wrong to steal and you had to pay for things. Don't you understand?"

"I've heard shoplifting stories before," the manager said, "but this beats them all."

"I'm not a shoplifter," I screamed. "Look, here's my Diners' Club card, my American Express credit card, my Hilton credit card. Would I be able to get all these cards if I were a shoplifter?"

The manager said, "How do I know you didn't steal these?"

I let out an oath, and the manager said, "That will be enough of that kind of language here."

"Look," I said, "I'll pay for the bank."

The manager said, "You're darn tootin' you'll pay for the bank. Now I'm going to tell you something, mister. The store doesn't like publicity, and I'm going to let you off this time, not because of you but because of your son, this little boy, who would be hurt for life if he saw you dragged off by the police."

He turned to my son. "Young man, I'm letting your father go because of you. You tell your mother what he did, and tell her that if she doesn't stop him from doing this sort of thing, your father is going to wind up in prison. Do you understand?"

My son nodded his head.

The manager said, "Now give me twenty-five cents, and if I ever see you again in this store, I'm going to call the police."

I gave the manager a quarter.

"Let him go, Robert," he said. "And don't forget. Stay out of this store."

The manager shook hands with my son, and I walked out with the boy.

"That's him," the girls said, pointing at me as we walked up the aisles. I tried to put my collar up.

When we finally got out into the street I found I was perspiring and my shirt was soaked.

The two of us, man and boy, walked along, and neither one spoke for several blocks. Then I finally said, "You're not going to tell Mommy, are you?"

He looked at me and said, "No, I won't tell Mommy."

I threw the bank into a garbage can, and then we went off to have an ice-cream soda.

(Copyright)



JUST RIGHT FOR NURSING MOTHERS

Ford Pills are the recommended laxative for nursing mothers: as Ford Pills will not cause spasm or pain, flavour natural milk, nor will they upset your baby. Ford Pills are so safe, so sure, so gentle, they are now recommended by those that know, when systems disturbed by pregnancy need a gentle nudge back to regularity. If having a baby has added extra pounds to your weight, follow the Ford Pill Diet Chart to help regain your former slender figure.

GET FORD PILLS
in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere. FIB

FORD PILLS



GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

Curlypet



Snappy Creations

NEW RELEASE OF U.S.A. VINYL-COATED

SNAPPY PRAM SHEETS, 12/6;

SNAPPY COT SHEETS, 17/11

Soft, luxurious Sanitized Terry Towelling won't crack, boilproof, odorless, allergy free, Safe, Soft, Flexible, Wet Proof.

Snappy Panties Pty. Ltd.

ST. KILDA, VIC.
Creators of Famous Baby Panties and Accessories

NOT THE SAME WITHOUT THE NAME



Positive relief from RHEUMATISM

Is within your grasp. tool People unable to lead normal lives, because of Rheumatic pain, find A.R. TABS soon have them walking and working easily. Quickly and efficiently A.R. TABS spread relief to all parts of the body stricken with Rheumatism. Buy today the positive Rheumatism relief—2/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

A.R. TABS

Start the Weekend well with

WEEKEND

1/- from your Newagent

DRAMA IN HONG KONG

SHOW
BUSINESS



ROD TAYLOR shares a romantic moment in "Hong Kong" with Joanne Moore. She's definitely not a steady. He shares similar moments with other ladies including France Nuyen, Inger Stevens, and Pat Crowley.

● Australian Rod Taylor, who left home to find fame and fortune in America in 1954, has become a weekly visitor to the homes of Australians in "Hong Kong."

But you'd never recognise the hard-faced American war correspondent of the TV shows as our Rod. His moustache and carefully brushed cow-lick have gone; he's thinner, and he's stopped using goo on his hair.

He's also smoother, more sophisticated, and more interested in pleasing himself rather than others, but he's a good actor in a good TV show.

Taylor visited Hong Kong some months ago to film key situations on location, but he is an untiring correspondent and travels extensively, getting stories in Saigon, Macao, and across the border of Red China, without ever leaving the studio in Beverly Hills.

—NAN MUSGROVE

ON THE SET as American war correspondent Glenn Evans.



9½% P.A.

10 YEARS

9% P.A.

4 YEARS

SHORT TERM RATES

8% P.A. 12 MONTHS NOTICE

7% P.A. 6 MONTHS NOTICE

6% P.A. 3 MONTHS NOTICE

5% P.A. 1 MONTHS NOTICE

INTEREST PAID QUARTERLY, FREE OF EXCHANGE

CAMBRIDGE CREDIT CORPORATION LIMITED

FIRST MORTGAGE DEBENTURE STOCK

RENEWAL INTEREST RATES apply to all investments FUNDS MAY BE WITHDRAWN in a personal emergency

For Prospectus, apply

ANY BRANCH OF THE BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES or

ANY MEMBER of a Recognised Stock Exchange or

The COMPANY'S OFFICES

Ground Floor, Cambridge House, 249 George Street, Sydney. Phone BU 5542

2nd Floor, 110-114 Collins Street, Melbourne. Phone 63-9358

Suite 53A, 5th Floor, T. & G. Building, Queen Street, Brisbane. Phone 24-509—26-981

Morton House, 5 Union Street, Newcastle West. Phone B 4601

Suite 110, 1st Floor, De Costa Building, 68 Grenfell Street, Adelaide. Phone 87-025

or the **UNDERWRITING BROKERS**

Ralph W. King & Yuill,

Members of the Sydney Stock Exchange

Corrie & Co.,

Members of the Brisbane Stock Exchange

Leonard G. May & Son,

Members of the Stock Exchange of Melbourne

BROKERS FOR THE ISSUE

S. C. WARD & CO.,

25 Grenfell Street, Adelaide.

Members of the Adelaide Stock Exchange

DONALD J. CARMICHAEL & CO.,

135 St. George's Terrace, Perth.

Members of the Stock Exchange of Perth

P. S. SHADFORTH & SON,

Commercial Bank of Australasia Buildings,

Cnr. Elizabeth & Collins Streets, Hobart

(Members of the Hobart Stock Exchange)

APPLICATIONS FOR DEBENTURE STOCK ACCEPTED ONLY ON ONE OF THE FORMS OF APPLICATION ATTACHED TO A PRINTED COPY OF THE PROSPECTUS.

CLIP and POST COUPON

Investment Manager
CAMBRIDGE CREDIT CORPORATION LIMITED,
Ground Floor, Cambridge House, 249 George St., Sydney.
Please send me without obligation, a copy of the Prospectus with Application Forms.

NAME

ADDRESS

WWS-1

TV's "top-drawer"

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSCROVE

• Arguments are always raging about what TV is best for. Tennis, boxing, golf, direct outdoor broadcasts of big news events, air pageants, historic occasions like Coronations, are all mentioned as contenders for the title.

I NEVER thought anyone in his right senses would nominate interviews as among the best TV, but John Freeman's recent "Face to Face" interviews with Dame Edith Sitwell and racing driver Stirling Moss deserve a place among anything cited as showing TV in its best and most absorbing guise.

Both interviews are part of the B.B.C. series being shown all over Australia by ABC-TV.

The Sitwell interview was out of this world. I am still wondering whether it was real, a dream, or a pantomime.

Dame Edith, got up regardless in the queer flowing clothes she wears and complete with a black tulle skull-cap surmounted with a kind of jewel-studded black tulle



STIRLING MOSS

sunburst, talked to Mr. Freeman.

Freeman is a really outstanding interviewer. He is sympathetic to his subject but firm, and probes away to get viewers a complete picture. He doesn't balk at any question.

In both the Sitwell and Moss interviews Freeman was just a voice, unseen except for an occasional glimpse of a seated man's back in silhouette.

He started the Sitwell interview by asking Dame Edith why she wore the sort of clothes she does.

I was entranced to find that she believes she is a throw-back to the first Elizabethan Era, and wears the clothes she does because "any other sort would make me look so queer people would wonder who and what I am."

She gets exactly the opposite effect.

Such a notable eccentric as Dame Edith is rich copy indeed for all journalists, whom, with the exception of Mr. Freeman ("I like talking to

you," she said), she described as impertinent.

Mr. Freeman went on unperturbed and garnered such things as the fact that Dame Edith ran away from home when she was five; that her parents disliked her looks so much they tried to get them altered by plastic surgery.

"It is really too terrible to talk about," she said. "Actually my father liked small gels with curls everywhere and, quite frankly, rather common."

Peacock pal

Her solace as a child was a close friendship with a peacock with which she used to walk in the garden.

"He used to fly to the window and call me and I'd go out. We walked up and down with arms round each other, except, of course, he didn't have arms. He used a wing."

For someone who said she abhorred publicity, Dame Edith revelled in her TV appearance. I'm sure televisioners did, too.

Freeman's Stirling Moss interview was the better of the two interviews.

Moss, no genius eccentric, has mental processes that match those of plain televisioners better than Dame Edith's.

Moss says he can't relax; sleeps only five or six hours a night; won't take a sleeping pill on principle, although he has great trouble going to sleep; worries a lot about all kinds of things.

He must be the world's only worrier who admits that he likes worrying.

"I enjoy it," he said.

Once again in this interview Freeman showed himself a master of his craft. He quizzed Moss about his fear of death, his belief in God, his divorce from his wife, his car-racing.

At times Moss was so honest and so absorbed in answering Freeman's question that I felt someone should rush in and tell him that he really was on TV.

I'm sure he'd forgotten about the cameras and the televisioners—which is, of course, another compliment to Mr. Freeman.

Adult panto

ONE of the most hilarious hours I've enjoyed on TV yet came from ABC-TV recently when they showed the Canadian-produced pantomime "Mother Goose."

Pantomimes aren't exactly my line of country. I outgrew them long ago—but not this kind.

"Mother Goose" has been rewritten by famous Canadian



DAME EDITH SITWELL

comedians Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster and it is really something.

If you are a staunch traditionalist you might not approve of what these two irreverent comedians have done with "Mother Goose."

Rewritten for adults and with extra characters added, it has a lot of go-on that never happens in a children's pantomime.

For fast-moving fun and inspired foolery that keeps

you glued to the set, I'll nominate it as one of the best TV hours of the year.

Westerns won

ACCORDING to a survey just published, more Americans watched "Gunsmoke" and "Wagon Train" than watched the famous debates between the Presidential candidates Kennedy and Nixon. Which only goes to show that the horse opera conquers all.

A luxury you can afford... only the taste is expensive!



HARRIS
fine Ceylon TEAS

There's no place for second best when it comes to buying tea. Serve HARRIS fine Ceylon teas and you'll be able to relax in the knowledge that your family and friends are enjoying the finest quality obtainable. HARRIS fine Ceylon teas have more flavour than any others you've tasted yet cost only one farthing more per cup! Yes indeed... HARRIS fine Ceylon teas are a luxury you can afford.

HARRIS TEAS
the finest Ceylonese blends
IN SYDNEY'S STRAND SINCE 1883 AND NOW
AT ALL LEADING STORES. ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Film on Baden-Powell

● One of Cecil B. De Mille's pet projects, which he was about to launch when his death occurred early last year, was that of a film biography of Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scout Movement.

THE project has not been forgotten. Henry Wilcoxon, De Mille's assistant on many biblical epics, has signed British screenwriter Sidney Box to write the screenplay for the film, which will be put into production late in 1961.

David Niven, whom De Mille himself wanted as Baden-Powell, is likely to be signed for the starring role.

★ THE COUSINS

Described by its 28-year-old writer-producer-director Claude Chabrol as a comic melodrama, this is a typical example of the talented, intuitive, and sometimes shallow work that is being produced by France's youthful group of New Wave directors.

The story follows the fortunes of a decent country lad (Gerard Blain, looking fascinatingly like Antony Armstrong-Jones) after he comes to Paris to share the flat of a sophisticated cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). Juliette Mayniel is the cool, off-beat girl. This is one film where you need to stay till the end. A.B.—Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . **CLEVER.**

Wilcoxon, who always had a hand in research for the late De Mille, has spent the past two years studying diaries and books about the famous "B-P," and has the permission of his widow to make the film, which will be shot in Britain.

NAMED best British film of 1960 by "Films and Filming," the influential English magazine, "The Angry Silence" is a double triumph for one of its players, Michael Craig, who wrote the original

story on which the screenplay is based. Richard Attenborough is the star. Shown at the Berlin Film Festival, the movie won three major prizes, including the International Critics' Award.

OLDER film-goers can look forward to seeing Rosalind ("Auntie Mame") Russell on the screen again in "Five Finger Exercise," which is to be produced by her husband, Frederick Brisson. Alec Guinness is to play

opposite Roz in this movie for Columbia release.

It looks like being "off again" for the "on again, off again" romance of veteran Fred Astaire and youthful dancer Barrie Chase. Just as it got to the point of people asking when would the marriage take place, Fred decided that he had been taking up too much of Barrie's time, and should give her the opportunity of mixing more with those of her own age.

played the role under U.S. Army orders, he fits easily into the part of an American serviceman training in Germany.

When the unit Casanova is suddenly transferred, Elvis is elected to make dancer Juliet Prowse fall for him, thus saving the bets placed on the absent great lover. Adults will view the outcome of his wooing of the sophisticated Miss Prowse as extremely unlikely. There are 10 songs from Elvis, two stunning dances from Juliet, a fair amount of lecherous G.I. comedy, and one quite delightful sequence between Elvis and a flirtatious girl-puppet.—A.B. Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word . . . **YOUTHFUL.**

New Films

★★ MAGIC BOY

This is a Japanese full-length cartoon, a Venice Festival winner, that can be enjoyed by adults as much as, or perhaps even more than, by children. The former will appreciate its quaint little boy-hero, who learns magic to outwit a wicked witch, its Disney-like animals, and the rough-and-tumble stuff with the bad brigands.

Adults will welcome the Japanese-style landscapes, the stylised figures, and its sometimes superior color and artis-

tic standards. It's a pity that the added American dialogue is so crude and corny, for it spoils the Japanese mood that is the film's biggest attraction.—A.B.—Palace, Sydney.

In a word . . . **PLEASING.**

★ G.I. BLUES

Elvis Presley has the lion's share of the camera, and not-too-strong male competition in a story neatly tailored to help him over the transition stage from rock-'n-roll idol to young adult. Having recently



... in an old uniform dyed as **NEW!**
New school uniforms are expensive these days, but wise mothers know that for a few pence, old ones can be made like new again. Renowned and reliable Gilseal dyes are suitable for all fabrics including synthetics. Use them to renew tunics, suits, stockings, blouses, shirts, skirts, frocks, and undies. Ideal for soft furnishings, linen, frocks, underwear and theatrical costumes.

GILSEAL DYES
Recommended by
4000 Guild Chemists
throughout Australia.



ALLY
IMPORTED
SALMON
"Best Value for Money"

Luxury designs in knitwear — **FREE** on every packet.

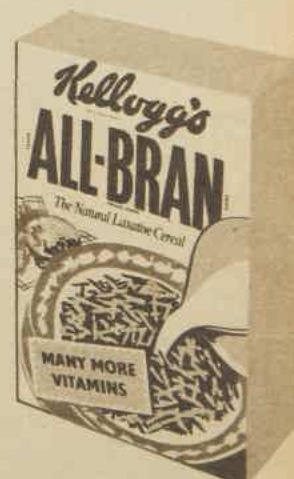
- Lady's Rib Cardigan.
- Man's Jet Sweater.
- Jacket for Boy or Girl.



Style-setting patterns with a touch of luxury for you and your family this coming winter. 8 easy-to-follow exclusive Patons and Baldwins knitting designs—Cardigans, Sweaters, Jackets, Twin-sets—setting a new horizon of luxury in knitwear design.

Look for these
exclusive patterns
on the back of every
ALL-BRAN packet

ALL-BRAN, Kellogg's delicious nut-sweet laxative cereal is Nature's way, the good food way to natural regularity. Reach for new health at breakfast tomorrow . . . reach for All-Bran! All-Bran now has added vitamins for good health and safe natural regularity.



REACH FOR NEW HEALTH WITH ALL-BRAN

ALL-BRAN IS A TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUST.) PTY. LTD.

K754



Mops up Moisture like Magic

XLO

Thicker SPONGE CLOTH

For washing and wiping . . . for splashes and spills
for misted mirrors and windscreen . . . keep XLO
spry. Available in thicker gay-coloured
sets, hygienically wrapped.



GIANT SIZE
and REGULAR

CLEAN POTS. PANS. TILES,
PEEL POTATOES, CARROTS....

with

Nifty Kate

Plastic
KITCHEN MIT



Available in four gay colours. *

LILIES TO GROW

● Four members of the arum family are featured here. Classed as herbaceous perennials, they grow from tuberous roots and do best in rich, damp places. Propagate by division in early autumn for winter - spring flowering.



● *Zantedeschia rehmannii* (above), the pink calla from Natal, is smaller and daintier than other varieties. Plant out corms during autumn.



● *Richardia africana*, the common white arum lily. This smaller type is known as Godfrey's variety. It is a favorite for bridal bouquets, has sweet scent.



● *Arum palaestinum* sanctum, or black calla, is a native of Israel and Syria. It multiplies rapidly in a cool, moist situation.



● *Arum italicum*, the green calla lily, gives an additional bonus to gardeners in the form of a brilliant summer offering of brilliant red berries.

"Stop it!" I said. "Does the right go with the cap?"

"Oh, yes. Everything goes with it, including Harold."

"I told him I wasn't sure because, something has happened to me, too. I've been hit by what you writers are always writing about. Love. I think you call it. I'm obsessed—or call it what you like—about Johann."

"Johann? Your farm hand?"

"He's really our farm man—Lucy said, and then laughed. 'Not that it matters! Because I'd feel the same way about him if he were nobody. And the awful thing is he feels the same way about me.'"

"Why is that so awful?"

"Because—You know what Johann's really nuts about? Being an American."

"You mean, becoming a citizen?"

"More than that! He's utterly possessed to be what he calls a real American, and that means—guess what?—making a million dollars!"

"What an old-fashioned notion!" I said.

"Oh, it isn't just the money. It's the power that goes with it. Johann says Americans are the most powerful people on earth today, and he's figured out it's because we're all rich. I keep telling him it isn't true, but it's no use. I've begged him to stay here—we could have a really good life running the farm and actually he loves it."

"But, oh, no, he's got to be somebody important, and now he's got some car agency in New York, and asked me to marry him, but—"

"He asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, but not really. Not now. I mean. What he wants is for us to be engaged till he makes that million or is on the way to it—and heaven knows how long that will be!"

"Aren't you willing to wait?"

"Look," she said, "I'm twenty-seven years old. How much time can I afford to spend waiting? Oh, I'd decided to do it—I told Johann I'd wait for him—because he's so positive he'll succeed! But now Harold's come

Continuing . . .

GLAMOROUS STRANGER

from page 33

through with an offer and he's a perfectly good man."

"What will happen when you tell Johann about Harold? Or won't you tell him?"

"Oh, yes, I will. But it won't change Johann! He's so sure about everything. He's got it all worked out—we're engaged and that's that. But a real American doesn't take a wife till he can support her, so Johann's going to New York and start making money, while I sit here and wait."

"Does Harold know about Johann?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He was surprisingly understanding. Said he thought Johann was a handsome-looking man, and he could see why any woman might be attracted to him. But Harold said I'd be crazy to marry him, that it would never work out, and that anyway he thought Johann was a phony. I jumped on him for that."

"Which man will you choose?" I asked.

Lucy said, "How much choice have I got? I feel as if I were caught between two forces—one a kind of dream and the other terribly real. When that happens, which wins?"

"Usually the reality," I said. "Yes," she said, "I think so, too." And she sighed audibly as she looked towards the dim shape of Harold's yacht.

When Jane and I got home that night we exchanged information. I told her what I'd learned from Lucy, and my wife told me that Harold was worried over Lucy's infatuation with Johann. "Harold kept saying he was sure that Johann was a phony, that if he really were the Baron von Altmann he'd prosecute that other man for using his title."

"How did Harold know about the other man?"

"Priscilla must have told him. She told us how Johann said he'd gone to a restaurant in

New York and run into his father's caretaker's son?"

"Yes," I said. "The restaurant was the Cafe Hapsburg. I remember that."

"So does Harold," Jane said. "That's why he's driving down to New York tomorrow to see if he can find Ernst and have a talk with him."

The following week Jane rushed into my room and said, "Come on. Priscilla wants us right away. Hurry!"

It was a two-mile drive out to the Hobbs' place, and Jane had ample time to tell me what Priscilla had told her.

"Harold's come back from New York, and he's got the real Baron von Altmann with him. They're at Priscilla's, and she wants us there as buffers, because Lucy absolutely doesn't believe in Harold's baron and is furious with Harold, and they're all waiting for Johann to come home."

"Where is Johann?"

"Out delivering milk."

"A healthful occupation," I said, "and a useful one." I thought how a man's ambition often could blind him to what is useful and good.

HERE was Johann wanting to be rich and important, when he might have married Lucy and settled down to a life of country virtue, raising children, building up his dairy herd, and supplying milk to the countryside.

Who, then, in Lymington would have cared whether Johann had or had not been born an authentic baron?

I said all this to my wife and asked, "What do you suppose is really eating Johann?"

"I don't know," Jane said. "But I think it's something deeper than just a desire to be what he calls a real American. He's too intelligent to believe that Americanism means simply having money. No, it's

some other urge, some compulsion. I can't name it, but I can sense it—and we're about to find out what it is."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, I imagine there's going to be a showdown, and in a showdown people have a way of revealing their true selves."

When we rolled into Priscilla's driveway we saw three figures standing on the side lawn with their backs towards us. They were the widow Hobbs, Lucy Hobbs, and Harold and they were all facing the gardener's cottage. I stopped the car and Jane and I got out, but no one heard us approaching till Jane said, "Priscilla! Here we are!"

And then they all began to talk at once, telling us that Johann had come home, that he was now closeted in the gardener's cottage with the real baron and that the real baron wasn't real at all! He was just Harold's baron—a pure fake whom Harold had fetched from New York to annoy Johann, who was the real baron.

So I said, "Well, let's go and find out what's what—or who's who!"

Priscilla said: "I agree!"

But Harold said to her, "No. Let's wait till the baron calls us." To me, he said, "This so-called Johann is the son of an old von Altmann family retainer. I promised the baron that he could deal with his double alone."

Lucy said, "Well, I haven't promised anybody anything!"

Harold caught her arm, but she jerked it free and went almost running down the path towards the cottage.

We reached it just as Lucy snatched open the front door, and we all followed her into its living-room. Johann was standing with his back to the mantel.

Tall, slender, dressed in his work clothes, and with his fair coloring he made a figure

To page 52

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 63. Fashion Frocks may be inspected, or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



"ANNETTE"—Sheath frock with tied collar and self-material belt. Material is sundek linen in pink, lilac, turquoise, white, black, and royal-blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/1/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/5/-. Postage 5/- extra.

Cut-Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/9/6. Postage 5/- extra.

ROBINSON'S Baby Rice Cereal

THE PRE-COOKED WEANING FOOD IN POWDER FORM

Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal is specially made as a weaning food for babies. It is pre-cooked rice in powder form, containing vitamins and minerals to provide easily assimilated nourishment essential for your baby's strength and growth. In Australia this Robinson's baby food is proving itself as popular as it has been in the United Kingdom for many years.

FOR STURDY GROWTH AND CONTENTED FEEDING When your baby is ready for weaning, an all-milk diet ceases to be satisfying, and this is the time to introduce Baby Rice Cereal.

Babies love the delicious creamy flavour of this nourishing baby cereal, which provides in easily digestible form, the variety needed during the weaning period.

READY IN AN INSTANT

Baby Rice Cereal is prepared in an instant by simply stirring it into warm (boiled) milk.

TODDLERS, TOO!

Toddlers, too, thrive on Robinson's Baby Rice Cereal. They love it sprinkled on their food, or made up into the special recipes given on the pack.

Send for a free trial sample of Baby Rice Cereal to Reckitt & Colman (Aust.) Ltd., Box 2515, G.P.O., Sydney.

ROBINSON'S

Baby Rice Cereal

NOW ALSO AVAILABLE

- ★ Robinson's Baby Oats Cereal
- ★ Robinson's Baby Mixed Cereal
- ★ Triple Pack containing all three Robinson's Baby Cereals



Make the most of your magical eyes



Judith Aden
does it at magical prices

Judith Aden's sensational new "magic wands" bring out eye beauty you never dreamed you had. Try them this week for a dramatic change in your make up!



Judith Aden's
PROPELLING
EYE
SHADOW

The exciting new way to give your eyes depth and sparkle. Easy-to-use 6 lovely shades.

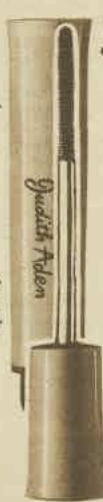
4'6



Judith Aden's
AUTOMATIC
EYEBROW PENCIL
AND EYE LINER

Brings new expression to eyebrows and lower edge of eyelids. Just right for your handbag. propelling 4 shades.

4/-



Judith Aden's
"LASH-MAGIC"
ROLL-ON
MASCARA

Lovelier lashes with such ease. It separates the lashes and helps curl them, 6 fashion shades.

5/-

JUDITH ADEN "EVEN GLOW"

EYE SHADOW

Six lovely colours in the one pretty compact. Use any colour or combinations to suit your make up.

2'11



JUDITH ADEN
MASCARA

Tube Mascara with brush applicator in handy plastic case for handbag. 3 shades. 3'6



Judith Aden

You just cannot buy better... whatever you pay.

ONLY AT

WOOLWORTHS

Continuing GLAMOROUS STRANGER

from page 51

sharply contrasting with that of the stucky, well-dressed, dark-haired man who stood facing him. Both men turned towards us when we entered, and I saw Johann, as he looked at Lucy, draw a deep breath.

But it was the dark man who spoke. "Mr. Humphrey! You had promised me I should question this—this impostor alone!"

"Yes, I know," Harold said. "But circumstances have arisen over which I have no control."

"He means me," Lucy said. "Johann, do you want to tell us what this is all about?"

"Yes," Johann said. He looked at the stranger. "This creature I have known all my life; he's the man I told you I met in New York who was pretending to be me. I made him promise to stop his masquerade, but now it seems he went on with it, doing fairly well, he tells me, as a gambler, gigolo, and interior decorator."

"But he never had a chance to reach the top social level—where the big money is—till he met Mr. Humphrey, who offered to sponsor him in return for a favor."

"The favor was to expose you as a faker!" Harold said.

"And so he came here," Johann went on, ignoring Harold, "to try to bribe me not to expose him."

"A lie!" said the dark man. But Johann, watching him closely, went on, "That's why he wanted to see me alone—so he could offer me a share of the money he expects to make out of Mr. Humphrey's sponsorship. He had to have my consent, you see, because he planned to operate openly as the Baron von Altmarm."

The stucky, dark man laughed. He was completely at ease as he faced us. "All a lie," he said.

"Then you're sure you're the real baron?" the widow Hobbs asked a bit shrilly.

"Dear lady, I am sure."

"There you are," Harold said, twirling his cap.

"He's Ernst Otto," Johann said, "the son of Josef, my father's caretaker."

Lucy Hobbs stepped forward. "Well, Mr. Otto?" she said.

"You had got the name just wrong; it is the other way around. Your employee here is Otto." The dark man shrugged his shoulders. "But frankly I am surprised that he tries to deny it. I did not expect anything so bold—so I did not bring with me my papers of identity. I will go back to New York and get them from my safe-deposit box." Here he turned and started out.

"Lucy! Shut the door!"

The command came from Johann. Before any of the rest of us could move, Lucy had darted across the room, reached the door, and slammed it shut.

"What is this?" the dark man asked her coolly. "Do we play some game here?"

"Ask Johann," the girl said, and across the room Johann said, "No, not exactly." He had reached up and taken from their pegs on the wall the two swords that had hung over the mantel. We all stared at him. Then he swiftly crossed the room and held out both weapons to the dark man.

"Choose one," he said.

"You are crazy!"

"Now wait! Let's everybody keep calm!" This was Harold speaking, and Priscilla said, "Johann, have you gone crazy?"

Johann turned to look at her. He was smiling. But there was about him an air of gravity, of hauteur.

He said, "My identity has been questioned, Mrs. Hobbs. It is all I possess, so I must prove it beyond doubt. No man of my house ever grew up with-

out learning to fence. I've had lessons since I could first hold a foil. So if this man here is me—then he must be at least as skilful as I am!"

He turned to the dark man. "I'm sure you remember these family heirlooms. You once had them in your possession, I believe. Take one. If you're the Baron von Altmarm, you'll know how to use it."

"But these are not foils; they're real swords!"

"You can't fight a duel in here!" shrieked the widow Hobbs.

But Lucy said, "Just don't kill him, Johann."

"I'll try not to," Johann said, "for old times' sake. After all, he used to steal food from my father's kitchen."

"For that I'll kill you," yelled the dark man, and grabbing one of the swords swung it viciously at Johann's head.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty."

— Job 5:17.

Job, whom God had allowed to be stripped of all his possessions and loved ones, can, in the midst of his troubles, see the wise hand of God.

Johann ducked and came up with the other sword poised in his hand. The widow shrieked again. Harold shouted something about keeping calm and my wife clutched my arm, because it seemed impossible that Johann could escape the other's savage charge. That wild, slashing assault compelled Johann to retreat in a circle of which Harold and the widow and Jane and I were the centre.

We revolved with the fighters, though Johann didn't appear to be fighting at all. He seemed hardly to move his blade. Yet there was a constant ringing clatter that I realised was the sound of steel hitting steel.

Then somehow the circling movement was reversed, and Priscilla and Harold and Jane and I had to turn the other way, because Johann was forcing his adversary backward; and all at once the duel was over. The dark man's weapon flew out of his hand and went skittering across the floor. He gasped and made a dash towards Lucy, still guarding the door.

Somehow Johann had got in front of the dark man and was driving him back with a dazzling exhibition of sword-play. He wasn't attacking his defenceless enemy; he was simply moving him away from the door.

And then suddenly the superlative performance turned human, turned comic. For Harold had rushed in to the rescue of his panting protegee and was slapping bravely with his yachting cap at Johann's flicking blade. Whereupon Johann, with a flick of his wrist, ran his sword through the gold-braided cap and so snatched it from its owner's hand.

Then Johann wheeled and pressed his sword point gently against the dark man's chest.

"Now," he said, in the silence that had fallen on us all, "tell them the truth."

And the other, breathing

hard, said sullenly, "It is true. I am Ernst Otto. He is the Baron von —"

"All right. Now go outside and wait for me. I may have an honest job to give you," Johann said; then turning to the widow, "I hope you're satisfied that I am myself, Mrs. Hobbs!" And then, turning to Harold, the victor thrust out his sword on which still hung the yachtsman's skewered headgear. "Your cap, Mr. Humphrey," Johann said.

Across the room, Lucy Hobbs laughed. She tried to smother her laughter, but Harold had heard it. With dignity, he plucked his cap from Johann's blade and walked out behind the departing Otto. "Well!" breathed Priscilla Hobbs. "At least no one got killed!"

"Yes—excuse me—some one did," Johann spoke so forcefully that we all looked at him. "The one killed was the Baron von Altmarm, Mrs. Hobbs. It was his ghost that I fought with, not poor Ernst Otto. For years this ghost has haunted me, wanting me to prove his importance."

"I tried to forget him when I came to this country. But it was he who urged me to go to New York, to become rich and successful—to be in America the equivalent of a foreign aristocrat! It was this titled snob inside me who would not let me rest till I had proved his noble existence!"

"And now that I've done so, he no longer troubles me! The Baron von Altmarm is dead, and I don't even mourn him, for he's as useless, as obsolete, as this sword in my hand!"

For a moment there was silence. Then, from the door, Lucy said, "What did you mean, Johann, about giving that Otto man an honest job?"

Johann said to her, "I thought we could use another hand on this place, if we're going to increase our business." The look on Lucy's face was something to see.

So there you have a true account of the so-called duel fought recently on the Hobbs place in Lynton and I hope it will stop all the tongue-wagging caused by that affair. However, knowing that my fellow townsmen usually prefer gossip to history I doubt that the tongues will be stopped.

For instance, on the church steps after Lucy's wedding, as she was departing on the arm of Johann, her husband, I heard one female guest murmur to another, "He's a baron, and they say the widow Hobbs wanted to put his crest on the labels of their milk bottles. But Lucy said no, that that would be undemocratic."

"And they say Priscilla Hobbs was furious, because as long as Lucy didn't take that millionaire—you know, the one with the yacht?—why, she might at least get some out of her husband's title. And personally I think the widow's right, it would be good business, and anyway, sometimes I think we're getting much too democratic in this country."

But my wife, Jane, said, when I reported this morsel of gossip to her, "Being democratic isn't the point, as far as Johann is concerned. What happened to him—and what made Lucy marry him, I'm sure—is something much bigger than just going democratic. I'm glad I was there when it happened, because I thought it was thrilling, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said. "But what precisely did you think was so thrilling?"

"Why, darling," Jane said, "to watch a man discover that he couldn't be anything more important than a man!"

(Copyright)

"Go to work, Ada 'Arris," she said to herself, and thereafter on her afternoons and evenings off, and in every moment of her spare time, she initiated a systematic run-through of the Geo. and G. Browns listed in the telephone directories of Manhattan, Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond.

Although she might have done so and saved herself a lot of time and energy, Mrs. Harris refused to descend to anything so crude as ringing up the scattered Browns on the telephone and asking them if they had ever served in the U.S. Air Force in Great Britain and married a waitress by the name of Pansy Cott. Instead, she paid them personal visits, sometimes managing to check off two or three in a day.

Familiar with the London tubes, the New York subway systems held no terrors for her, but the buses were something new again, and, used to London civility, she soon found herself embroiled with one of the occupational neurotics at the helm of one of the north-bound monsters who, trying to make change, operate his money-gobbling gadget, open and close doors, shout out street numbers, and guide his vehicle through the tightly packed lanes of Yellow Cabs, limousines, and two-toned cars, bawled at her to get to the rear of the bus or get off, he didn't care which.

"Is that 'ow it is?" Mrs. Harris snapped at him. "You know what would happen to you if you spoke to me like that in London? You'd find yourself fat in the middle of the King's Road, that's what you would."

The bus driver heard a not unfamiliar accent and turned around to look at Mrs. Harris. "Listen, lady," he said, "I been over there with the Seebies. All them guys over there gotta do is drive the bus."

Injustice worked upon people of her own kind always touched Mrs. Harris' sympathy. She patted the driver on the shoulder and said, "Lor' love you, it ain't no way to speak to a bdy, but it ain't human either for you to be doing all that—I'd blow up myself if I had to. We wouldn't stand for that in London, either—trying to make a bloomin' machine out of a human being."

The driver stopped his bus, turned around, and regarded Mrs. Harris with amazement. "Say," he said, "you really think that? I'm sorry I spoke out of turn, but sometimes I just gotta blow my top. Come along, I'll see that you get a seat."

He left the wheel, quite oblivious to the fact that he was trying up traffic for twenty blocks behind him, took Mrs. Harris by the hand, edged her through the crowded bus, and said, "O.K., one of you mugs, get up and give this little lady a seat. She's from London. Whadda-you want her to do—get a lousy impression of New York?"

There were three volunteers. Mrs. Harris sat down and made herself comfortable. "Thanks, ducks," she grinned at the driver said, "O.K., Ma?" and went forward to his wheel again. He felt warm inside, like a Boy Scout who has done his good deed for the day. This feeling lasted all of ten blocks.

In a short while Mrs. Harris both saw and learned more about New York and New Yorkers and the environs of its five boroughs than most New Yorkers who had spent a lifetime in that city.

There was a George Brown who lived near Fort George in Upper Manhattan not far from the Hudson, and for the first time Mrs. Harris came upon the magnificent view of that stately river, with the sheer walls of the Jersey Palisades

Continuing . . .

rising opposite, and through another who dwelt near Spuyten Duyvel she learned something of this astonishing, meandering creek which joined the Hudson and East Rivers and actually and physically made an island of Manhattan.

A visit to another Brown at the exactly opposite end of Manhattan, Bowling Green, introduced her to the Battery, that incredible plaza overwhelmed by the skyscrapers of the financial district, at the end of which the two mighty arms of water—East and North Rivers as the Hudson is there called—merged into the expanse of the Upper Bay with such sea-going traffic of ocean liners, freighters, tugs, ferry-boats, yachts, and whatnot afloat as Mrs. Harris could not have imagined occupied one body of water. Not even through Limehouse Reach and the Wapping Docks back home was water traffic so thick.

FOR the first time in her life Mrs. Harris felt dwarfed and overpowered. London was a great, grey, sprawling city, larger even than this one, but it did not make one feel so small, so insignificant, and so lost. One could get one's head up somehow. Far up in the sky, so high that only an aeroplane could look down upon them, the matchless skyscrapers, each with a flag or a plume of steam or smoke at its peak, filled the eye and the mind to the point of utter bewilderment. What kind of a world was this? Who were these people who had reared these towers?

Through the canyons rushed and rumbled the traffic of heavy drays, trucks, and gigantic double lorries with trailers, taxi-cabs beeped their horns, policemen's whistles shrilled, the shipping moaned and hocted—and, in the midst of this stood little Ada Harris, of Battersea, alone, not quite undaunted.

In the district surrounding 135th Street and Lenox Avenue, known as Harlem, all the Browns were chocolate colored, but nonetheless sympathetic to Mrs. Harris' quest. Several of them had been to England with the Army or Air Force and welcomed Mrs. Harris as a reminder of a time and place when all men were considered equal under Nazi bombs, and color was no bar to bravery. One of them, out of sheer nostalgia, insisted upon her having a pink gin with him. None of them had married Pansy Cott.

Via several George Browns who lived in the Brighton district Mrs. Harris became acquainted with the eastern boundary of the United States, or rather, at that point, New York—the shore with its long, curving, green combes rolling in to crash upon the beaches of that vast and raucous amusement park—Coney Island.

There the Brown she was tailing that day turned out to be a barker at a sideshow. A tall fellow in a loud silk shirt, straw boater, with piercing eyes that held one transfixed, he stood on a platform outside a booth and shouted down a precis of the attractions within to the passing throngs.

Mrs. Harris' heart sank at the thought that such a one might be the father of little Henry. Yet in the vulgarity of the amusement park she felt not wholly out of place, for with the cries of the barkers, the snapping of rifles in the shooting gallery, the rushing roar of the thrill riders and the tinny cacophony of the carousel music it reminded her of Battersea Festival Gardens, or any British fun fair, doubled.

MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 31

Between spiels George Brown, barker, listened to her story with attention and evident sympathy, for when she had finished he said, "It ain't me, but I'd like to find him and punch him one on the nose. If you ask me, he married the girl and took a powder. I know a lot of guys like that."

Mrs. Harris defended little Henry's father vigorously, but the barker remained sceptical. He said, "Take my advice, ma'am, and don't trust none of them G.I.s I know them."

Mr. Brown had never been in England, but his grandmother had been English and this formed a bond between Mrs. Harris and himself. He said, "Would you like to come back and see the show?"

Mrs. Harris went home after an interesting evening, but no nearer finding the man she sought, though the barker promised to keep an eye out for him.

She learned to like many parts of Brooklyn, where her search took her, for the older and quieter portions of this

the day of Mrs. Harris' arrival, and the sharp-eyed little char had noted the unusual name painted on the pilot house of the tug, and had remembered it.

Those Browns, too, were fascinated by the saga of the deserted boy and Mrs. Harris' quest for his father. The upshot was that Captain Brown invited Mrs. Harris to come aboard his tug and he would take her for a waterborne ride around Manhattan Island.

This she accepted with alacrity, and thereafter was sailed beneath the spans of the great East River bridges, past the glass-walled buildings of the United Nations to look with awe upon the triple span of the Tri-boro Bridge, thence over into the Hudson River and down the Jersey side, passing beneath the George Washington Bridge and afforded the view unsurpassed of the cluster of mid-town skyscrapers—a mass of masonry so colossal it struck even Mrs. Harris dumb, except for a whisper, "Lor' humme, yer carn't believe it even when you see it!"

This turned out to be one of the red letter days of her stay

laundry men, brokers, rich men, middle-class men, laboring men, for she had added the City Directory to her telephone list.

She rang the doorbells in every type and kind of home in every metropolitan neighborhood, introducing herself with, "I hope I ain't disturbin' you. My name's 'Arris—Ada 'Arris—I'm from London. I was looking for a Mr. George Brown who was in the American Air Force over there and married an old friend of mine, a girl by the name of Pansy Cott. You wouldn't be 'im, would you?"

They were never the one she sought, but in most cases she had to tell the story of the desertion of little Henry, which almost inevitably fell upon interested and sympathetic ears, due as much to her personality as anything else, so that when she departed she had the feeling of leaving another friend behind her, and people who begged to be kept in touch.

Few native New Yorkers ever penetrated so deeply into their city as did Mrs. Harris, who ranged from the homes of the wealthy on the broad avenues neighboring Central Park, where there was light and air and the indefinable smell of the rich, to the crooked downtown streets and the slums of the Bowery and Lower East Side.

She discovered those little city states within the city, sections devoted to one nationality—in Yorkville, Little Hungary, the Spanish section, and Little Italy down by Mulberry Street. There was even a Chinaman and lived on Pell Street in the heart of New York's Chinatown.

Thus in a month of tireless searching the George Browns of the metropolitan district provided her with a cross-section of the American people, and one which confirmed the impression she had of them from the soldiers they had sent over to England during the war. By and large they were kind, friendly, warm-hearted, generous, and hospitable. They were all so eager to be helpful, and many a George Brown promised to alert all the known others of his clan in other cities in aid of Mrs. Harris' search. So many of them had an appealing, child-like quality of wanting to be loved.

SHE discovered about them a curious paradox: on their streets they were filled with such hurry and bustle that they had no time for anyone, not even to stop for a stranger inquiring the way—they simply hurried on unseeing, unhearing. Any who did stop turned out to be strangers themselves. But in their homes they were kind, charitable, neighborly, and bountiful, and particularly generous hosts when they discovered that Mrs. Harris was a foreigner and British, and it was warming to her to discover that the Americans had never forgotten their admiration for the conduct of the English people during the bombing of London.

But there was yet something

further that this involuntary exploration of New York did for Mrs. Harris. Once she lost her awe of the great heights of the buildings to which she was frequently whisked sickeningly by express elevators that leapt thirty floors before the first stop, as well as the dark, roaring canyons they created of the streets, something of the extraordinary power and grandeur, and in particular the youth of this great city, and the myriad opportunities it granted its citizens to flourish and grow wealthy, impressed itself upon her.

This and her glimpses of other cities made her glad that she had brought little Henry to this country. In him, in his independence of spirit, his cleverness, resourcefulness, and determination, she saw the qualities of youth-not-to-be-denied visible on all sides about her in the great city.

For herself it was indeed all too much as scene piled upon scene—Mid-town, East Side, West Side, New Jersey, Long Island, Westchester—and experience with these friendly, overwhelming Americans, but it was not a life to which she could ever adapt herself. Little Henry, however, would grow into it, and perhaps even make his contribution to it, if he might only be given his chance.

And this, of course, was the continuing worry, for none of this brought her any closer to the conclusion of her search. None of the George Browns was the right one, or could even so much as give her a clue as to where or how he might be found.

And then one day it happened, but it was not the who succeeded—it was none other than Mr. Schreiber. He came home one evening and summoned her to his study. His wife was already there, and they were both looking most queer and uneasy.

Mr. Schreiber cleared his throat several times ostentatiously, and then said, "Sit down, will you, Mrs. Harris." He cleared his throat again even more portentously. "Well," he said, "I think we've got your man."

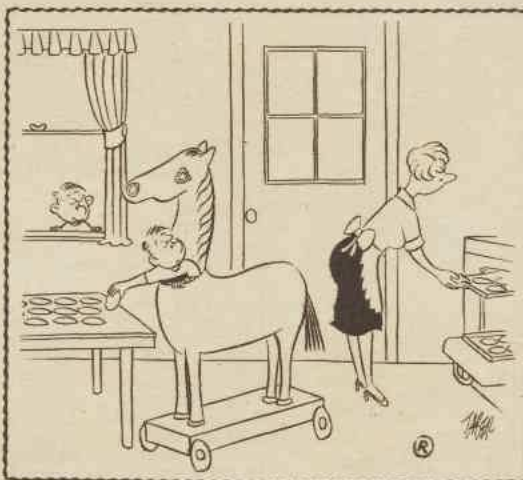
At this abrupt and though not wholly unexpected but still startling piece of news, Mrs. Harris leapt from the edge of the seat she had taken as though propelled by the point of a tack, and cried, "Blimey—ave you? 'Oo is he? Where is he?"

But Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber did not react to her excitement and enthusiasm. Nor did they smile. Mr. Schreiber said, "You'd better sit down again, Mrs. Harris; it's a kind of a funny story. You'll want to take a grip on yourself."

Something of the mood of her employers now communicated itself to the little charwoman. She peered at them anxiously. She asked, "What's wrong? Is it something awful? Is 'e in jyle?"

Mr. Schreiber played with a paper-cutter and looked down at some papers on his desk before him, and as Mrs. Harris followed his gaze she saw that it was U.S. Air Force stationery similar to the kind she had received, plus a photostatic copy of something. Mr. Schreiber then said gently, "I think I'd better tell you, it's—ah—

To page 54



borough on the other side of the East River, where the brownstone houses stuck against the side of one another, as like as peas in a pod for block upon block, sometimes shaded by trees, reminded her somewhat of London far away across the sea.

Since she took the Browns as they came in alphabetical order, one George she found was a ships' chandler who lived over his shop on the waterfront of the Lower East Side. Here again she was an infinitesimal speck in the grand canyons of the downtown skyscrapers, but standing on the cobbled pavement by the docks that smelled of tar and spices, she looked up to the great arches and wondrous spiderweb tracery of the Brooklyn and Williamsburg Bridges, across which rumbled electric trains and heavy traffic with such a shattering roar that it seemed to be the voices of those vast spans themselves shouting down to her.

On a visit to the Staten Island George Browns via the Staten Island Ferry, Mrs. Harris found one of them to be a tug-boat captain working for the Joseph P. O'Ryan Towing Company, in command of the twin diesel-engined tug Siobhan O'Ryan, who was just leaving to go on duty as Mrs. Harris arrived.

Captain Brown was a pleasant, brawny man of some forty-odd years, with a pleasant wife half his size, who lived in a cheerful flat in St. George not far from the ferry landing. They had once had something in common, for the Siobhan O'Ryan had been one of the tugs which had nursed the Ville de Paris into her berth

in America, but of course it was not the right Mr. Brown either.

There was a George Brown in Washington Square who painted, another in the garment district of Seventh Avenue who specialised in "Ladies' Stylish Stouts," yet another in Yorkville who operated a delicatessen and urged Mrs. Harris to try his pickles—free—and one who owned a house in the refined precincts of Gracie Square, an old gentleman who reminded her somewhat of the Marquis and who, when he had heard her story, invited her in to tea. He was an American gentleman of the old school who had lived in London for many years in his youth, and wished Mrs. Harris to tell him what changes had taken place there.

She found Browns who had been airmen in the war, and soldiers, and sailors, and marines, and many of course who had been too young or too old to fill the bill.

Not all were kind and patient with her. Some gave her a brusque New Yorkese brush-off, saying, "Whaddaya trying to hand me about being married to some waitress in England? Get lost, will ya? I got a wife and t'ree kids. Get outta here before you get me in trouble."

Not all who had been to London were enamoured of that city, and learning that Mrs. Harris came from there said that if they never saw that dump again it would be too soon.

She interviewed Browns who were plumbers, carpenters, electricians, taxi drivers, lawyers, actors, radio repairmen,

WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE SURGICAL STOCKING

Scholl ELASTIC YARN SOFT-GRIP

It's a pleasure to wear these surgical stockings. Double-expansion mesh, so soft yet strong, gives perfect support to varicose veins. It's seamless, unobtrusive, cool, light, ventilated. Soft-Grip ribbed top and instep ensure supreme comfort for any length of leg—no ridge, no bulkiness, no constriction. All fittings. From Chemists, Stores, Surgical suppliers, Scholl Depots.

ALSO • SCHOLL NYLON SOFT-GRIP • SCHOLL NYLON MESH



Guess who had a Weet-Bix breakfast this morning?

Three golden-brown Weet-Bix biscuits give young and old a full measure of hearty eating enjoyment. Made with essential Vitamin B₁, enriched with pure malt, Weet-Bix is a wonderfully balanced health food. Just as important, it is — weight for weight — today's top breakfast value!

"Cavalcade of Cars" Album Released! Costs only 6d, at grocers . . . tells you all about 50 new popular cars. Free coloured picture plates for your album in every packet of Weet-Bix and all other Sanitarium breakfast cereals.

WEET-BIX

Australia's most popular
breakfast biscuit



Continuing . . .

MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 53

I'm afraid, someone we know. It's Kentucky Claiborne."

Mrs. Harris did not receive the immediate impact of this statement. She merely repeated, "Kentucky Claiborne little 'Enry's dad?" And then, as the implications of the communication hit her with the force of an Atlas missile, she let out a howl: "Ow! What's that you say? 'Im little 'Enry's dad? It can't be true!"

Mr. Schreiber eyed her gravely and said, "I'm sorry. I don't like it any better than you do. He's nothing but an ape. He'll ruin that swell kid."

Waves of horror coursed through Mrs. Harris as she, too, contemplated the prospect of this child who was just beginning to rise out of the mire falling into the hands of such a one. "But are you sure?" she asked.

Mr. Schreiber tapped the papers in front of him and said, "It's all there in his Air Force record — Pansy Cott, little Henry, and everyone."

"But 'ow did you know? 'Oo found out?" cried Mrs. Harris, hoping that somewhere, somehow, a mistake would have occurred which would nullify this dreadful news.

"I did," said Mr. Schreiber. "I should have been a detective—I always said so — like Sherlock Holmes. I got a kind of a nose for funny business. It was while he was signing his contract."

Mrs. Schreiber said, "It was really brilliant of Joel." Then her feelings got the better of her, and she cried, "Oh, poor, dear Mrs. Harris, and that poor, sweet child. I'm so sorry."

"But I don't understand," said Mrs. Harris. "What's it got to do with 'is contract?"

"When he signed it," said Mr. Schreiber, "he used his real name, George Brown. Kentucky Claiborne is just his stage name."

But there was a good deal more to it as Mr. Schreiber told the story and it appeared that he really had displayed acumen and intelligence which would have done credit to a trained investigator.

It seemed that when all the final details were settled and Kentucky Claiborne, Mr. Hyman, his agent, Mr. Schreiber and the battalions of lawyers for each side gathered together for the signing of the momentous contract and Mr. Schreiber cast his experienced eye over it, he came upon the name "George Brown," typed at the bottom and asked, "Who's this George Brown feller?"

Mr. Hyman spoke up and said, "That's Kentucky's real name—the lawyers all say he should sign with his real name in case some trouble comes up later."

Mr. Schreiber said that he felt a queer feeling in his stomach—not that for a moment he suspected that Claiborne could possibly be the missing parent. The qualm, he said, was caused by the contemplation of how awful it would be if by some million-to-one chance it might be the case.

They went on with the signing then, and when George Brown alias Kentucky Claiborne thrust his arm out of the sleeve of his greasy black leather jacket to wield the pen that would bring him in ten million dollars, Mr. Schreiber noticed a number, AF28636794, tattooed on his wrist.

Mr. Schreiber had asked, "What's that there number you've got on your wrist, Kentucky?"

The hillbilly singer, smiling somewhat sheepishly, had replied, "That's mah serial number when I was in the Air Force. Ah could never remember it nohow, so Ah had it tattooed."

With a quick wit and sangfroid that would have done

credit to Bulldog Drummond, the Saint, James Bond or any of the fictional international espionage agents, Mr. Schreiber had committed the serial number to memory, written it down as soon as the ceremony was over and he was alone, and had his secretary send it on to Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon Building in Washington.

Three days later it was all over: back had come the photograph of the dossier from the Air Force records, and Mr. Kentucky Claiborne was unquestionably the George Brown who had married Miss Pansy Amelia Cott at Tunbridge Wells on April the 14th, 1930, and to whom on September the 2nd a son was born, christened Henry Semple Brown.

To make matters completely binding, a copy of the fingerprints was attached and a photograph of an irritable-looking G.I. who was incontrovertibly Mr. Kentucky Claiborne ten years younger and minus his sideburns and guitar.

Mrs. Harris inspected the evidence while her mind slowly opened to the nature and depth of the catastrophe that had suddenly overwhelmed them. The only worse thing that could befall little Henry than to be brought up in the poverty-stricken, loveless home of the Gussets was to be reared by this ignorant, selfish, self-centred boor who despised everything foreign, who had hated little Henry on sight, who hated everything and everyone but himself, who cared for nothing but his own career and appetites, and who now would have a vast sum of money to splash about and cater to them.

MRS. HARRIS in her romantic fancy had envisioned the unknown, faceless father of little Henry as a man of wealth who would be able to give the child every comfort and advantage; she was shrewd enough to realise that unlimited wealth in the hands of such a person as Claiborne would be deadlier than poison, not only to himself but to the boy.

And it was smack into the fire of such a situation and into the hands of such a man that Mrs. Harris was plunging little Henry after snatching him from the frying pan of the horrible Gussets.

If only she had not given way to the absurd fancy of taking little Henry to America. With the ocean between, he might still have been saved.

Mrs. Harris left off inspecting the document, went and sat down again because her legs felt so weak. She said, "Oh, dear — oh, dear!" And then, "Oh, what are we going to do?" Then she asked hoarsely, "Ave you told 'im yet?"

Mr. Schreiber shook his head and said, "No, I have not. I thought maybe you'd want to think about it a little. It is you brought the child over here. It's really not up to us. It is you must decide whether you will tell him."

At least it was a breathing spell. Mrs. Harris said, "Thank you, sir, I'll have to fink." got up off her chair and left the room.

When she entered the kitchen Mrs. Butterfield looked up and gave a little scream. "Lor love us, Ada," she yelled, "you're whiter than yer own apron. Something awful appened?"

"That's right," said Mrs. Harris.

"They've found little 'Enry's father?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Harris.

"And 'e's dead?"

"No," wailed Mrs. Harris, and then followed it with a string of very naughty words.

"That's just it — 'e ain't. 'E's

alive. It's that (further string of naughty words) Kentucky Claiborne."

Into such depths of despair was Mrs. Harris plunged by what seemed to be the utter irretrievability of the situation, the burdens that she had managed to inflict upon those who were kindest to her, and the mess she seemed to have made of things, and in particular of the life of little Henry, that she did something she had not done for a long time — she resorted to the talisman of her most cherished possession, her Dior dress. She removed it from the cupboard, laid it out upon the bed and stood looking down upon it, pulling at her lip and waiting to absorb the message that had to give her.

Once it had seemed unattainable and the most desirable and longed-for thing on earth. It had been attained, for there it was beneath her eyes, almost as crisp and fresh and frothy as when it had been packed into her suitcase in Paris.

Once, too, the garment had involved her in a dilemma which had seemed insoluble and yet in the end had been solved, for there it was in her possession.

And there, too, was the ugly and defiling scar of the burned-out velvet panel and beading which she had never had repaired, as a reminder of that which she knew but often forgot, namely, that the world and all of which it was composed — nature, the elements, human — were inimical to perfection and nothing really ever wholly came off. There appeared to be a limitless number of flies to get into people's ointment.

The message of the dress could have been read: was something hard enough and work for it, and you'll get it, but when you get it it will either prove to be not wholly what you wanted, or something will happen to spoil it.

But even as her eyes rested upon the garment which she had once struggled so valiantly to acquire, she knew in her heart that these were other values, and that they simply did not apply to the trouble in which she now found herself.

In the dilemma which had arisen at the last moment and which had threatened collapse to the whole adventure of the Dior dress, she had been helped by someone else.

In this dilemma which faced her now, whether to turn a child she had grown to love over to a man who was obviously unfit to be his father, or send him back to the horrors of his foster parents, Mrs. Harris knew that no one could help her — not the Schreibers, certainly not Mrs. Butterfield, or even Mr. Baywater, or her friend the Marquis.

She would have to make the decision herself, it would have to be made quickly, and which ever, she knew she would probably never have another moment's quiet peace in her own mind. That's what came of mixing into other people's lives.

For a moment as she looked down upon the mute and inanimate garment it appeared to her almost shoddy in the light of the work and energy it had cost her to acquire it. It was only she who had felt pain when the nasty little London actress to whom she had lent the gown in a fit of generosity one night, had returned it to her, its beauty destroyed by her own negligence and carelessness. The dress had felt nothing.

But whichever she did with little Henry Brown, whether she revealed him to this monstrously boorish and selfish man as his son, or surrendered him to the hateful Gussets, little

To page 56

Live the way you'd love to live...



FABULOUS FOODARAMA

This is the most thrilling development made in refrigeration. Kelvinator have planned every exclusive Foodarama feature with **you** in mind. They have given you a true 14.2 cubic feet of storage space, including a giant 68 lbs. Freezer. It's like having a supermarket right in your own kitchen! Now you can take a lifelong vacation from de-

frosting—exclusive Cyclic Defrost does it all automatically. Waist-level crispers end stooping and bending forever. You'll love the way the giant, full-width Fruit and Utility Basket lifts out so easily.

And that beautiful Pantry Door! Compartments for butter, cheese, eggs, bacon and fruit juices.

Next time you're near your Kelvinator retailer,

call in and see the beautiful range of 6 models. There's one just right for your needs, from as little as 129 gns. Whatever model you choose... be it a fabulous Foodarama or a streamlined Space-Saver, you'll get more—**much more** for your money! See Kelvinator—and live the way you'd love to live.

Choose **Kelvinator** for Better Living

REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • ROOM AIR CONDITIONERS • WASHERS • RADIO • TELEVISION

Henry would be feeling it for the rest of his life — and so would Ada Harris. There were many situations that a canny, bred-in-London char could by native wit and experience be expected to cope with, but this was not one of them. She did not know what to do, and her talisman provided no clue for her.

The dress broadcast superficial aphorisms: "Never say die; don't give up the ship; if at first you don't succeed, try, try again; it's a long lane that has no turning; it is always darkest before the dawn; the Lord helps those who help themselves." None of them brought any real measure of solace, none of them solved the problem of a life that was still to be lived — that of little Henry.

She even saw clearly now that she had over-emphasised — others would have called it over-romanticised — the boy's position in the Gusset household. Had he actually been too unhappy? Many a boy had survived kicks and cuffs to become a great man, or at least a good man. Henry had had the toughness and the sweetness of nature to survive.

Soon he would have grown too big for Mr. Gusset to lap up any further, he would have had schooling, vocational perhaps, got a job, and lived happily enough in the environment into which he had been born, as had she and millions of others of her class and situation.

SHE became overwhelmed suddenly with a sense of her own futility and inadequacy and the enormity of what she had done, and, sitting down upon the bed, she put her hands before her face and wept. She cried not out of frustration or self-pity, but of love and other-pity. She cried for a small boy who it seemed, whatever she did, was not to have his chance in the world. The tears seeped through her fingers and fell on to the Dior dress.

Thereafter, when she had recovered somewhat, she rejoined Mrs. Butterfield and far, far into that night and long after little Henry had gone to sleep blissfully unconscious of the storm clouds gathering over his head, they debated his fate.

All through the twistings and turnings of arguments, hopes, fears, alternating hare-brained plans and down-to-earth common sense, Mrs. Butterfield stuck to one theme which she boomed with gloomy reiteration, like an African drum: "But, dearie, 'e's 'is father, after all," until Mrs. Harris, almost at her wits' end from the emotional strain

Continuing . . . MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 54

brought on by the revelation, cried, "If you say that once more, Vi, I'll blow me top!" Mrs. Butterfield subsided, but Mrs. Harris could see her small mouth silently forming the sentence, "But 'e is, you know."

Mrs. Harris had been involved in many crises in her life, but never one that had so many facets which tugged her in so many different directions, and which imposed such a strain upon the kind of person she was and all her various natures.

Taken as only a minor example of the kind of things that kept cropping up, she had sworn to get even with Kentucky Claiborne for striking little Henry; but now that Mr. Claiborne — or rather, Mr. Brown — was little Henry's father, he could hit him as much as he liked.

From the beginning Mrs. Harris had set herself stonily against doing what she knew she ought to do, which was to turn little Henry over to his blood and legal father and wash her hands of the affair. The Schreiber had given her the way out. By not telling Claiborne and leaving the matter up to her they had indicated their sympathy and that they would not talk — only they, she and Mrs. Butterfield would ever know the truth.

But what then would become of the boy? Bring him back to the Gussets? But how? Mrs. Harris had lived too long in a world of identity cards, ration cards, passports, permits, licences, a world that in effect said you did not exist unless you had a piece of paper that said you did. Little Henry existed officially in a photostat of the American Air Force records, a London birth certificate, and nowhere else.

He had been illegally removed from Britain, and had even more illegally entered the United States. She felt in her bones that if they tried to get him back the same way they had brought him over they would get caught. She would not have cared for herself, but she could not do it to her already sorely tried friend, Violet Butterfield.

Keep little Henry to themselves secretly? Even should they with Mr. Schreiber's help succeed in getting him back to England — not very likely — the unspeakable Gussets were but one wall removed from them. True, they had not kicked up a fuss over the kidnapping. Obviously there had not been a peep out of them, or Mrs. Harris would have heard via the police. But with little Henry back they would most certainly claim him, for he had his uses as a drudge.

She saw likewise how fatally wrong her fantasy had been about little Henry's parents. It was not Pansy Cott who was to blame, but George Brown — mean, ignorant, vengeful, and intrinsically bad. Pansy had simply used her nut and done the child a good turn when she refused to accompany her husband to America. Unquestionably, Brown had just not sent her any money for the support of the child.

Yet a decision would have to be made and she, Ada Harris, must accept the responsibility of making it.

Most deeply painful, and overriding every other consideration, was the love — feminine, human, all-embracing — that she felt for the boy, and her deep-seated wish to see him happy. She had let her life become inextricably entangled with that of the child, and now there was no escaping from it. Like all people who play with fire, she knew that she was in the process of getting herself badly burned.

And through all her arguments, deliberations, and medi-

tations, Mrs. Butterfield boomed her theme: "But love, after all, 'e is the father. You said how 'appy 'e'd be to 'ave 'is little son back, and 'ow 'e'd soon enough take 'im away from the Gussets. 'E's entitled to 'ave 'im, ain't 'e?"

This was the bald, staring, naked, unavoidable truth whichever way one twisted, squirmed, or turned, and the documents in Mr. Schreiber's hands put the seal on it. George Brown and Henry Brown were united by the ties of blood. So now, at four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Harris gave in.

She breathed a great sigh and said with a kind of humility that touched the other woman more than anything in their long friendship, "I guess you're right, Vi. You've been more right through all of this all along than I have. We'll tell Mr. Schreiber in the morning."

And now Mrs. Harris' battered, tired, and sorely tried mind played her a dirty trick, as so often minds will that have been driven to the limit of endurance. It held out a chimera to her, a wholly ac-



ceptable solace to one who was badly in need of it.

Now that the decision was made, how did they not know that under the softening influence of a little child, George Brown — Kentucky Claiborne would not become another person? Immediately and before she was aware of it, Mrs. Harris was back again in that fantasy land from which practically all of her troubles had sprung.

EVERYTHING suddenly resolved itself: Claiborne-Brown had cuffed little Henry when he had thought him an interfering little beggar, but his own son he would take to his bosom. True, he had belittled his scorn of Limeys — the boy was only half a Limey, the other at least fifty per cent. of one hundred per cent. American Brown.

All of the old day-dreams returned — the grateful father overjoyed at being reunited with his long-lost son, and little Henry brought to a better life than he had ever known before, and certainly this would be true from a financial standpoint; he would never again be hungry, or ragged, or cold; he would be for ever out of the clutches of the unspeakable Gussets; he would be educated in this wonderful and glorious country, and would have his chance in life.

As for George Brown, he needed the softening influence of little Henry as much as the boy needed a father. He would succumb to the charm of the boy, give up his drinking, reform his ways in order to set his son a good example, and

thus become twice the idol of American youth he already was.

The convictions grew upon Mrs. Harris that she had fulfilled the role of fairy god-mother after all. She had done what she had set out to do. She had said, "If I could only get to America I would find little Henry's father." Well, she had got to America, she had found the child's father — or at least had been instrumental in his finding — the father was a millionaire as she had always known he would be. "Then dry your tears, Ada Harris, and still your worries, and write at bottom of the page, 'Mission accomplished,' smile, and go to bed."

It was thus the treacherous mind lulled her and let her go to sleep without ever so much as dreaming what awaited her on the morrow.

George Kentucky Claiborne Brown was waiting uneasily in Mr. Schreiber's study in the penthouse, whither he had been summoned, the next afternoon after lunch, and this uneasiness increased as Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber entered the room to-

Kentucky set his jaws. "What if Ah am and what if Ah did?"

Mr. Schreiber, who appeared to be enjoying himself — indeed, he now relinquished the role of detective and was seeing himself as Mr. District Attorney — said, "On the 14th April, 1940, you married a Miss Pansy Amelia Cott in Tunbridge Wells, while you were still in the Air Force, and approximately five months or so later a son was born to you, christened Henry Brown."

"What?" shouted Kentucky. "Man, oh man, are you real crazy? You're just nothin' but off. Ah never heard of any of those people."

Mrs. Harris felt as though she were taking part in a television play, and that soon she would be called upon to speak her lines, lines that in anticipation of this scene she had rehearsed to herself and thought rather effective — slightly paraphrased from films and stories she remembered.

While Mrs. Harris was going over this speech and clinging to her fancy to the last, Mr. Schreiber uncovered the papers on his desk, and Kentucky, attracted by the rustle, looked over and saw the photostatic copy of his Air Force record, plus the photograph of himself. It cooled him off considerably. "Your serial number in the Air Force was AF28636794, like it's tattooed on your wrist," said Mr. Schreiber, "and your record up to the date of your discharge is all here, including your marriage and the birth of your son."

KENTUCKY glared at Mr. Schreiber and said, "So what? What if it is? What business is that of anyone? Ah deeevced the woman — she was a no-good slut. It was all done legal and proper in accordance with the laws in the State of Alabama, and Ah got the papers that say so. What's all this about?"

Mr. Schreiber's interrogation continued as inexorably as his fancy told him it should. "And the boy?" he asked. "Have you any idea where he is or what has become of him?"

"What's it to you? And why don't you mind your own business?" Kentucky snarled. "Ah signed a contract to sing for your lousy network, but that don't give you no right to be askin' no personal questions. Anyway, Ah deeevced the woman legal and proper, and contributed to the support of the child. Last I heard of him he was bein' looked after by his mother and gittin' along fine."

Mr. Schreiber put down the papers, looked across his desk, and said, "Tell him, Mrs. Harris."

Thus taken by surprise and thrown an entrance cue entirely different from the one she had expected, Mrs. Harris went completely up in her lines and blurted out, "It's a lie! 'E's 'ere — this is 'im right 'ere sitting next to me."

Kentucky's jaw dropped and he stared over at the three, with the child in the middle, and yelled, "What? That little foreigner?"

Mrs. Harris was on her feet in a flash, ready for battle, her blue eyes blazing with anger. "E's your flesh and blood, like it sez in those pypers, and I brought 'im to you all the way over 'ere from London."

There was one of those silences during which father looked at son, and son looked at father, and between them passed a glance of implacable dislike. "Who the devil asked you to?" Kentucky snarled.

"Nobody asked me," she said. "I did it on me own. The poor little tyke was bein' beaten and starved by them 'orrid Gussets. We could hear 'im through the walls. I said to Mrs. Butterfield, 'If his dad in

America knew about this 'e wouldn't stand for it, not for a minute' — Mrs. Butterfield here gave a corroborative nod — 'he'd want 'im out of there in a flash.' So here we are. Now what 'ave you got to say to that?"

Before he could reply something that might have been a printable from the twist that his mouth had taken, Mrs. Schreiber, who saw that Mrs. Harris was floundering and things getting out of hand, interpolated quickly, "Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield live right next door to these people — the Gussets — they were the foster parents — that is to say, Henry's mother boarded the child with them after she was married, and when the money stopped coming in and they couldn't find her they began to abuse the child."

"Mrs. Harris couldn't bear it and brought him over here to you. She is a good woman and had the best interests of the child at heart and —" here she suddenly realised that her explanations were sounding just as lame and flustered as Mrs. Harris had a moment ago, and she subsided in confusion, looking for help to her husband.

"That's about the way of it, Kentucky," said Mr. Schreiber, stepping into the breach, "though I think maybe it could have been better put. When she brought him over here Mrs. Harris didn't know who the father was, except the figure when she located him and he found out how much the kid needed him and what was happening to him, he'd take over."

"Oh she did, did she?" He then looked over at Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield and said, "Listen, you two interfeerin' old women, you know what you can do with that brat? You can take him right back where he come from, wherever that was. Ah didn't ask you to bring him over here. Ah don't want him, and Ah ain't goin' to have him."

"Ah'm just a little of country boy, but Ah'm smart enough to know mah public don't want me hooked up with no deeevce, and no kid, and if you try any funny business about tryin' to make me take him, Ah'll call the pack of you a bunch of dirty liars, tear up mah contract and then you can go whistlin' for Kentucky Claiborne — and Ah got ten million hundred per cent. American kids that'll back me up."

Having delivered himself of this homily, Claiborne let his glance wander around the little group, where it lingered not so much as a second upon his son, and then said, "Well, folks, I guess that'll be about all. Reckon Ah'll be seein' you." He got up and shambled out of the room.

Mr. Schreiber gave vent to his feelings. "That dirty low-life!" he said.

Mrs. Butterfield threw her apron over her head and ran for the kitchen.

Mrs. Harris stood, ashen-faced, and repeated, "I'm an interfeerin' old woman." And then said, "I've done it now, 'aven't I?"

But the loneliest figure was that of little Henry, who stood in the centre of the room, the large eyes and the too-large head now filled with more wisdom and sadness than had ever been collected there, while he said, "Blimey, I wouldn't want 'im for a Dad."

Mrs. Schreiber went over, took the child in her arms and wept over him.

But Mrs. Harris, faced with the last and total collapse of all her dreams and illusions,

To page 58

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

KIDNEY TROUBLES? like this. Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of **MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS**

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug **THIONINE** in **MENTHOLS** helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.

If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, back aches, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the **MENTHOLS** treatment to-day. **MENTHOLS**, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

For health protection

Mortein

is as
important as
the food
you buy



That good food you buy can become poison - without Mortein protection from flies. Mortein Pressure Pak and Mortein Plus are the only insecticides powerful enough and yet so safe. That's why to preserve health, they're as important as the food itself.

DANGER YOU CAN'T SEE

Food touched by any common fly can be contaminated, instantly, with dangerous germs. Remember Hepatitis, Gastro-Enteritis, Typhoid, Encephalitis, Poliomyelitis, Infantile Diarrhoea — and a host of other deadly diseases — are carried by flies.

DANGER OF IMITATIONS

Many imitations of Mortein Pressure Pak are so hazardous that they would not be allowed on the American market.

Mortein Pressure Pak, however, like

Mortein Plus, contains no toxic ingredients. Instead, it has costly Pyrethrum — the most powerful insecticide known and the safest of all to use. Insects cannot become immune to Mortein Pressure Pak . . . it kills them all — even insects resistant to DDT, Lindane, and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior fly sprays.

Mortein Pressure Pak — your positive guaranteed safeguard. It is the most economical insect spray. Just 3 or 4 seconds spraying will kill all insects in any average room.

In two sizes 8/3 . . . and . . . 14/3.



SPRAY SAFE...USE ONLY

Mortein

PRESSURE * PAK
OR MORTEIN PLUS

When you're on a good thing
... Stick to it!



Can friends criticise... your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your lavatory,
but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

**NOW—here's the quick,
easy way to keep your
toilet bowl sparkling clean
and hygienic.**

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard-water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.



**Harpic is made specially for cleansing
all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.**

Harpic cleans round the S-bend — where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC

Regd.

LAVATORY CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning
Septic Tank
Toilet Bowls

Continuing . . .

MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 56

was far too shattered even to weep.

Mrs. Harris' mind, which previously had tricked her so naughtily into believing that Kentucky Claiborne would receive his child with open arms and from then on exude nothing but sweetness and light, now did her a kindness. It simply blanked out completely. It permitted her to get to her room, take off her clothes, don a nightdress and get into bed, and thereafter drew a merciful curtain over all that had happened.

Had it not done so, the fierce pride of Mrs. Harris would not have been able to have borne the humiliation she had undergone and the collapse of the beautiful dreams of a good life for a little boy that she had nourished for so long, and to which she had given so much of herself. She lay with her eyes wide open, staring up at the ceiling, seeing, hearing and saying nothing.

It was Mrs. Butterfield's shrill scream of fear and anguish upon making the discovery that gave the alarm and brought Mrs. Schreiber rushing into the kitchen.

"Oh, Ma'am," said Mrs. Butterfield after she had been calmed somewhat, "it's Ada. Something's wrong with 'er—something 'orrible. She just lies there kind of like she's 'arf dead and won't say a word."

Mrs. Schreiber took one look at the small wispy figure tucked away in the bed, and telephoned to Dr. Jonas, the family physician.

The doctor came and did those professional things he deemed necessary, and then came out to the Schreibers. "This woman has had a severe shock of some kind," he said. "Do you know anything about her?"

"You're telling me," said Mr. Schreiber, and then launched into the story of what had happened, culminating with the scene with the unwilling father.

The doctor nodded and said, "Yes, I can see. Well, we shall have to wait. Sometimes this is Nature's way of compensating for the unbearable. She seems to have a good deal of vitality, and in my opinion it will not be too long before she comes out of it."

But it was a week before the fog which had descended upon Mrs. Harris began to lift, and the impetus for its dispelling arose in a somewhat extraordinary manner.

The Schreibers were hardly able to endure waiting, because of what had taken place in the interim and the new state of affairs which they were dying to impart to Mrs. Harris, certain that if once she returned to herself it would contribute to her rapid convalescence.

It began with a telephone call for Mrs. Harris shortly before lunch one day, and which Mrs. Schreiber answered. Mr. Schreiber was likewise present, as his office was not far from his home and he liked to return for lunch. What seemed to be a most elegant and cultured English voice said, "I beg your pardon, but might I have a word with Mrs. Harris?"

Mrs. Schreiber said, "Oh dear, I am afraid not. You see, she's ill. Who is this, please?"

The voice echoed her, "Oh dear," and added, "ill, you say? This is Bayswater speaking—John Bayswater, of Bayswater, London. Nothing serious, I trust."

Mrs. Schreiber in an aside to her husband, said, "It's someone for Mrs. Harris by the name of Bayswater," then into the phone, "Are you a friend of hers?"

Mr. Bayswater replied, "I believe I may count myself such. She requested me to

telephone her on my next visit to New York, and certainly my employer, the Marquis de Chassagne, the French Ambassador, will be anxious about her. I am his chauffeur."

Twenty minutes later an anxious Mr. Bayswater, elegant in his grey whipcord uniform, his smart chauffeur's cap in one hand, appeared at the door of the Schreiber apartment and was ushered by them into Mrs. Harris' bedroom, with the worried, and since Mrs. Harris' illness, perpetually snuffling Mrs. Butterfield looming in the background.

Mrs. Harris had been taking mild nourishment, tea and bread and butter or light-biscuits, but otherwise had given no sign of recognition of anyone about her.

Mr. Bayswater, it seemed, had been a very worried man over a period, and it was this worry which had brought him to New York. The most perfect Rolls to which he had ever been wedded had developed a mysterious noise in its innards, a noise barely audible to any but the trained ear of Mr. Bayswater, to whom it sounded like the crackling of midsummer thunder, and whom it was driving up the wall. It was unbearable to him that this should happen in a Rolls, and even more so in one he had had the honor to select and test himself.

ALL his skill, knowledge, acumen, and experience of years had not enabled him to locate the seat of this disturbance, and thereafter for him there had been no rest or solace, and he had brought the car to New York for a more thorough stripping down and examination at the Rolls Service Station there. He had delivered the machine to the garage and thought that in a chat with Mrs. Harris he might relieve his mind of the burdens imposed upon it by this imperfection.

But now that he stood looking down upon this pale ghost of a woman, the apple cheeks shrunken and the heretofore naughty, snapping, and merry little eyes clouded over, all thoughts of the stricken Rolls were swept from his head, and for the first time in many, many years he was conscious of a new kind of heartache.

He went over to her bedside, sat down, took one of her hands in his, quite oblivious to the watching Schreibers and Mrs. Butterfield, and lapsing as he was inclined to when under a great emotional strain, said, "Ere, 'ere Ada, this will never do. What's all this about?"

Something in his voice penetrated. Perhaps it was the two dropped aitches which turned the key in the lock and opened the door for Mrs. Harris. She lifted her head and looked directly into the elegant and austere face of Mr. Bayswater, noted the almost patrician nose and thin lips, and said in a weak voice, "Ullo, John. What brings you up 'ere?"

"Business," replied Mr. Bayswater. "You told me to get on the blower if I came this way. I did, and they told me you weren't too perky. What's it all about?"

They all thrust to the fore now, Mrs. Butterfield yammering, "Ow, Ada, thank goodness you're better," Mrs. Schreiber crying, "Oh, Mrs. Harris, how wonderful! You're better, aren't you? We've been so worried," and Mr. Schreiber shouting, "Mrs. Harris! Mrs. Harris, listen! Everything's all

right—we've got the most wonderful news for you!"

She covered her face with her hands and cried, "No, no. Go away—I can't fyce anyone. I'm a silly, interferin' old woman who spoils everything she lays her hands on. Please go away."

But Mr. Schreiber was not to be denied now. He pushed forward saying, "But you don't understand, Mrs. Harris—something terrific has happened since you've been—mean since you haven't been well. Something absolutely stupendous. We're adopting little Henry! He's ours. He's going to stay with us, if you don't mind. You know we love the kid, and he loves us. He'll have a good home with us and grow up into a fine man."

Mrs. Harris was yet very ill in her soul and thus only half-heard what Mr. Schreiber was saying, but since it seemed to have something to do with little Henry, and he sounded cheerful and happy about it, she took her hands from her face and gazed about her.

"It was Henrietta's idea," Mr. Schreiber explained, "and right away the next day I got a hold of Kentucky and had another talk with him. He ain't a bad guy when you get to know him more. It's just he don't like kids. He's got a thing about he'd lose his following if it came out he'd been married and divorced abroad, and had a kid who was half-English. So I said if he wouldn't have any objections we'd like to adopt the kid, Henrietta and I, and bring him up like our own son."

"You're an interferin' old woman. Take the brat back to England," he sez to me," quoted Mrs. Harris. "Is own father."

"But you don't understand," Mr. Schreiber said. "He ain't making any trouble. It all works out one hundred per cent. for everybody. The kid's an American citizen, so he has got a right to be here. Kentucky's his legal father, and the evidence is right there in the Air Force files. We've written to England to get a birth certificate for the little fellow. There'll be no trouble with anybody because, as his father, Claiborne's got the right to have him here with him. The legal beagles are making out the adoption papers, and he's going to sien 'em as soon as they're ready."

"Are you sure? 'E'd 'ave a good 'ome with you."

"Of course I'm sure," cried Mr. Schreiber, delighted that he had registered. "I'm telling you, the guy was tickled to death to get rid—I mean, he's glad, too, that the kid's going to be with us."

Mrs. Schreiber thought that Mrs. Harris had gone through enough for that particular period, nudged her husband and said, "We can talk more about it later, Joel—maybe Mrs. Harris would like to be alone with her friend for a bit now." Mr. Schreiber, film magnate, detective, and District Attorney, showed himself to be an exemplary husband as well by getting it in one and saying "Sure, sure. We'll run along now."

When they had gone, Mrs. Butterfield, too, having tactfully withdrawn, Mr. Bayswater said, "Well, there you are. It's turned out all right, hasn't it?"

A remnant of the black wave of disillusionment that had engulfed her swept over Mrs. Harris again, for it had been such a beautiful dream and she had steeped herself in it for so long.

"I'm a fool," she said. "It could've turned out 'orrible," "if it hadn't been for Mr.

To page 59

Schreiber. What would've become of the little fellow if it hadn't been for him?"

"What would have become of the little fellow if it hadn't been for you?" said Mr. Bayswater, and smiled down at her. Mrs. Harris smiled back and said, "What brings you up to New York, John?"

Now his troubles came sweeping back over Mr. Bayswater, and his elegant frame in the whipcord uniform gave a slight shudder, and he passed the back of his hand over his brow.

"It's the Rolls," he said. "She has developed a noise in her and I can't find it. I'm like to go out of my mind—that is to say, go out of my mind. I've been at it for over a week now and can't find it."

"What's it like?" Mrs. Harris asked, thus showing herself to be a woman who could be interested in a man's world as well.

"Well, it isn't exactly a tapping or a clicking, nor would I say it was exactly a knocking or a scraping—nor even a ticking or a pipping," explained Mr. Bayswater, "but it's there. I can hear it. You shouldn't hear anything in a Rolls-Royce. It's under the seat somewhere, but not exactly—rather more in back, and it's driving me up the wall."

"I had a lady once I did for some years ago," Mrs. Harris said, "a proper Mrs. Rich-Boddy she was. She had a Rolls and a chauffeur, and one day I heard her say, 'James, there's something rattling in the back of the car. Find it before I have a nervous breakdown.' Coo, 'e nearly went off 'is loaf tryin' to locate it. 'Ad the car took apart and put together twice, and then come across it by accident. You know what it was?"

"No," said Mr. Bayswater. "What was it?"

"One of 'er hairpins that fell out and slipped down behind the seat. But that couldn't be it, could it? The Marquis don't wear hairpins."

Mr. Bayswater had a lapse, a real, fat, juicy lapse. "Blimey," he cried, "Gaw bleedin' blimey!" and on his face was the look of the condemned who hears that he has been reprieved by the Governor.

"I think you've got it! The Marquis doesn't wear hairpins, but last week I drove Madame Mogabdjib, the wife of the Syrian Ambassador, home after a party. She was loaded with them—big black ones. Ada, my girl, here's the smack you didn't get on the boat," and he leaned down and kissed her brow, then leaped to his feet and said, "I'm going to find out. I'll be seeing you," and rushed from the room.

Left to herself Mrs. Harris reflected upon this matter of perfection for which humans seem to strive, as exemplified by Mr. Bayswater's distress over something that had come to shatter the perfection of the finest car in the world, and she thought that perhaps perfection belonged only to that being on High who sometimes seemed friendly to humans, and sometimes less so, and at other times even a little jealous.

Had she been asking too much? "Yes," something inside Mrs. Harris answered vehemently, "far too much." Nothing in life ever was a complete and one hundred percent success, but often one could well afford to settle for less, and this would seem to be the greatest lesson one could learn in life.

The Schriebers so happy, little Henry equally so—how dare she not be happy herself because her ridiculous and vainglorious little dream had been exploded.

She called out aloud, "Violet."

Mrs. Butterfield came galumphing into the room like an overjoyed hippopotamus. "Did you call me, dearie? Lor' bless us, but if you ain't lookin' like yer old self again."

"Ow about making me a cuppa tea, love?" said Mrs. Harris. "I'm gettin' up."

The early summer enchantment of May and June in New York, with girls out in their light summer dresses, the parks in full bloom, and the skies clear and sunny, had given way to the sweltering, uncomfortable humidity and heatwaves of July.

The Schreiber household was running like clockwork, with a permanent staff now trained and disciplined by Mrs. Harris, the final formalities by which the Schriebers became the adopted parents and permanent guardians of Henry Brown completed, and the child installed in his own quarters in the Schreiber house. The passage of time was bringing nearer two events about which something would have to be done.

One of them was the arrival of vacation time, the annual exodus from the hot city to the more temperate climes of mountains or seashore, and the other was the approaching expiration on the 17th of July of the visitors' visas to the United States of the dames Butterfield and Harris.

Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber held several conferences together on the subject, and then one evening Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Harris were called into Mr. Schreiber's study, where they found the couple seated, looking portentous.

"Dear Mrs. Harris and dear Mrs. Butterfield, don't stand, do sit down please," said Mrs. Schreiber. "My husband and I have something to discuss with you."

The two Englishwomen exchanged glances and then gingerly occupied the edges of two chairs, and Mrs. Schreiber said, "Mr. Schreiber and I have taken a small cottage in Maine by the sea for little Henry and ourselves, where we intend to spend several months and rest quietly. Mr. Schreiber is very tired after the work of reorganising his company and we don't wish to do any entertaining. We can leave our flat here in the hands of our staff, but we were wondering whether you and Mrs. Butterfield wouldn't accompany us to Forest Harbor and look after little Henry and myself while we are there. Nothing would make us happier."

The two women exchanged looks again, and Mr. Schreiber said, "You don't have to worry about your visitors' visas—I got friends in Washington who can get you a six months' extension. I was going to do that anyway."

"And afterwards in the fall when we come back, well, we rather hoped you'd stay with us, too," Mrs. Schreiber continued. And then in a rush blurted out, "We hoped somehow we might persuade you to stay with us for always. You see, little Henry loves you both, and so do we—I mean, we feel we owe you a debt of gratitude we can never repay. If it hadn't been for you we never should have had little Henry for our very own, and he already means more to us than my husband and I are able to say. We just don't ever want you to go. You won't have to work hard, and you can always make your home with us. Will you stay? Will you come with us this summer?"

In the silence that ensued after this plea the two Londoners exchanged looks for the

from page 58

third time, and Mrs. Butterfield's chins began to quiver, but Mrs. Harris as spokesman and captain of the crew remained more in control though she too was visibly touched by the offer. "Lor' bless you both for your kindness," she said. "Violet and I have been discussing nothing else for days. We're ever so sorry—we can't."

"Then you won't stay?" said Mrs. Schreiber, a note of unhappiness in her voice.

"Love," said Mrs. Harris, "there's nuffink we wouldn't want to do for you to repay you for your kindness to us, and for giving little Henry a 'ome and a chance in life, but we can't, we just can't."

Mr. Schreiber, who saw his wife's disappointment, said "What's the matter? Don't you like America?"

"Lor' love yer," said Mrs. Harris fervently, "it ain't that. It's just—that we're 'omesick."

"Homesick," Mr. Schreiber echoed, "with all you've got over here?"

"That's just it," said Mrs.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"

—Exodus 32:26.

While Moses had been away on the mountain top communing with God and receiving instructions from Him, the Israelites, now free from Egypt and on their way to the promised land, had made a golden calf and were worshipping it with revelry and noise. Here Moses calls for a definite decision by the people as to who would serve the Lord and forsake the idol.

Harris. "We've got too much of everything 'ere—we're 'omesick for less. Our time is up. We want to go back to London." And suddenly, as though it came forth from the deep and hidden wells of her heart, she cried with a kind of anguish that touched Mrs. Schreiber and penetrated even to her husband, "Don't ask us to stay, please—or ask us why."

For how could she explain, even to the Schriebers who knew and had lived in and loved London themselves, their longing for the quieter, softer tempo of that great, grey, sprawling city where they had been born and reared?

The tall, glittering skyscrapers of New York raised one's eyes into the heavens, the incredible crash and bustle and thunder of the never-still traffic, and the teeming canyons at the bottom of the mountainous buildings excited and stimulated the nerves and caused the blood to pump faster, the glorious shops and theatres, the wonders of the supermarkets, were sources of never-ending excitement to Mrs. Harris. How then explain their yearning to be back where grey, drab buildings stretched for seemingly never-ending blocks, or turned to quaint, quiet, tree-lined squares, or streets where every house was painted a different color?

How make their friends understand that excitement too long sustained loses its pitch, that they yearned for the quiet

and the comforting ugliness of Willis Gardens.

Nor could they, without hurting the feelings of these good people, tell them that they were desperately missing quite a different kind of excitement, and that was the daily thrill of their part-time work.

In London they served not one but each a dozen or more clients of varying moods and temperaments. Each of these clients had a life, hopes, ambitions, worries, troubles, failures, and triumphs, and these Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield shared for an hour or two a day. Thus, instead of one, each of them lived a dozen vicarious lives.

And furthermore there was the excitement of the sudden decision to discard a client who had gone sour on them or overstepped some rule of deportment laid down by the chaps' union, and the great adventure of selecting a new one to take his or her place.

What was there in New York, even though it was the greatest city in the world, to compare with that?

The littlest things were dragging Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield homeward. The sounds, the smells, and the rhythms, the skies, the sunsets, and the rains of London were all different from those of the fabulous city of New York, and she craved all of them. She yearned even to be lost and gasping in a good old London pea-soup fog.

But how convey all this to the Schriebers?

Perhaps the Schriebers with their own memories of a beloved and happy stay in London were more sensitive than she had thought, for they heeded her cry and questioned her no more. Mr. Schreiber only sighed and said, "Well, I suppose when you gotta go, you gotta go. I'll fix it up for you."

Even though it takes place almost weekly in New York, there is always something exciting and dramatic about the sailing of a great liner.

The pier is a turmoil of travellers and porters, and there is a particular, infectious gaiety about the farewell parties aboard ship, a true manifestation of a holiday spirit, and of all those taking place on the Queen Elizabeth on her scheduled summer sailing of July 16, none was gayer, happier, or more infectious than that which took place in Cabin M.59, the largest and best apartment in Tourist-Class, where at three o'clock in the afternoon prior to the five o'clock sailing, Mesdames Harris and Butterfield held court from amidst a welter of orchids and roses.

The guests collected at Mrs. Harris' sailing party were not only celebrated but heterogeneous. There was for instance, the French Ambassador to the United States, the Marquis Hypolite de Chassagne, accompanied by his chauffeur, Mr. John Bayswater.

There was Mr. Joel Schreiber, President of North American Pictures and Television Company Inc., recently celebrated for his signing of Kentucky Claiborne to a ten million dollar contract, accompanied by his wife, Henrietta, and their newly adopted son, Henry Brown Schreiber, aged almost nine.

A fortunate thing indeed that the sharp-eyed minions of the New York press was not present and not see this family, else they would have some questions to ask of how the erstwhile son of Lord Dartington, of Stowe, and grandson of the Marquis de Chassagne, whose arrival in the United States had been signalled with story and photograph, had suddenly

To page 61

STOP!



Look for the
"SANFORIZED" label
before you buy!

Looking for the Sanforized® label when you're buying overalls takes you just about two seconds. Not looking for it can cost you £3/0/0—the price of the garment! For if they're not labelled Sanforized® those overalls can shrink right out of fit in just a few washings. You see, when a cotton fabric is woven, the yarns in it are stretched. Then, when you wash the garment, those yarns relax and return to their normal shape. That's why cotton garments can shrink—as much as two sizes. That's why cotton wash 'n' wears can be wash 'n' bewares! When you buy cottons, the only way you can be certain you're not throwing money down the drain is to look for the Sanforized® label. Vague claims such as "shrinkproof," "pre-shrunk" and the like, are not enough—garments so marked can still shrink up to 5%! So follow this commonsense, money-saving rule—when-ever you're shopping for a cotton garment:—

Look for this label—
before you buy!

•SANFORIZED•
REGD. TD. MK.
Shrunk Fabric
FOR PERMANENT FIT
CP16WW *REGD. TD. MK. Shrunk Fabric

keep a lovely heartwarming shine on all your

brass & copper



BRASSO

— the shine that lasts and lasts

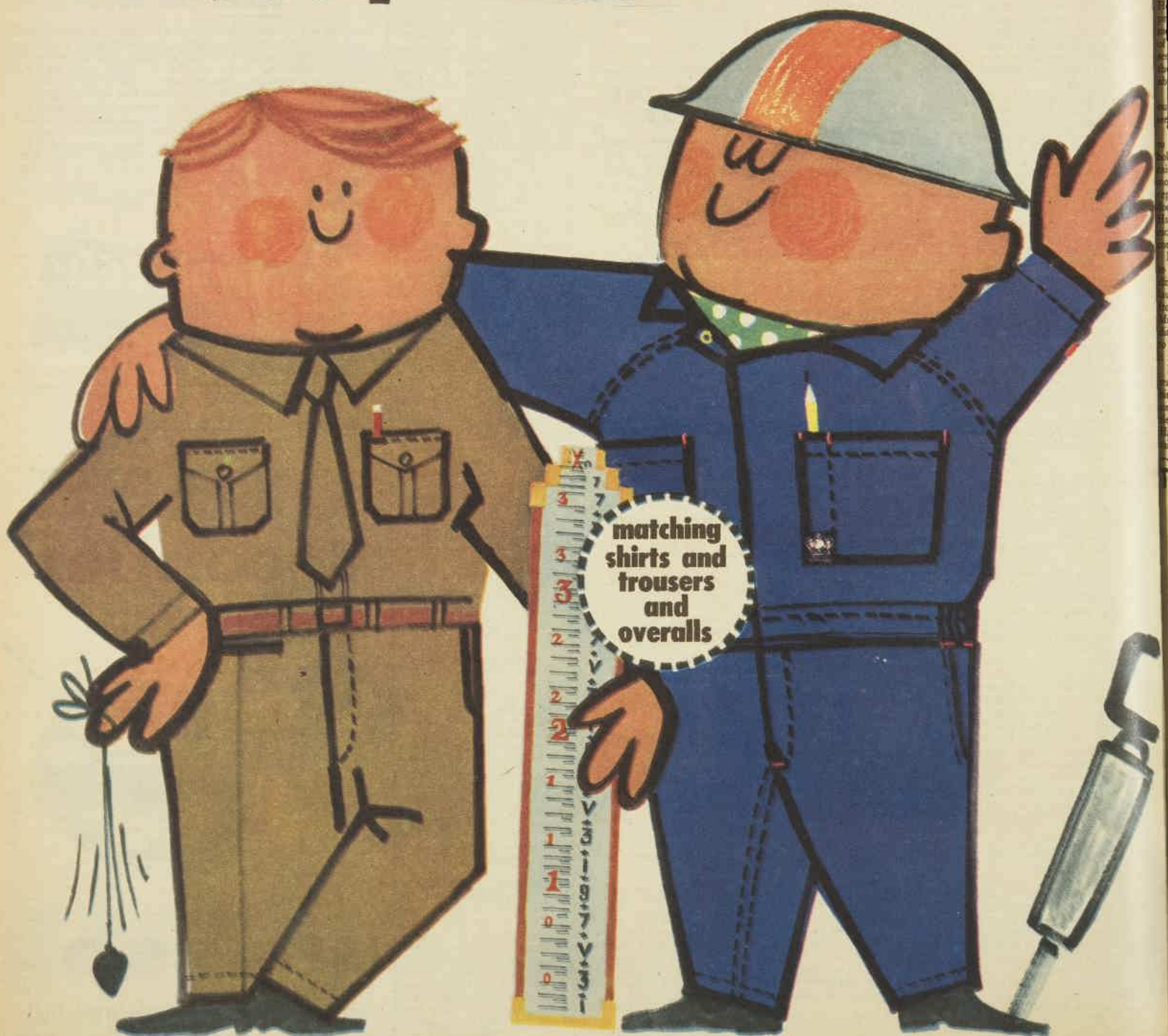
04

count
to
10
and **DOUBLE** it

★ ★ ★ you'll
agree you
can't buy
better than

KING GEE

- 1 Special concealed safety zip pocket is guaranteed fully washable.
- 2 Trousers pockets double strength—guaranteed for the life of the garment.
- 3 Button-down shirt pockets with a pencil buttonhole.
- 4 Tailored from heaviest-weight Red Label quality Bradmill Drill, Sanforized—guaranteed shrinkproof.
- 5 Best quality, super-strong thread used to double stitch all seams, ruggedly reinforce all strain points.
- 6 Special raglan sleeves give much greater comfort and freedom.
- 7 Guaranteed boil-proof elastic in comfort-style elastic action back.
- 8 Neat, practical fly-front style conceals buttons, prevents catching or scratching.
- 9 Special brass studs are guaranteed rustproof.
- 10 Ingenious rule pocket holds rule securely at an angle.
- 11 Tailored collar is smart, open or buttoned. Shirt fitted with permanent collar stays.
- 12 King Gees don't only wear the best—they're comfortably full cut and craftsman tailored to look the best.



transformed into the adopted son of Mr. and Mrs. Schreiber.

And finally the party was completed by a number of the Browns, of New York, who had fallen for Mrs. Harris, whom during the course of her search she had added to her ever-growing collection of international friends.

The true identity of little Henry's father had been kept secret, but Mrs. Harris had dismissed them all of the happy ending to the affair, and they had come to celebrate this conclusion and see her off.

Walters kept the champagne flowing and the canapes moving. Drink, and in particular bubbly wine, is a necessity in these affairs, for the conversation just before departure tends to stultify, when people are inclined to repeat the same things over and over.

Mr. Schreiber repeated to the Marquis. "The kid's going to be a great ball player. He's got an arm like Babe Ruth had. I know him my sinker the other day, figuring he'd be lucky to get a piece of it. You know what he did?"

"Astounding," said the Marquis, who had not understood what Mr. Schreiber had said beyond meaning that they had performed another feat of some kind, and remembering that the President of the United States himself seemed to be impressed with the young man's athletic abilities.

Bayswater hovered on the skirts rather silently and seemingly lost.

Yet somehow he contrived to catch Mrs. Harris' eye and hold it for a moment while he raised his own eyebrows and moved one shoulder imperceptibly in the direction of the door, but sufficient for Mrs. Harris to get the message and snipe momentarily from the window.

Down the passageway a bit, to the accompaniment of the click of glasses, shrieks of laughter, and cries of farewell from parties in nearby cabins, Mrs. Harris said, "Whew. I don't know how I was going to get away to ask you — was it 'airpin'?"

In reply Mr. Bayswater slipped into the pocket of his uniform where a bulge somewhat interfered with its elegant line, and handed Mrs. Harris a small package. It contained a bottle of Eau de

Continuing . . . MRS. HARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK

from page 59

Cologne, and represented a major effort on the part of the chauffeur, for it was the first such purchase and the first such gift he had ever made to a woman in his life before. Affixed to the outside of it with a rubber band was a large and formidable-looking black wire hairpin.

Mrs. Harris studied the specimen. "Lumme," she said, "ain't it a whopper?"

Mr. Bayswater nodded. "There she is. Something like that gets into a Rolls and it can sound like your rear end's dropping out. I'd never have looked for it if it hadn't been for you. The scent's for you."

Mrs. Harris said, "Thank you, John. And I'll keep the 'airpin as a souvenir. I suppose we'd better go back."

But Mr. Bayswater was not yet finished, and now he fussed and stirred uneasily with a hand in his pocket, and finally said, "Ah — Ada, there was something else I wanted to give you, if you wouldn't mind."

HE then withdrew his hand from his pocket and disclosed therein something that Mrs. Harris had no difficulty in recognising with even an odd little thrill of foreboding as to what it might be about.

"They're the keys of my flat," said Mr. Bayswater. "I was wondering if sometime you might have a moment to look in for me, just to make sure everything's all right — 64 Willmott Terrace, Bayswater Road, Bayswater."

Mrs. Harris looked down at the keys in Mr. Bayswater's palm and felt a curious warmth surging through her such as she had not known since she was a young girl.

Mr. Bayswater, too, was feeling very odd, and perspiring slightly under his linen collar. Neither of them was aware of the symbolism of the handing over of the keys, but both felt as though they were in the grip of something strange, momentous and pleasant.

Mrs. Harris took them out of his hand, and they felt hot to the touch as he had been clutching them. "Coo," she said, "by now I'll bet the place could do with a bit of a turn out. Do you mind if I dust about a bit?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Mr. Bayswater. "I wouldn't dream of asking you. It was just that I felt that if you might look in occasionally — well then — I'd know everything was all right."

"You'll be a long time away, won't you?" said Mrs. Harris. "Not so long," said Mr. Bayswater. "I'll be home in another six months. I've given my notice."

Mrs. Harris looked horrified. "Given your notice, John? Why, whatever's got into you? What will the Marquis do?"

"He understands," said Bayswater somewhat mysteriously. "A friend of mine is taking over."

"But the car," said Mrs. Harris, "ought you to be leaving it?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Bayswater. "Maybe one ought to take things a little easier. The affair of the hairpin came as a bit of a shock to me. Opened my eyes somewhat. It's time I was thinking of retiring, anyway. I've saved up all the money I shall ever need. I'd only signed to come out for a year. If I stay away longer I find I get a bit homesick for Bayswater."

"Like me," said Mrs. Harris, "and Willis Gardens."

"Will I be seeing you when I get back?" asked Mr. Bayswater, the question showing his state of mind, since he had just turned over the keys to his flat.

"If you 'appen to come by," said Mrs. Harris with equal and elaborate falseness, since she now held his keys in her own gnarled hand. "Number 5's the number, Willis Gardens, Battersea. I'm always in after seven, except Thursdays when Mrs. Butterfield and I go to the flicks. But if you'd like to drop me a postcard we could make it another night."

"No fear," said Mr. Bayswater. "I will. Well, I suppose we'd better be getting back to the rest."

"Yes, I guess we 'ad."

They went. In Mrs. Harris' hand was the promise that some day in the not-too-far-distant future she would see him again. And in the emptiness of Mr. Bayswater's pocket, where the keys no longer were, was the guarantee that with them in her possession he

would see Ada Harris back home.

As they came back into the cabin, Mr. Schreiber was just finishing putting little Henry through his catechism for the benefit of the Marquis. For the first time it seemed to her that Mrs. Harris saw the difference in the child, the sturdiness that had come to his figure, and the fact that all the wariness and expectation of cuffs and blows had left his expression.

Mrs. Harris was not versed in official prayers of gratitude, and her concept of the Deity was somewhat muddled and ever-changing, but He loomed up to her as benign now, as kind and loving as ever she could conceive of someone. And to her concept of that Figure she said an inward, "Thank you."

The hooter hooted three times, there was a trampling of feet on the companionway without, and an attendant passed by, hanging on a gong and shouting, "Visitors ashore, please. All ashore that's going ashore." Now as they moved to the door with Mrs. Butterfield sobbing audibly, the farewells were redoubled:

"Goodbye, Mrs. Harris. God bless you," cried Mrs. Schreiber. "Don't forget to look who's living in our apartment."

"Goodbye, Madame," said the Marquis, leant over her, took her hand in his and brushed it with his white moustache. "You should be a very happy woman for the happiness you have brought to others — including, I might add, to me. All in all, it was a real lark. I have told everyone my grandson has returned to his father in England, so there will be no further difficulties."

"Goodbye — good luck!" echoed all the Browns.

"Goodbye — good luck!" said Mr. Schreiber. "You need anything, you write and tell me. Don't forget, we got a branch office over there. They can fix you up any time."

LITTLE Henry went up to them with a new shyness, for, in spite of everything, his experiences and his experience, he was still a small boy, and emotions, particularly those strongly felt, embarrassed him, but there was no doubt in his mind as to the present, as well as the past from which these two women had rescued him, even though the memory of his life with the Gussets was already beginning to fade.

But Mrs. Butterfield had no such inhibitions. She gathered little Henry to her, drowning his face in her billowy bosom and interfering seriously with his breathing as she hugged, cuddled, wept, and sobbed over him, until finally Mrs. Harris had to say to her, "Come on, dearie. Don't carry on so. 'E isn't a baby any more — 'e's a man now," and thus earning more gratitude

from the boy even than for his rescue.

He went to Mrs. Harris and, throwing his arms about her neck, whispered, "Goodbye, Auntie Ada. I love you."

And those were the last words spoken as they filed out, and until they all stood at the end of the pier and watched the magnificent liner back out into the busy North River, brass portholes reflecting the hot July sun, and the thousand faces dotting the gleaming white of the decks and superstructure. Somewhere forward would be the dots that represented Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Harris. The great siren of the liner bayed three times in farewell, and the Marquis Hypolite de Chassagne pronounced a kind of valedictory.

"If I had my way," he said, "I would rear a statue in a public square to women like that, for they are the true heroines of life. They do their duty day in, day out, they struggle against poverty, loneliness, and want, to preserve themselves and raise their families, but still they are able to laugh, to smile, to find time to indulge in dreams."

The Marquis paused, reflected a moment, sighed, and said, "And this is why I would rear them their statue, for the courage of these dreams of beauty and romance that still persist. And see," he concluded, "the wondrous result of such dreaming."

The Queen Elizabeth bayed again. She was now broadside to the pier, and in mid-stream. Her screws threshed and she began to glide down towards the sea. The Marquis raised his hat.

Aboard the liner Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Butterfield, the eyes of both reddened with tears now, repaired to their cabin, whence came their steward.

"Twigg's the name," he said. "I'm your steward. Your stewardess is Evans. She'll be along in a minute." He gazed at the banked-up flowers, "Cor' blimey if it don't look as if somebody died 'ere."

"Coo," said Mrs. Harris, "you watch yer lip or you'll find out 'oo died in 'ere. Them flowers is from the French Ambassador, I'll 'ave you know."

"Ello, 'ello," said the steward as the familiar accent fell upon his ears, and, not at all abashed by the reproof, "Don't tell me now, but let me guess — Battersea, I'll wager. I'm from by Clapham Common meself. You never know 'oo yer meets travellin' these days. I'll 'ave yer tickets, please."

And then, as he departed, "Cheer-oh, lydies. You can rely on Bill Twigg and Jessie Evans to look after yer. Yer couldn't be on a better ship."

Mrs. Harris sat on her bed and sighed with contentment. "Clapham Common" had fallen gently and gratefully upon her ears, too. "Lor' love yer, Violet," she said, "ain't it good to be 'ome?"

(Copyright)



preferred by millions of gay, vital, alert young moderns!

- because it never reveals your secret!
- because it never lets its presence be felt!
- because there's never an odour problem or disposal problem!
- because it's the nicer way—the modern way!

Tampax internal sanitary protection comes in Regular and Super absorbencies, at all chemists and stores.



No more corn pain, not even a twinge, since I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino Pads. They lift shoe pressure, stop friction, remove corns so easily, so safely. They're wonderful! 3/3 pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

DE Scholl's ZINO PADS

always ask your CHEMIST for

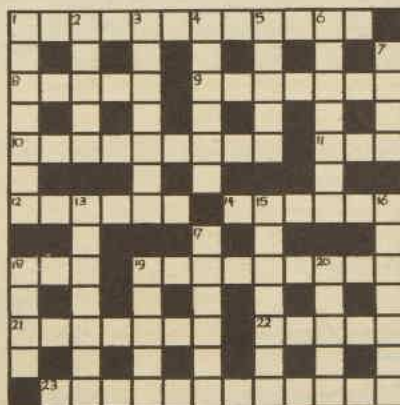


HIS ADVICE IS FREE

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Makes furniture shine (6, 6).
8. Kinglike glare (5).
9. Prehistoric side scraper, if endless can be used as car oil (7).
10. This foolish person first received ham and his end is tea (9).
11. Natural hole in the ground floor of a theatre (3).
12. A religious denomination or a mathematical instrument (6).
14. Of the 39.37 inches measuring system (6).
18. Vehicle in a precarious state (3).
19. A good-for-nothing person turns mad in a Dutch city (9).
21. Laces or answers of a deity (7).
22. Keep me in tar to be more domesticated (5).
23. They sound like part of a musical instrument a Romeo may harp on (5-7).



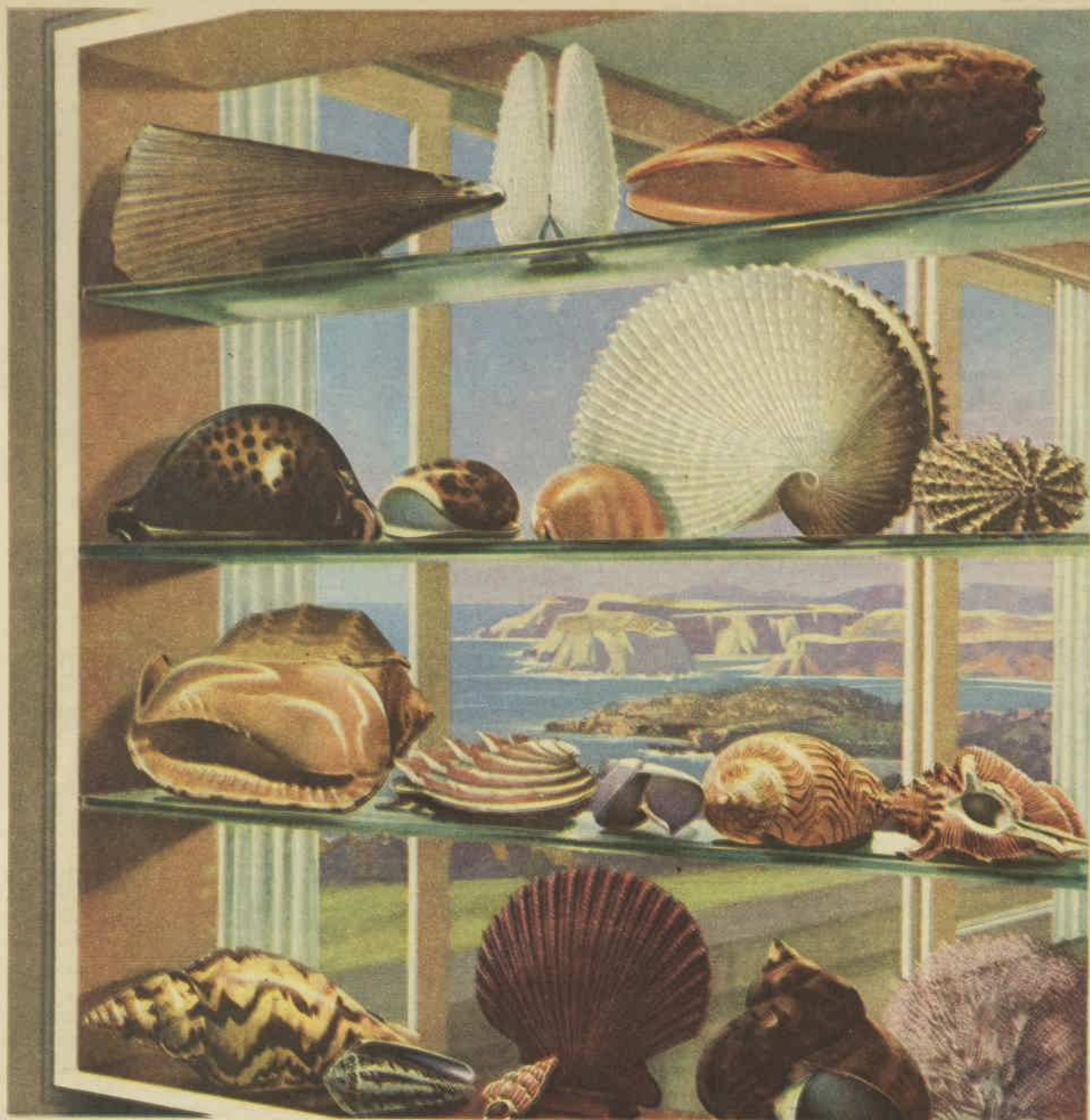
Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Hunts for supplies for generations (7).
2. Get or produce a disease of rye (5).
3. Quietly with that music (7).
4. Allow and artificially wave it (6).
5. Work made of braid or tape (5).
6. A plug which came per post (7).
7. Formerly in a brother's treatment (4).
13. A vehicle and a box in a dead body (7).
15. Choose or be one of the princes of Germany who could vote for an emperor (7).
16. Photographic apparatuses which can be used as cream (7).
17. Stagnation of the blood (6).
18. Cut with an axe (4).
19. Sovereign useful to make straight lines (5).
20. A devil turns me into a fellow (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.



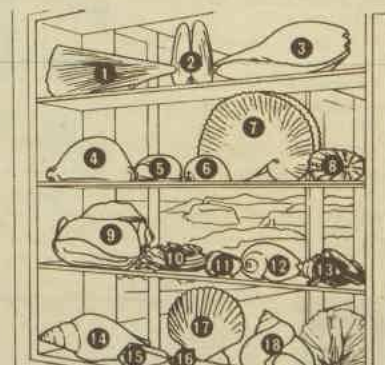
A reproduction of this R. Malcolm Warner painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge from Shell Service Stations throughout Australia only.

THE SHELLS OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA

For the shell collector, South Australia's Prilled Venus, False Helmet and Lightning Volute offer many hours of pleasant hunting. For the motoring tourist, this wonderful State offers a priceless collection of happy experiences. From the rugged southern coast-line and the "chocolate box" prettiness of the south-east's blue lakes, to the vast expanse of Lake Eyre and the outback romance of Oodnadatta to the north, there is scenery to surprise and delight every visitor. Holidays or long-service leave are the ideal opportunity to discover such attractions — and there's no better way to do it than in the leisurely comfort of your own car.

FREE TOURING AIDS. Australia's most complete range of touring literature is offered absolutely free to motorists by the Shell Touring Service. An enquiry through your Shell Dealer can bring you clear, accurate road maps, details of road conditions, the location of motels, camping and caravan sites, tips on packing and even items of interest to keep the children happy. In addition, you get a personal introduction card to Shell Dealers along the way — a friend in need if you want any local information. Simply let your local Shell Dealer know where you want to go, and he'll obtain the material for you. For happier holidays — travel all the way with Shell.

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA WITH SHELL



1. Southern Razor Shell. 2. Angel's Wing. 3. Southern Baler. 4. Black Cowry. 5. Sea Bubble. 6. Reeve's Cowry. 7. Argo Paper Nautilus. 8. Lincoln Keyhole Limpet. 9. False Helmet. 10. Prilled Venus. 11. Large Violet Snail. 12. Wavy Volute. 13. Triangle Murex. 14. Lightning Volute. 15. Saunder's Cone. 16. Australian Wentletrap. 17. Prickly Scallop. 18. Giant Turban.

Fashion Patterns and Sewing Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Australian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Mount New Zealand orders to Box 6344, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN
F3160. — Girl's tailored blouse has optional short or long sleeves. Long sleeves take 1½ to 2 yds. 36in. material; short-sleeved style requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Price 3/6.

F5493. — Girl's uniform has contrasting collar and cuffs, gathered skirt. Requires 2½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ to 1-3rd yd. contrast. Sizes 24, 27, 30, 33, 36in. lengths. Price 3/6.

F5228. — Pleated bodice and skirt and Peter Pan collar are features of this girl's uniform. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. contrast. Sizes 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, and 39in. lengths. Price 3/6.

F5228

F3160

F5493

F4778

F5731

F5975

F5975. — Girl's uniform has square neckline, little sleeves. Requires 2 to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. rick-rack braid. Sizes 24, 27, 30, and 33in. lengths. Price 3/6.

F4778. — Girl's simple tailored uniform has gored skirt. Requires 1½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ to 1½ yds. white bias tape. Sizes 22, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, and 42in. lengths. Price 3/6.

F5731. — Tunic-style uniform has gored skirt. Requires 2½ to 4-2-3rd yds. 36in. material. Sizes 24, 27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42, and 44in. lengths. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 403.—SCHOOL BLOUSE.
Easy-to-follow instructions are given with this cut-out blouse: in fawn or white poplin. Sizes 4 and 6 years, 17/8; 8 and 10 years, 19/6; 12 and 14 years, 21/6. Postage 2/6.

No. 404.—SHORTIE PYJAMAS.
Cool shortie pyjamas are available, cut-out only, in a basket-design cotton. Colors are apple-green, pale blue, and tango. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 21/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 22/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 405.—GIRL'S COTTON FROCK.
Little girl's gay striped cotton frock is available cut out ready to make. Colors are turquoise, red, navy, pink, and blue, all with a white stripe. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 28/6; 6 and 8 years, 29/11. Postage 3/-.

No. 406.—FROCK.
Useful summer frock is available cut out ready to make in a pretty floral cotton. Colors are lilac, with turquoise, white with grey, and turquoise, blue with white, and lime-green with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 51/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 16



ARIES
The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, red.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a decision.

★ You've come to a fork in the road and you must choose your path, whether you are starting a career or making changes in your present set-up. You may receive advice, help from elders or those in authority, but fundamentally it will be up to you. You may run counter to the opinion of those around you, but if you are convinced about what is right for you success should come.



TAURUS
The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastels.
★ Gambling colors, turquoise, brown.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in study.

★ By study you can expand your interests, satisfy your curiosity about "how to do it," qualify for a better job, or, most important of all, learn how to get on better with those around you. If there is anything in your life you consider unsatisfactory, learn what to do about it. If the object of your thoughts is a man, study to please him.



GEMINI
The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, rose.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in the unexpected.

★ As a new factor arises, you scrap carefully laid plans in favor of a new project. A sudden invitation, opportunity, the offer of help or influence might have a permanent effect on your affairs. There are times when discretion is the better part of valor. Keep enthusiasm under firm control and be a good listener.



CANCER
The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
★ Luck through associates.

★ Whether contacts are business or social, possibly a mixture of both, team-work will be invaluable in any enterprise. Some of you are put in charge of others; give credit to those who share in the scheme. The lone wolf is sure to have a lonely time. Wherever possible try to rope in the strays, who are too shy to come forward. Group activities lead to romance.



LEO
The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the daytime.

★ If recent conditions have driven you at top speed, there is now an inclination to ease off and relax. Daytime hours are apt to be filled with routine affairs. You streamline essential duties, read, daydream. Romance is on an even keel. The evenings may be uneventful, so read, and catch up on your heavy sleep.



VIRGO
The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in love.

★ Many of you will be walking in a rainbow haze. Engagement rings sparkle. If there have been disagreements, jealousy, disappointments, the course of true love must lead to the heart's desire in the end. As obstacles vanish, a wonderful future presents itself for you and your beloved.



LIBRA
The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
★ Luck through elders.

★ An older person could help you to gratify a wish. This could be anything from baby-sitting, so you can attend a party, to financial help in an important undertaking. In some cases, the family helps to give you a holiday or moral support in a critical moment. An elderly visitor is likely to bring you good news, probably in the evening.



SCORPIO
The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, black.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat.
★ Luck in know-how.

★ Experience counts whether you are organising an expedition or playing tennis or bowls. The main thing is to give of your best at the time it is needed. You add to your popularity and your own enjoyment. The art of managing people could be especially important just now, whether it involves committee members or the man in your life.



SAGITTARIUS
The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, cream.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in the market place.

★ If you are buyer or seller, prospects are bright. If you are looking for a job, the ideal niche may present itself. You may be in pursuit of a matching scarf or a block of land with a house on it, but by determination you can discover either. For some of you bargain-hunting is a challenge; you refuse to compromise with what you set your heart on.



CAPRICORN
The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in leadership.

★ The project may be a small matter or a very important undertaking, but you'll carry it through conscientiously. You detail step-by-step methods and you will be efficient under any circumstances. Don't push this so far that you antagonise not-so-efficient people. You must, in some cases, accept second-best efforts and make a compromise.



AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a secret expedition.

★ You go off by yourself without telling anybody. You may want to satisfy your curiosity about a person or thing, see a film which does not interest your family or friends. You perhaps dine in an expensive place because you want some luxury, or you may be preparing a surprise for one you love. Whatever the motive, you'll have fun.



PISCES
The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, blue.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a new friendship.

★ If you are young, a handsome stranger is about to come into your life. Romance is inevitable, whether it is a passing attraction or permanent. If older, there may be a new neighbor, or a new member of a group to which you belong. In that case, similar interests soon make her a friend and you spend happy hours together.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Here's Your Health!



ARNOTT'S BUY THE GOOD THINGS WHICH AUSTRALIA GROWS IN THE SUNSHINE

During the past 86 years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas. The effect of this ever-increasing demand for Australian wheat by Arnott's has been felt even in the remote districts; not wheat alone, but butter, milk, eggs and dried fruits.

There are rare values in Australian wheat grown in our generous sunshine.

An ideal form in which the shredded grain of Australian wheat is available to you is in Arnott's famous Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits, in which, by special process of their manufacture, the full protein and mineral content of the wheat grain in this biscuit is retained.

These biscuits also encourage slow chewing, and, therefore, good digestion.

They contain a natural balance of nutriment.

Bring sunshine to your table with—

Arnott's *famous* SHREDDED WHEATMEAL Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

